THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 5. 1901. NO. 31.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.
For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.
For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.
For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.
FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agen

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.
Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.
Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.15, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.
Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.
win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.
Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.
Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.
All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.
* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 5.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
[illegible] Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M. [illegible] cor. of Main and Franklin Sts.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
STRAWBERRY SHERBET
MADE FROM
NEW FRUIT.
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

The Wise Man
Does not wait until he sees a storm coming before he sets about mending his leaky roof. Neither does he await the approach of another Winter to repair or replace his defective heating apparatus. Prices are lower now than for several years, with a rise in prospect.
EDWARD E. PARKER,
HEATING ENGINEER,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
Telephone 28-2.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estate in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

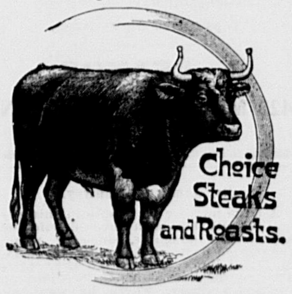
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



430 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

UPHOLSTERING!
C. L. SMITH,
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass
(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the busines of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

DR. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

THE BRIDE OF LEITH.

The Bride o' Leith swings out to sea,
Breasting the snow white foam,
And the pier is thronged with waving hands,
For she has far to roam.
Her sails are white in the morning light;
God send her safely home!

The captain's wife is lone at home;
She spins full wearily,
And night and morn she kneels and prays
(So slow the moments flee),
"God prosper all good mariners
That sail upon the sea!"

The Bride o' Leith steers home again.
Not lightly does she ride.
There's goodly cargo in her hold,
There's blood upon her side.
In the trough of the sea her laden keel
Rolls in the plunging tide.

There are folk who watch for a ship that ne'er
Comes up within their ken,
Who watch for a goodly merchantman
That shall ne'er come home again.
There are maids in Portsmouth town today
That weep for murdered men.

• • • • • • •

The night was dark, and the waves ran high,
And loud the storm wind's roar,
And, white and aghast, with one accord
The frightened seamen swore
They saw through the mist rack and the rain
A ship that went before.

No lights shone out from her looming side,
No lamp at her masthead;
No hail came over the boiling surf
From the vessel of the dead,
And a dead man stood at the helm and steered,
And the waves in her wake were red.

And, cowering down on the wave swept decks
Betwixt the night and morn
They saw the hull of a drifting ship
Close on them swiftly borne,
That the Bride o' Leith robbed days agone
And left to sink forlorn.

• • • • • • •

The Bride o' Leith lies sunken deep,
The avenger lieth nigh;
Through rotting spar and sail and rope
The shuddering tides drive by,
And none shall know till the judgment day
Where those who manned her lie.

—C. Fox Smith in "Men of Men."

An Official Inspection.

By DOROTHY LEONARD.

Copyright, 1891, by Dorothy Leonard.

The settlement of Buttonborough was far prettier than its name. Situated in the midst of rolling hills, thickly wooded with fragrant pine and silvery birch, destitute of public buildings save the store and schoolhouse, it was a veritable little bit of Arcadia.

The store, always the center of attraction at Buttonborough, was particularly so on the afternoons when Captain Saysbury brought over the mail from North Hamblyn. The captain had followed the sea in his youth, and it had fostered the daring and adventurous spirit that was latent in him. In his old age he had settled down in his native village of North Hamblyn with a married daughter and, finding such a life after his years of roving quite unendurable, had taken to cab driving.

Several years before the year in which our story opens an idea occurred to him which caused his shrewd green eyes to dance with delight and made him touch up Susie to her utmost speed regardless of her habit of stumbling as the old buggy rattled along on the hilly road to Buttonborough.

He was going over for a passenger for the afternoon train, and the postmaster had asked him to carry a letter to his wife's cousin. He had done errands of this sort before, but had never thought of turning them to account.

Now as he spun along the plan of a penny post for Buttonborough rapidly matured in his mind. It was indeed an unwonted excitement that could make him so careless of his plump little Susie on such a hilly road. "It's the Morgan blood that makes her stumble sometimes," the captain used to say. "She can't seem to find her sea legs no way."

Susie had the habit of interfering, too, and usually wore a pad on one of her fore ankles, but that was not of much consequence to any one but herself.

The arrangements for a penny post were easily made with the Buttonborough people, who were a law unto themselves, but how things were settled with the postmaster in North Hamblyn no one could ever ascertain, but it evidently was satisfactory on both sides.

Things had gone smoothly now for several years. Two or three times a week the captain brought over the mail, and the excitement and interest in the event more than repaid the people for the slight expense involved, even when there were few letters.

As the children came racing down the street toward the store the captain was just coming out of it with his mail bag.

"The east bridge is gone!" shouted the foremost youngster.

The old man paused, with one foot on the step of his muddy buggy. "What's that you say?" he queried.

"Why, we've been in the woods along the river after Mayflowers," put in one of the little girls. "Yes, after Mayflowers, and the bridge on the east road is most all washed away, and"—

"Waal, I was calculating to go back by that 'ere road now," said the captain slowly. "It's like to be more muddy than the regular one, and it's full a mile longer, but it's nothing as hilly, nothing as hilly."

The river was much swollen by the spring freshets, and as the captain crossed it he noticed a good deal of lumber and debris floating down in the current, some of it doubtless from the broken bridge.

He was annoyed at its destruction. In the past year, since the east road to North Hamblyn had been cut through to the river and a rude bridge built across, it had become habitual with him to go to Buttonborough by one road and come home by the other.

The captain paused on the summit of one of the steepest hills and gazed off into the distance, not to contemplate the beauties of nature, however (Susie and her master were of the same opinion on such subjects), but merely to rest his little mare after the fatigue of climbing.

The sound of a woodpecker broke the stillness and made Susie start and prick up her ears.

"If there ain't a woodpecker," said the captain, who had kept his hearing remarkably. "Spring's sartenly here! The frost can't stay in the ground much longer at this rate. I guess Ike Mansfield was about right to start tapping his maples," he continued, glancing at a sugar camp half a mile or more away toward the right, but brought into bold relief by the rays of the setting sun. "If I hed my old telescope here, I could make out sunthin more than his roofs. It's well for him as it's the east bridge over to Buttonborough that's washed away and not that acrost the creek to his own camp. Come, Susie, git up now!"

It was nearly dark when Captain Saysbury reached the postoffice and stopped to mail the few letters sent by the Buttonborough people. He was surprised to see so many men standing around talking in quite an excited manner, for it was past the supper hour for any respectable person; but he was not long kept in ignorance of the cause.

"Hello, cap'n! Ye're in fur it now!"

"Ye goin to try an cheek it out?"

The captain's little green eyes flashed on the crowd, but he walked proudly past them into the office with his mail bag.

"I'm afraid we're in for it," said the postmaster to him in a low voice. "You know I didn't feel quite safe about that Buttonborough post. It's got out somehow, and now an inspector is comin down. Yes; he's comin down on the 3:40 tomorrow. Ike Mansfield got on the track of it somehow or other when he went off to see about that bargain for his maple sugar. He got back this afternoon after you left and told us about it."

"When did you say this inspector was a-comin?" asked Saysbury slowly.

"On the 3:40 tomorrow. And Ike Mansfield says he'd advise us to drop the whole thing. He says it won't stand inspectin. You know I never felt quite right about it, but you said"—

"Yes; I know," interrupted the captain, "but you leave this inspector to me. I'll inspect him. I ruther guess a man that's caught all the whales I hev ain't a-goin to be afeared of jest one little inspector."

The crowd watched him curiously as he climbed into the buggy and tucked the horse blanket around him. As he took up the lines he looked toward them.

"I'd jest like you fellows to understand that a man that's done all I hev for the gov'ment hes got a right to run all the postoffices in creation! After all the whales"—

But here Susie, impatient for her supper, put an end to further conversation by starting abruptly and rapidly down the street.

The following afternoon soon after 3 o'clock Captain Saysbury was waiting at the station for the 3:40 train. There was a sly twinkle in his eye, and from time to time a smile flitted across his weather beaten face. At last a bell rang in the station, and the way train thundered in. Susie started and trembled, but the captain did not move a muscle.

He spotted the inspector, however, the instant he stepped on the platform, a tall, dark man, representing the law in every inch of himself. He glanced around at the few carts and buggies waiting for patronage, then singled out Captain Saysbury and walked up to him.

"Can you take a passenger for Buttonborough?"

"Hey?" said the captain, though he heard him distinctly.

"Can you drive me over to Buttonborough? This is Captain Saysbury, I believe," reiterated the inspector, this time in stentorian tones.

"Git in, git in, sir!" answered the captain, moving over to make room, but without turning out the wheel.

The inspector waited a second, then, as nothing further was done for his convenience, vaulted over the high and muddy wheel and seated himself in the small space the captain had left for him.

"I believe the drive to Buttonborough is a favorite one with you, captain?" said he as he drew the end of the horse blanket over his knees.

"I'm a leetle deef, sir, a leetle deef," said Saysbury tremulously.

"You drive often to Buttonborough, do you not?"

"Why, yes, sir. Not to say often, but once in awhile. Git up, Susie!"

Susie, who had been indulging in a brief nap, started, stumbled, regained her footing and trotted off down the street toward a large, square, yellow house not far from the station. The captain reined her up at the door.

"My friend, I must tell you I am in a hurry," said the inspector at last, after they had waited there about ten minutes.

"This is the only hotel we hev, sir."

"I don't wish to stop at the hotel. I told you to drive me to Buttonborough, you old ass!" he added sotto voce.

"All right, sir," said Saysbury slowly, "but it's a long, cold drive, and I guess there ain't many conveniences after you git there. Now, this 'ere hotel"—

"I am the judge of what will be convenient for myself, sir," answered the inspector sternly. "Please make no more words about it, but use such haste as your horse is capable of."

The captain returned no answer, and they jogged along in silence until the village was left quite behind them.

"Are you sure you haven't missed the way?" asked the inspector suddenly. "This seems to lead through the woods and doesn't look much traveled, not like the regular road we started on. I noticed the signboard on that—'Buttonborough, five miles.'"

"Hey?"

The inspector repeated the gist of his question.

"Oh, this 'ere ain't nigh as hilly and not much longer. We'll git there sooner this way."

"Oh!" And they relapsed again into silence.

Mile after mile passed with but little said on either side. Occasionally the captain dilated upon some of Susie's best points or referred to some whaling exploit of his earlier days, but the inspector was not inclined to enter into conversation.

"Isn't it pretty near time we were there?" he said at last, looking at his watch.

"Yes, the river's jest after the next turn in the road."

The stream was hidden by the tall pines until the road, turning, brought one right upon the bank. The inspector started in amazement, and wise little Susie, seeing the danger, stopped of her own accord. Only enough of the bridge remained to show that one had once been there.

"When did this happen?" exclaimed the inspector angrily.

"Why, I do' know," answered Saysbury. "It was all right when I was here last, but we hed an awful storm the fust of the week. Mebbe it got washed away then. The river gits so high in the spring."

"But what am I to do?" thundered the inspector. "You old fool, you, can't you get out and see if there's any way to get a boat?"

"There ain't no boats within five miles of here," drawled Saysbury, with provoking good humor. "The best thing to do, 'cordin to my mind, is to git acrost to the reg'lar road and go over the other bridge."

"Why under the sun didn't you tell me so before?" And in a lower tone, "If ever I met with a deaf and dumb blind idiot in the world, this fellow is certainly the worst!"

"Yes, yes," thought the captain as he took a wide turn, for the buggy was not a cut under, "a deef and dumb idiot and a fool and ass! I ruther guess, Mr. Inspector, an old whaler can be as full of tricks as an inspector can be of poisonous words!"

"We'll hev to go back the way we come," he said aloud, "fur a spell, till we meet the road that goes through the woods to the reg'lar Hamblyn road."

The inspector leaned back again and tried to control his temper. This delay was extremely annoying to him—doubly so because there was no one to blame. The daylight was fading rapidly now, and he was cold and hungry.

"What time do you dine around here?" he said more pleasantly.

"Nigh on to 12 o'clock; some dines as late as half past," answered the captain, who had fed Susie just before starting for the station and had taken a hearty lunch himself and felt in no pressing need of refreshments.

"Oh, I forgot the country ways. What time do you have supper?"

"Any time."

At last they took a turn to the right and struck into an unused and grassy road through the woods.

"Do I understand that this road leads direct to the regular Hamblyn road?" asked the inspector.

"Yes," said the captain, "but I guess 'tain't hardly ever used. We'll git through it all right, though, for that horse'll go anywhere the darkest night that ever was hatched."

It was now so dark that it was not possible to drive Susie above a walk. The rickety buggy tipped from side to side, and at times it seemed as if they were really going over, and in spite of the high top and side curtains the leafless branches struck them frequently in the face.

At last they emerged upon a wide open road, and Susie, expecting oats and a warm bed at the end of her journey, started on a brisk trot toward North Hamblyn.

"This is the Hamblyn road at last!" said the inspector, ashamed of his own impatience as he thought how calmly Saysbury had borne their trying drive.

"Yes; we'll reach the bridge in a few minutes," said the captain, turning down the road that led to Ike Mansfield's sugar trees.

It was not long before Susie's little hoofs resounded on a bridge, and they could see a narrow stream of water beneath. There was a steep hill to climb before them, and the captain stopped for a moment to rest his horse. The wind had risen now, and there was every appearance of an approaching storm.

"This old sea dog seems to have an amazing amount of stamina after all," murmured the inspector softly to himself, "and, unless my senses deceive me, which they never do, he's an honest sort of fellow too. I doubt if he's been up to anything lawless. I've half a mind to ask him about it, only he is so stone deaf I'm tired of yelling at him."

The "stone deaf sea dog" smiled in the darkness and shook the reins. "Git up, now, Susie," he said. And poor Susie, to whom this was anything but a pleasure excursion, started patiently up the hill.

"You may as well stop at the postoffice first," said the inspector, "if it's still open."

"The postoffice?" asked the captain, with mild surprise.

"Yes; whatever you call the place where you leave the letters. You see, I know all about it."

"Why, I leave the letters at Ike Mansfield's whenever I bring any over here."

A light was still burning in Mansfield's cottage when they reached it.

"Wait here for me a few minutes, Saysbury," said the inspector. He knocked loudly on the door, which was immediately opened by a man of medium height, but athletic build, with a long red beard and humorous brown eyes, which twinkled with amusement as the lamplight fell full upon the face of his visitor.

Perhaps if the inspector had been at his best he might have surmised that his call was not unlooked for, but he was worn and hungry and saw nothing amiss. He stepped inside the door, and the conversation was in such low tones that Saysbury said afterward he could catch but little of it.

"Bringing an occasional letter over as a friend, you say? No compensation? Pshaw, pshaw! We were grossly misinformed!" said the inspector at last.

"Then, as I said," continued Mansfield, "leaves the Widow Butler's letters with me, and I see as one of my kids fetches 'em over. Then Hodge Pearson asked the cap'n if he'd git his mail whenever he come in this d'rection, 'cause his hoss hes a bad sprain and he ain't driv him this month and more, and it's a pretty long piece to walk into North Hamblyn. We neighbors hev always been in the habit of helpin one another out in this 'ere way."

A few words more followed which the captain could not catch. Then the inspector came out, closely followed by Mansfield.

"I've been a-pressin on this stranger to set down and hev a bite, cap'n," said Mansfield, "but he feels as if he must be gittin back unless you want to wait and hev suthin."

"That fellow said, Saysbury," said the inspector as the old buggy rattled along across the bridge, "that there's a train due here at 11 o'clock. If you can make it, I won't attempt to stop overnight at the hotel you showed me."

"Oh, you couldn't git in there now! It closes before 10. But I was thinkin you might go to Jerry Huttlepen's. He has an extry sofa he might let you sleep on. But ef you want to take the 11 p. m. and don't mind it's bein a freight train I guess Susie can make it."

By the time they reached North Hamblyn the rain was falling in torrents, and the village was in profound repose. The station alone showed any light.

"Wait a moment, Saysbury," said the inspector as he jumped out. And the captain watched him with beating heart as he stepped into the waiting room and took out his pocketbook.

"Here, Saysbury," called the warm tempered, but warm hearted, man impulsively, handing him a roll of bills. "One is for your little horse herself and the other two for you."

The captain could hardly gasp out his thanks before the inspector was on the train. He held the bills to the light and examined them carefully. Three $5 bills! It hardly seemed possible.

"But it's nothin but right he should do it," he soliloquized as poor Susie's head was at last turned homeward. "He wanted to rob an honest man of his rightful employment and would 'a' done it, too, if I hadn't outwitted him!"

The Psychology of Swearing.

Most profane expressions are the fossil remains of religious terms or ejaculatory prayers, and the history of profanity is intimately bound up with the history of religion. It is held by some that profane objurgations are instinctive or imitative relics of the habit of our wild ancestors of simulating the cries of ferocious animals and of uttering sounds calculated by their harshness or their volume to inspire terror. By and by came the time when certain words became sacred by reason of their religious associations, and their employment in verbal warfare would, it was hoped, cause fear by reason of their awful associations or, later still, because their unconventional use being severely punished, the deed savored of reckless violence.

A few centuries later men took to utilizing the anathemas of the church for their private purposes and sought to inspire fear by evoking images of torture and endless suffering. The angry primitive man tried to shock his enemy by calling on thunder and gods, and the angry modern man consigns him in tones of awful wrath to eternal punishment. From the shock of terror there came the shock of temerity. In taking holy names in vain, so that the greater the reverence of names of saints or places or deity, the greater is the shock to the man sworn at and presumably the greater the relief to the man swearing.—Medical Press and Circular.

Daniel Drew's Shrewd Advice.

This story is told of the late Daniel Drew of New York, who, in the hours that he did not devote to the stock market, found consolation or recreation in managing a church. One day a New Jersey pastor of a sister church which contained members of wealth came to him and said that he would have Brother Drew invest a few hundred dollars for him. Mr. Drew readily assented and recommended the purchase of a certain stock upon the promise that the pastor should not make known his recommendation to a living soul.

The pastor purchased. The stock declined. Then he came to Mr. Drew with a sad story. Mr. Drew told his clerk to make a check for the amount lost. The pastor hesitated, but finally told him that several members of his church had lost very much more than he. As Mr. Drew really knew he would do, the minister had imparted the secret to his well to do members.

Drew said, "You tell them men that buyin sheers is ticklish business if a man don't understand it."

In the years that have intervened there has been no change in the business of buying shares.

The Joke on the Snake Charmer.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans when a young officer was on the Indian station in the man-of-war Delaware. With several others he set up a bungalow on shore. He tells in "A Sailor's Log," published by the Appletons, what happened to a snake charmer that came along:

"The unfortunate thought came to one of our men that it would be a good idea to get the Mohammedan drunk to see what he would do. So he prepared a dose for him that was very effective. He poured a good stiff drink of brandy into a beer glass and then filled it with gin instead of water. The charmer took kindly to the drink and in a short time rolled out of his chair on to the floor very drunk and was soon fast asleep.

"The bag of snakes had not been thought of up to this time, but it also fell, and the inhabitants quickly spread over the floor. In the meantime five American officers took to the table and, drawing their feet up, carefully remained there until the snake charmer slept off his dose. He snored quietly while the snakes crawled over and around him, but it was a long time before he finally came to himself, secured his pets and took them away. We did not repeat that experiment."

THE YOUNG GAMBLER.

He Had an Even Chance, but Fate Was Against Him.

I remember one handsome young fellow whom I used to meet occasionally on the staircase who captured my youthful fancy. I met him only at midday, as he did not rise till late, and this fact, with a certain scrupulous elegance and neatness in his dress, ought to have made me suspect that he was a gambler. In my inexperience it only invested him with a certain romantic mystery.

One morning as I was going out to my very early breakfast at a cheap Italian cafe on Long wharf I was surprised to find him also descending the staircase. He was scrupulously dressed even at that early hour, but I was struck by the fact that he was all in black, and his slight figure, buttoned to the throat in a tightly fitting frock coat, gave, I fancied, a singular melancholy to his pale southern face.

Nevertheless he greeted me with more than his usual serene cordiality, and I remembered that he looked up with a half puzzled, half amused expression at the rosy morning sky as he walked a few steps with me down the deserted street. I could not help saying that I was astonished to see him up so early, and he admitted that it was a break in his usual habits, but added, with a smiling significance I afterward remembered, that it was "an even chance if he did it again."

As we neared the street corner a man in a buggy drove up impatiently. In spite of the driver's evident haste my handsome acquaintance got in leisurely and, lifting his glossy hat to me with a pleasant smile, was driven away. I have a very lasting recollection of his face and figure as the buggy disappeared down the empty street. I never saw him again. It was not until a week later that I knew that an hour after he left me that morning he was lying dead in a little hollow behind the Mission Dolores, shot through the heart in a duel for which he had arisen so early.—Bret Harte's "Under the Redwoods."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cover sandwiches that are not to be served at once with a damp napkin and bowl.

To clean a kitchen table rub the greasy stains with lemon juice, and they will speedily disappear.

Whiting mixed with alcohol is excellent for cleaning silver and will give a much more brilliant polish than if water is used.

A small flat paint brush has a value in cleaning the corners of the window sash. Hot, sharp vinegar will clean off paint spatters, and turpentine will remove putty.

The small stiff vegetable brushes that are so convenient in cleaning potatoes, etc., are useful in housecleaning time for scrubbing the moldings and corners of the woodwork.

Loosely twisted knitting silk is better for darning woolen underwear than wool, which is apt to shrink. If the threads of the darn are left loose, after washing it will have about the same appearance as the original texture.

If articles of decidedly strong flavor have been chopped in a wooden bowl, sometimes washing will not be sufficient to entirely remove taste and odor. In that case fill the bowl with warm borax water and let stand half an hour; then rinse in cold water and put in the sun.

The Widow Was Comforted.

"There is no accounting for the construction which some people will put upon certain passages of Scripture," remarked a clergyman. "I remember the story of one clergyman who went to call on a woman whose husband had recently died. He had expected, quite naturally, to find her heartbroken with the burden of her sorrow and was greatly surprised when she greeted him with a very happy smile and ushered him into the parlor.

"'Well—er—sister,' he said at length, 'you have my warmest sympathy.'

"'Thank you, doctor,' replied the widow casually. 'I did feel very badly—very badly indeed. But I came across a verse of Scripture which comforted me very much indeed.'

"'And what was the verse, sister?' inquired the clergyman.

"'I don't remember just where to find it,' replied the widow, 'but it was made up of only four words—four helpful words—'Why need I care?'"—Brooklyn Citizen.

A Pot Walloper.

The parliamentary register for 1896 showed that there was then only one pot walloper in all England. One seeing the term for the first time might easily imagine that a pot walloper was a species of ichthyosaurus or some other reptile of a past age. It will be discovered upon inquiry, however, that the term "pot walloper" is literally one who boils a pot and was applied to voters in certain boroughs of England where, before the passage of the reform bill of 1832, the qualifications for suffrage was to have boiled (walloped) his own pot in the parish for six months.

A Curious Tree.

There is a curious combination tree in West Stockbridge, Mass. It is primarily a maple which measures, a foot from the ground, 12 feet 3 inches in circumference. Fifteen feet from the ground there are one or two birch limbs growing, and higher up are currant and raspberry bushes which bear fruit each year. It is not stated whether the sugar made from its sap has a raspberry flavor, or the birch bark a currant color and taste, or the berries a spicy tang of birch. It is very old and bids fair to stand for many years longer.

His Manners All In a Bunch.

The laundress' little boy is being strenuously brought up "by hand." "Why, mum," she said despairingly, "if I pounded that boy black and blue I couldn't learn him his manners. Here, Willie!" to the urchin, who was looking confusedly at some pennies given him by the mistress. "What do you say to the lady?"

Willie looked troubled. Then, "Yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; pease, fank you, estuse me," he said breathlessly, remembering all his "manners" at once, the occasion evidently being great.

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F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1901.

WELL DESERVED PRAISE.

Much credit is due our Senator, Hon. Alva S. Wood, for his course in the water controversy, at the State House, in saving the town from being drowned in the Metropolitan hole by the misguided zeal of some of our citizens. Senator Wood made a special efforts to ascertain the views of the unprejudiced and thinking citizens of Wakefield, and having sized up the situation and become acquainted with the meaning of the movement, he made faithful and dilligent efforts to prevent such legislative action as we and coming generations would deeply regret. He had to withstand great pressure from various directions, but neither threats nor promises could move him, and he deserves the thanks of the people of Wakefield for his invaluable services in their behalf. — *Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

Senator Wood managed the Wakefield water controversy in the Legislature ably, impartially, and for the best interests of all concerned. He is an upright man and conscientious legislator and it was fortunate for the town of Wakefield that his ideas concerning the water war were adopted by the Senate. In the final disposition of the matter he won an important victory over a small clique of Wakefield politicians who cared less for the interests of the town than for the gratification of their own ambition, and whose course, if it had succeeded, would have involved it in endless costly troubles.

These men found out that they could neither frighten nor bulldoze Senator Wood, and that their abuse, and attacks on his personal official integrity, injured their cause more than they did it good, for lies, like chickens, always come home to roost.

THE GLORIOUS 4TH.

The celebration was a splendid success. The East Wind took a hand in it and the weather couldn't be beat. The crowd was immense.

Every feature of the Grand Patriotic turnout was better than the manifesto, and everybody was happily surprised. The Street Parade exceeded all expectations in size and variety of incidents. Chief Marshal Wood had it moving promptly on time, and he and his Aides made a fine equestrian show. The Trades exhibit was excellent.

The "Antiques" were immense. Nothing better was ever seen. The "Ketcher Drug Store" took first prize; "Burlington Navy Yard Police," 2d; "Wrecked Team," 3d. Every piece was full of fun. The Military looked fine, and the Bands played the best they knew how.

Baseball, athletic and aquatic sports went off spendidly, and were witnessed by many thousands of people. Balloon ascension and fireworks ditto.

At the close of the parade Capt. Jacob M. Ellis entertained at his residence both Posts of G. A. R., Chief Marshal Wood and Staff, and others, in royal style.

Buildings everywhere were handsomely decorated. There was no drunkness or rows.

It was a great Independence Day for Woburn.

☞ By common repute Dr. John M. Harlow holds more of this world's goods than any other citizen in Woburn. He is President of the First National Bank, was a member of Gov. Wolcott's Council, and is a Trusttee of the Massachusett's General Hospital. Dr. Harlow has passed many summers in the northern part of New York State, and may this season visit Saratoga. But he says he likes to stay around home as much as possible, especially in hot weather. He has gradually retired from an extensive practice, though there are many of the older people of Woburn who must have his services when ill. They have faith in his methods that comes of many years' acquaintance. Dr. Harlow is also a Trustee under provision of the Choate will, and that duty alone would keep a younger man very busy. It is said of Dr Harlow that he would willingly give half his fortune if he had a family of children.—"*Stories of the Town" in Boston Herald, July 2.*

It might have been added that Dr. Harlow is one of the best, as well as richest, citizens of Woburn. He stands high in the estimation of the people. He has done s great deal of good among the poor and is liked by them. Not every one knows this, because he does not seek notoriety and is averse to having his name blazoned abroad. In short, Dr. Harlow is all right.

☞ Representative Charles R. Saunders, formerly a Cambridge boy, but now a resident of Boston, has received the appointment for four years as Chairman of the Board of Election Commissioners, with a salary of $4,000 a year. Mr. Saunders will undoubtedly apply some of his ideas of election reforms in his new office.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

Mr. Saunders was one of the ablest men in the last and two prior Legislatures. As Republican leader in the House he made his influence felt in the enactment of the best laws, being almost always found on the right side of public measures and a fearless advocate of them. We congratulate him on his appointment.

☞ Lieut. Homer B. Grant returned from New York early this week where on June 26 he was examined by a Military Board for admission into the Regular Army as Lieutenant, to which position he was nominated by the President some weeks ago. Physical examination is first on the list and if the candidate fails there the ordeal ends, but Lieut. Grant's did not, and of course it followed that his physical condition was satisfactory. He was then subjected to a test of his intellectual attainments, in which he was doubtless successful, which belief was strengthened by a subsequent personal going over of the questions put and answers given. Lieut. Grant has reason to believe that he will come out all right.

☞ "Important if true." Mr. Edgar Van Etten, the new manager of the Boston & Albany Railroad, wears "a dark moustache" and has "deep penetrating gray eyes," say reporters in the late Boston papers.

☞ The "20th Century Trolley Trips," by Katherine M. Abbott, is not only as pretty as artists could make it, but is an exceedingly useful Guide to patrons of electric cars. It contains a lot of information respecting trolley routes, distances and fares, and is brimful of pictures of historical spots, houses, monuments, etc., located within 25 miles of Boston. Address the compiler at Lowell, Mass.

☞ Hon. Joshua B. Holden, a wealthy and highly esteemed Bostonian, is a candidate for the Republican nomination in the new Boston Congressional District. It is hoped he will win out, for no citizen of the Hub is worthier of the honor or would make a better Congressman. He has a sound and well cultivated mind, is a successful business man, and a Republican of the stalwart brand.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Dundee Manufacturing Co.—Wanted.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page

— Gage & Co. make an important statement in the JOURNAL this week.

—Miss Annie Whidden has returned from her school at North Hampton, N. H.

— Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of the Plympton School, expects to spend the month of August at Onset. She is one of our pedagogical standbys.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— Strawberries won't last much longer and those who would get some must hustle. Angelo Crovo keeps the best, gives full measure, and sells cheap.

— The fact of the matter is, the streets are not half watered. Complaints are heard on all hands. The city authorities should bring somebody to book.

— From June 24 to the evening of July 3 was the worst heated term for many years. The standing figure was from 92 to 100, resulting in deaths and much suffering.

— Towanda Clubhouse has been radiant in bunting all the week. If there is any worthy thing that Towanda is behindhand in we should like to know what it is.

— Supt. Brackett prognosticates that the Wilmington and Tewksbury link will be completed and electrics running over it by July 20. It is hoped his prediction will prove true.

— Arthur W. Whitcher graduated from the Woburn High School in Class '83 with Rev. Charles L. White, who was elected President of Colby College at Waterville, Maine, a few days ago.

— It was no unusual thing last week, or this either, for the "Devil" to find the temperature of our Sanctum 97 degrees in a nook which the rays of the sun never reach, and the office cat on her last legs. How was that for high?

— Mr. Edward D'Oyly of San Jose, California, cousin of Mr. James H. Linnell, manager of the Linnell Market, a son of Mr. Joseph Linnell's only sister, having lately returned from a European trip, is spending the summer here with relatives and friends.

— Woburn people who contemplate a visit to the Buffalo Pan American Exposition should think of patronizing no other parties than Nason & Russell of Boston. They furnish the best of accommodations and do the "honest Injun" by their patrons every pop.

— We have received from Mr. Samuel H. Leathe of St. Louis, Mo., a copy of the *Post-Dispatch* of that city containing an article on "Cure for Drunkards" which asserts that a vegetable diet is "an unfailing remedy" for that disease. We will publish it soon.

— The pianoforte pupils of Mary Louise Dickerman gave two fine musicales last week, the first one on June 27, at No. 10 Minot street, this city; and the other on June 29, at No. 200 Huntington avenue, Boston. A large number of misses and masters participated in making both entertainments a a notable success.

— That portion of the Woburn and Boston street railway between Woburn and Lexington is open to the public and cars are now running. This is one of Col. Woodward's roads. The line opens up an interesting territory and will enable Wakefield people to go to historic grounds April 19 or any other day in the year.—*Wakefield Citizen & Banner.*

— A true and active missionary spirit induced the handful of worshipers at the Congregational church last Sunday to voluntarily step up and present Rev. Alfred DeBarritt, of the Congregational Home Missionary Society of Cuba and founder of the first Congregational church in Havana, with $40. No regular contribution was taken up. They did nobly.

— Richard Territt, a currier and prominent in labor association circles some years ago, died from the effects of the heat on June 27, and the funeral was held on Sunday afternoon at St. Charles church. He was a member of Division 3, A. O. H., a large number of whom attended the funeral and manifested their esteem for him in many beautiful floral tributes.

— About a fortnight ago it was reported at these headquarters that the Winchester Boulevard, or Mystic Parkway, from West Medford to Wedgemere, running close to the velvety margin of fair Lake Mystic, the apple of Winchester's eye, was in a semi-ruinous condition, and rapidly becoming one of the things that were. It don't seem possible! But if this one gives out Winchester will have another, or perish in the attempt.

— The new Woburn & Boston (Lexington) trolley line has done a rushing business ever since it started. On weekday evenings and Sundays the cars go crowded each way, for it is a delightful ride through a charming country, and the Lexington end is saturated with Revolutionary history of the most interesting character. The ride from Lexington via Bedford to Concord is likewise brimming with pleasure and history, and many Woburn people take it.

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Our business was established in 1817. During all the succeeding years we have steadily increased our trade by those legitimate methods comprised in the expressive phrase, "right storekeeping."

Our assortment of

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is now, and has been for years, altogether the largest in Boston, and our prices are *always* moderate.

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Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.

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In summer Nature always helps you to store up health. Many people need something like

OUR MALT EXTRACT

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15c. per Bottle. $1.65 per Dozen.

Delivered—anywhere—anytime.

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"

417 MAIN STREET.

— Mrs. Elsie Cotton, nee Francis, is still visiting friends here. Her husband, the devoted and efficient Y. M. C. A. General Secretary, has returned to Battle Creek, Michigan, their home.

— The new proprietors are doing a good job on Mechanics Building. Alterations and improvements are underway which will greatly enhance its utility and add to its appearance. Mr. Benjamin Hinckley is President, and Mr. Charlie A. Jones, Treasurer, of the corporation.

— Miss Virginia T. Lewis of Chicago, arrived at the Editor's residence, Church avenue, via the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, last Tuesday. She intends to pass the major part of her summer outing at Magnolia on the North Shore.

— Mrs. John P. Delaney helped us over the hottest part of last Wednesday afternoon in splendid style. She did it with as fine a goblet of soda water and nice fruit flavoring as we ever set lips to and it went to the right spot. Mrs. Delaney has all kinds of nice things, including pianos, to sell.

— Rev. Dr. Daniel March officiated at the funeral of Mr. Frederick E. Ordway which was held at his late home No. 18 High street on Monday. The deceased was an old Woburn citizen very much respected by all who knew him and the funeral was largely attended by friends and neighbors.

— The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank holds a meeting this evening for the election of officers. Hon. Edward E. Thompson has been Treasurer and Clerk of the Bank about 21 years, during which period the deposits have increased from $300,000 to about $1,700,000. He has been a faithful and efficient officer.

— The Woburn-Lexington branch of Col. Woodward's Woburn & Boston St. R'y. was opened for travel last week. It has the same fine equipment as the Lawrence & Reading road. A section of historic interest is thus brought nearer to the people of Reading and vicinity, aside from the delights of travel through a country rich in natural rural scenery. At Lexington direct connections can be made for Concord and Waltham, and also with the through line which runs from Arlington Heights to Lowell.—*Reading Chronicle.*

— The School Board and Mayor Davis are not likely to come to an agreement respecting the High School question. The Board believe, and have demonstrated to the satisfaction of any reasonable mind, that the thing needed is a new High School building, while the Mayor thinks the present one can be patched up at an expense of $10,000, and made to do good service for several years to come. The fact of the matter is, the Mayor has economy on the brain—economy run to seed—but no mortal man can change or in the least modify his ideas. So, what's going to be done about it?

— Bright and early last Monday morning, July 1, we had an agreeable call from Mr. Robert P. Turnbull of Pine Point, Scarboro, Maine, who was here visiting friends and former neighbors. He is of the firm of Ruggles (also a Woburn man) & Turnbull, proprietors of a large new summer hotel at Pine Point, 2 miles below Old Orchard, a fine picture of which was taken last week by Mr. Charles H. Taylor of this city and exhibited here by him. Woburn people seeking real comfort during the hot weather are hereby notified that Pine Point is the place to go for it. Tom Reed, the Great Commoner, thought so, and built his summer home within hailing distance of the fine hotel of Ruggles & Turnbull and occupies it every season. Mr. Turnbull says his and the Ruggles family like down there very much.

— The alarm from box 61 at 12.30 this morning was for a fire which destroyed the upper part of a double house on Hovey street occupied by James H Connolly and Mrs. O'Connor.

— Mr. Charles E. Lennon, an employee of the JOURNAL office, had both arms badly burned by accident at an attempted bonfire on the Common Wednesday night, of which he was a spectator, and had no hand in. He was not dangerously hurt.

Personal.

P. P. Meehan, letter carrier, is out on vacation.

Mrs. James E. Fowle is visiting at Buffalo, N. Y.

Herrick Brown is at home from Williams College.

Joseph F. DeLoriea and family are at Marblehead Neck.

Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell and family are at Marblehead Neck.

Benjamin Hinckley and family are at Falmouth on the Cape.

Henry L. Andrews of the *News* vacated in N. H. last week.

Several July matrimonial alliances are on the tapis hereabouts.

Florence L. Eaton has graduated from the Salem Normal School.

Charles R. Carter, teacher in Philadelphia, is here for the summer.

W. S. York and family are at their summer home at Rockport, Cape Ann.

Gas stoves are in great demand at Supt. Gilcreast's Gas Office in Dow Block.

The address of Miss M. Evelyn Flagg is No. 1128 Boylston street, Boston.

Mr. Alex Grant, the merchant tailor, has abandoned housekeeping for life in a boarding-house.

Albert E. Maguire, a Southern gentleman, son of the Judge, is at home for the vacation season.

Mr. Willis Varney, the boss jeweler, spent the 4th at Quampiggin Landing, South Berwick, Maine.

Helen E. Brown, a Tufts graduate, takes the place of Miss Emerson, resigned, in the W. H. S.

The marriage of Miss Emerson, late Assistant in the High School, is set for an early day, so report goes.

Last week Wednesday Frank E. Leslie was gradauted from the Medical Department of Bowdoin College.

Miss Ada D. Carter, the N. H. teacher, is at home at Mrs. Almira P. Richardson's on Bennett street, for the school vacation.

Leon L. Dorr thinks the banks of the beautiful Androscoggin, say, about where Turner Falls are, is as desirable a place for an outing as any he knows of.

It is with pleasure that we announce the fact that Beatrice A. Grant, daughter of Alex Grant, has been elected a teacher in the High School. She headed her Class at Tufts College.

Dr. C. H. Buss, the popular dentist, has moved to No. 397 Main st., the National Bank Block, and now occupies apartments as fine as can be found in this county. He is doing a good business too.

Miss Catherine Marie Conway arrived at her home in this city from Germantown, Pa., last Wednesday morning to attend the funeral of her father and comfort Mrs. Conway in her deep affliction.

Mr. Elwyn G. Preston came up from No. Scituate last Tuesday to transact business at the Savings Bank and attend a meeting of the Board of Public Works in the evening. He reported his family well and happy at the Beach.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield finds employment for herself and her violin even if the weather is hot. She is a fine violinist as well as an accomplished pianist. She has calls for social functions, musicales, and club entertainments.

Henry McMahon, for 6 or 7 years past a Boston *Globe* linotype printer, a graduate of the Woburn JOURNAL, one of the best of the many it has sent out into the world to struggle for bread, has moved from Malden to Salem st., this city, his birthplace and former home.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on June 20.

Acceptance of Lowell & Boston Co. of Harrison avenue location received and filed.—John B. Carter, C. O. Amerzeen, Dennis McGrath, Patrick Kelley, G. Brogna, R. Reynolds were granted pool licenses.—O. B. Sanborn, A. Mathews, P. H. Noyes granted junk licenses.

Passed: $14,350 for widening lower Main street and sidewalk on Willow street, and $1,600 for fire escape on High School. Hart Place was accepted as a highway. Lynn & Boston Street Ry. Co. granted location on Orange and Central streets.—M. Smith was granted a license for a poolroom on Main street.

The Council held a special meeting on Thursday evening, June 27.

Mayor vetoed pool licenses to P. Kelley, P. J. Kenney, H. McGrath, Richard Reynolds. Laid over.

Mayor also vetoed loan order of $14,500 for lower Main street, and $300 for Willow street.

The Mayor submitted estimates amounting to $9,950 for improvements of High School building.

All things considered and due allowances made the meeting on last Wednesday evening was a calm and dignified one. It was an extraordinary hot night and the members were in no physical condition for a scrap of any kind. Therefore things were allowed to slide along.

The vetoes of the Mayor were taken up seriatim, discussed, and duly passed upon. His veto of the pool licenses enumerated above was sustained, and His Honor felt relieved. There appears to be an increasing sentiment in the Council to avoid discrimination in granting these licenses, and there is also apparent a feeling that the city can manage to worry along without any poolrooms at all. The Mayor won.

Next came up the Mayor's veto of the order for $14,350 for widening south Main st. and for Willow st. sidewalk. The Mayor's objections to the order were considered flimsy and featherweight. It was merely his personal opinion against that of 15 other intelligent men, passed over his veto.

By invitation Col. Charles F. Woodward appeared before the Council to explain matters anent free transfers on the Woburn & Boston Street Railroad to any trolley point in Lexington. The Colonel talked about 45 minutes concerning almost everything except free transfers, and befogged the question badly. It was finally referred to the Mayor and City Solicitor Curran.

It was voted not to except the proposition of the State Highway Commission to build the Cambridge street State Road by the City of Woburn, which vote twisted somebody's nose out of joint.

Winning Farm.

In spite of the excessive heat last Saturday it was a merry company of over forty—members of the Lend-a-Hand and Sunshine Clubs—who took the electrics for Winning Farm. Up the lane the children raced as the car stopped and a pleasant sight indeed greeted them at the summit of the hill.

The large square white homestead was surrounded by a grassy yard shaded by magnificent elms. Suspended from some were genuine swings, while the "new fangled" red painted swings, teeters, hammocks and a croquet sett, catered to the utmost demands for motion.

The city children were playing about, five none too many to enjoy a hammock at the same time. Some were in the open window over the barn door letting down a rope to others but of course not letting themselves fall out. Others were preparing for the afternoon drive. One little colored mite bashfully retreated behind the door peeping out at the new comers.

The afternoon passed too quickly—taking a goodly share of the time for a treat of lemonade and wafers—finishing with a game of "tag" in the big barn. The long row of cattle—some being milked by two city girls—looked silently on at the wild romps on the hay.

The older members of the party were deeply interested in the interior of the Home. They admired the convenience of the new dining-room, built adjoiding the old-fashianed kitchen, and the twenty odd sleeping rooms.

The second and third floors had partitions two thirds of the way to the ceiling, that each child had a tiny room of her own, just large enough for an iron bed, a chair, a window, a row of books, yet so arranged that there is a constant circulation of air.

The sanitary arrangements are of the best, pure drinking water and convenience for enforcing the fact that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." The kind hearted matron answered our many questions and showed by her tact that she was endowed with the sympathy and insight into child nature so essential to one in her position.

Into this Home come a troop of twenty girls one week, and twenty boys the next, throughout the summer, who but for this blessed charity would never known what country life was like. They are sent out by Rev. George Perin of the Everyday church, Boston, regardless of religious bias by request of the Trustee of the fund left by Mr. Winning. His part of the expense has to be met by contributions and Sunshine Club are sure to sustain an interest in the beautiful work for children. C H P.

She Didn't Wear A Mask.

But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished as will all Eruptions, Fever Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles and Felons from its use. Infallible for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Scalds and Piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Bring Your Boy

to us when he needs

Clothing or Furnishings

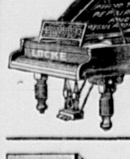
We have a special department for boys, reached by a special elevator—separate from the rest of the store.

High Quality—Moderate Price.

Macullar Parker

COMPANY,

400—Washington Street, Boston, Mass.—400



CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,

BY FRANK A. LOCKE.

24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

THE PILL BOX.

TRUSS DEPT.

is the most complete in town. Trusses with water pad, soft pad, enameled and cedar pad. Single or double.

Bicycle Riders and Athletes supplied with Suspensories at . . . . . . Whitcher's

TAN SHOES!

Boys when you get your feet into a pair of our shoes you will find something that will stand a good deal of rough usage before giving out. We have chosen our boys' shoe on the theory that the boy wants the best material and work we can give him. A good boy can't keep from rapidly destroying a bad shoe. Don't blame the boy when the shoe is at fault. Come to us and get a pair of shoes for street or school. They will make the boy proud and please the parent by saving his purse, both in the first cost and in time of wearing.

Taps Sewed On by Hand.

J. LEATHE,

425 Main St., WOBURN

Dr. James H. Conway.

A large number of people in this city and vicinity, besides a devoted wife and affectionate daughter, sincerely regret the sudden death of JAMES H. CONWAY, M. D., of Winn street, Woburn, early Tuesday morning at North Scituate, on the South Shore, where he went last Saturday for rest which he greatly needed after a long period of unusually hard professional services. Overwork, heat, and perhaps reduced heart power were the probable cause of his sudden illness on Monday afternoon and death on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Conway remained at home having no fears but that a few days rest at the seaside would bring her husband around all right, therefore, when the news of his death reached her she was entirely overcome with surprise and grief. To the daughter, Catherine Marie, who is attending a Ladies Seminary at Germantown near Philadelphia, the news was still more of a shock, if possible, because between her and her father the ties of love and affection were strong and complete.

Dr. Conway came to Woburn from Worcester 21 years ago. He was born in that city 47 years ago. His education was received from the schools of his native city, and then he attended Holy Cross and Bellevue Colleges, the latter in New York.

Locating in this city, he commenced with a good practice, which grew rapidly until his time was largely devoted to it, and from which it was difficult to break away.

The doctor interested himself in public affairs, was a strong partisan and a warm opponent when he was not friendly. He was outspoken and fearless and made political enemies easily.

For many years he was Town and City Physician and was a member of the Board of Health, and unusually active, in fact bringing the Board to more than ordinary public attention. His course and that of his associates resulted in great and permanent good to the city.

Dr. Conway was the friend of the poor, and among them his service was largely free. Two years he was a Trustee of the Public Library. He will be greatly missed in this city, not only among those who employed him as a physician, but by the public generally.

He was a kind husband and father, a good neighbor, a respected member of the community, and no man had more or better friends. He was open hearted, free handed, plain and honest spoken, and the people liked him. Heartfelt sympathy is extended to the wife and daughter in their bereavement. The funeral is to be held today.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Boston Music Hall has a happy faculty of presenting to its patrons week after week artists who are especial favorites with Boston audiences and who have scored many of their most pronounced triumphs in local theatres or productions. Many of these artists, of both sexes, are recruits from the legitimate to vaudeville, and no where could they be assured of a warmer reception than at Boston Music Hall. Beginning next week, July 8, J. H. Gilmour, one of the most versatile and capable actors gracing the American stage today, will enter on a brief engagement in vaudeville, presenting a delightful thirty minutes comedy, entitled "A Second Wooing." Mr. Gilmour will be seen in one of those lover's roles which fit him so admirably, and he will have the support of competent players.

Kerr—Grant.

A more delightful wedding has not taken place in Woburn for many a year than that of Mr. ALEXANDER KERR of Malden and Miss ANNA BLANCHE GRANT, daughter of Mr. Alexander Grant of this city, their entry into the silken bonds of matrimony being solemnized at the beautiful residence of Alderman and Mrs. John K. Murdock, No. 637 Main street, on Tuesday evening, July 2, 1901, Rev. D. Scudder, D.D., pastor of the Congregational church, most gracefully performing the rites, assisted by Miss Minnette Dow who played the Wedding March at the right time in a charming manner.

The Groomsman was Lieutenant Homer B. Grant, brother of the bride, and the Bridesmaid was Miss Beatrice A. Grant, sister of the bride, and the Ushers were Max Murdock and Mason McKay. The wedding dress of the bride was of white jusi, and of the Maid, pink jusi, a fabric brought from the Philippine Islands by Lieut. Grant.

There was a reception after the ceremonies at the Hymenial altar, at which elegant refreshments were served, furnished by Crawford, the famous Woburn caterer. The ladies who attended and served in the diningroom were Mrs. George H. Taylor, Annie and Carrie Richardson, Miss Rogers, Miss Durward, and they did everything in elegant style.

The Murdock residence was beautifully ornamented for the happy occasion and presented a superb appearance. The diningroom was gay in daisies and ferns; the library, in lillies and Sweet Williams; Reception room, in roses, peonies, ferns; hall, hemlock and roses; vestibule, palms and rubber plants. Never did flowers and plants adorn a wedding scene more delightfully.

The wedding presents were many in number, elegant, and of great value, demonstrating, to some extent, the very high esteem in which Anna Blanche Grant is held by her neighbors and townspeople for the good qualities of character possessed by her. The numerous, useful and ornamental gifts, were highly complimentary to the groom also. Only a few of the many presents can be enumerated here: There were among them a beautiful silver tea service; elegant framed pictures; a very handsome gilt parlor chair; a beautiful parlor centretable; a green and white dinner service; elegant needlework; fine table linen; sewing machine; a whole tableful of costly cutglass pieces; two handsome onyx mantle clocks; a silver gold-lined dessert dish; icecream sett in fine China; the very choicest specimens of real Wedgewood ware, and other appropriate bridal gifts "too numerous to mention."

When, after all the pleasant ceremonies were over, the bride and groom left for their future home No. 14 Kneeland street, Malden, they were showered with roses, and bid a hearty Godspeed from all the people present.

Summer complaint is unusually prevalent among children this season. A well developed case in the writer's family was cured last week by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy—one of the best patent medicines manufactured and which is always kept on hand at the home of ye scribe. This is not intended as a free puff for the company, who do not advertise with us, but to benefit little sufferers who may not be within easy access of a physician. No family should be without a bottle of this medicine in the house, especially in summer-time.—Lansing, Iowa *Journal*. For sale by all druggists.

Cork weighs 15 pounds per cubic foot, gold 1155 pounds.

MISS BANCROFT

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

The Variety of

Breakfast Foods

Is Constantly Increasing.

Below we give a list of some of the leading kinds and call attention to the low prices at which we are selling them.

	Per Package.
Cream of Wheat,	13c.
Germea,	13c.
Shredded Wheat Biscuit,	12c.
Wheat Germ,	12c.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,	13c.
Grape Nuts, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Malt Breakfast Food,	13c.
Flaked Rice,	13c.
Pillsbury's Vitos, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Pillsbury's Flaked Oats,	10c.
Mother's Oats,	9c.
Quaker Oats,	8c.
Self-rising Buckwheat, 10 and	12c.
Self-rising Pancake Flour,	10c.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

AGENTS

We manufacture best selling article on the market; send for free booklet.
DUNDEE MFG. CO.,
10A Park S., Boston, Mass.

The Same Old Story.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and re-told by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by all druggists.

Tours to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Every Monday and Thursday from July until November parties leave Boston under personal escort, visiting the great Exposition at Buffalo, and Niagara Falls.

Parties may return direct, or make the homeward journey via the Thousand Islands and Montreal, or New York and the Hudson River.

An illustrated booklet giving rates, etc., will be mailed free upon application to Nason & Russell, 282 Washington street, Boston.—4t.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. H. D. Stevens of Reading.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Union Service with the Christian Endeavor Society at 7 P. M. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "A Creed in a Word," followed by Communion. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "A Thing Which Lasts."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Evening Prayer at 7
No Sunday School during July and August.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—5th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Convicted of Sin."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Paths of Peace."
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, June 19, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Michael J. Foley and Nellie F. Thornton, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 23, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Robert B. Boag of Stoneham and Annie S. Reynolds of Woburn.

In this city, June 26, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, John J. McLaughlin and Mary A. Young, both of Woburn.

In this city, July 2, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, Alexander Kerr of Malden and Anna Blanche Grant of Woburn.

In Stoneham, June 27, by Rev. James A. O'Rourke, Alfred Fournier of Woburn and Florence A. Paey of Stoneham.

In Lynn, June 30, by Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, William H. Scanlon of Woburn and Mary Fitzgerald of Lynn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 24, Fannie B. Ellis, aged 92 years, 8 months.

In this city, June 28, Frederick E. Ordway, aged 74 years, 4 months, 20 days.

In this city, June 28, Richard Territt, aged 52 years, 6 months.

In this city, June 29, George H. Newman, aged 26 years, 7 months, 24 days.

In this city, July 2, Margaret Clark, aged 72 years.

In North Scituate, July 2, Dr. James H. Conway, aged 47 years.

In San Francisco, Cal., June 20, Nancy B., beloved wife of Charles E. Carroll, Sr., mother of Charles E. Jr. and Arthur Carroll and Mrs. Alice B. McGowan, and sister of Nellie P. Ash, a native of Woburn, Mass., aged 66 years, 7 months and 22 days.

If Your Little Son

is between 2½ and 6 years of age a

Russian Blouse Suit

is quite the correct thing to buy.

We have them in fancy cassimeres at $5 and $6.

Also in very pretty wash galateas at $2 and $2.50.

Drop in and let us show you.

We make a specialty of clothing for little men.

Don't forget too that our prices will average 10% less than Boston prices. Smaller expenses the reason.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Established 1851. Open Evenings except Wednesday.

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN — LOCATED 1640 — INCORPORATED 1642 — A CITY 1888

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., June 4, 1901.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1899, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that such undivided portions of said real estate, or the whole as may be necessary, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, July 20, 1901**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1899, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estate is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

Residents.

CHARLES PORTER, HEIRS.—About 7,013 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the north-easterly corner of the premises on Main street and at land now or late of Keith; thence the line runs northwesterly by land last named about 56.2 feet; thence southerly by land of Mary W. Lyons about 22.5 feet; thence south of west by same land about 7 feet; thence westerly by land of said Mary W. Lyons and by land of one Murray 51 feet; thence southerly by land of Gallagher 95 8 feet; thence easterly by Hudson street about 32.6 feet; thence northeasterly by Main street about 24.9 feet; thence continuing in same direction on and by said Main street about 60.4 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1899, 56 64

CHARLES PORTER, HEIRS.—About 4,624 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, on Porter street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on said Porter street; thence the line runs northerly by land of Daniel T. Porter and land of Catherine A. Meehan about 71 feet; thence westerly by land of said Catherine A. Meehan about 61.1 feet; thence southerly by land of Colley about 65 feet; thence easterly by said Porter street 64.9 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1899, 41 28

WARD 5.

Residents.

ALVAH WISWALL, TRUSTEE for LONGWOOD HILL COMPANY.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by owners unknown; easterly by land of Samuel Brooks; southerly by other land of said Trustee; westerly by land of James Brooks Heirs.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

ALVAH WISWALL, TRUSTEE for LONGWOOD HILL COMPANY.—About 8 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at southerly corner of premises, thence the line runs northeasterly by land of Reuben Weston; thence northerly by land of Heirs of Rufus Richardson; thence westerly by land of George Parker now of Marshall; thence northwesterly by land of Marshall and Lydia Bancroft to a stake in a small pond; thence westerly by land of said Lydia Bancroft; thence southerly by land of Charles Tweed; thence easterly by land of Samuel W. Brooks; thence southerly by land of Brooks to point of beginning.
Tax of 1899, 7 68

WARD 6.

LETTIE W. EATON.—About 13,831 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated No. 70 Pearl street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Pearl street, thence the line runs northerly by Pearl street 132 feet; thence westerly by land of John O. Page 104.9 feet; thence southerly by land of Dennis Burns 139 feet; thence easterly by Kimball Court 100 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1899, $29 76

SUSIE I. PERLEY.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 20, 21, 22, Block 27, Section A, on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 19 in said block about 70 feet; easterly by Baldwin avenue on said Plan 105 feet; southerly by lot 23 in said block 70 feet; westerly by lot 7, 8, 9, in said block 105 feet.
Tax of 1899, 2 88

MARY R. PRATT.—About 9,645 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, Block 11, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Jones avenue; easterly by lots 4 and 10 in said Block; southerly by Ames street; westerly by Longwood avenue.
Tax of 1899, 2 88

Non-Residents.

CHARLES R. BATT, TRUSTEE.—About 331-100 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Southerly by Webster street 488½ feet; easterly by land of J. Otis Cummings 295 3-10 feet; northerly by land of Jonathan Tidd and Alfred G. Carter 610 9 feet; westerly by Pearl street 90.1 feet; southerly again by land of Sparrock 124.8 feet; westerly again by land of said Sparrock 89.3 feet. Same premises conveyed to said Batt by deed dated Nov. 11, 1897, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2612, Page 453.
Tax of 1899, 15 36

JENNIE B. BELL.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Wilmington Town Line; easterly by lot 8 in said Block; southerly by lot 35 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 48

HENRY J. COBB.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, 10, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 7 in said Block 70 feet; easterly by Mishawum Avenue on said Plan 105 feet; southerly by lot 11 in said Block 70 feet; westerly by lots 15, 16, 17, in said Block 105 feet. Same premises recorded with said Deeds, Book 2693, Page 238.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

LEWIS COHEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Rumford Avenue; easterly by lot 9 in said Block; southerly by lot 2 in said Block; westerly by a private way shown on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 38

JOHN DONOVAN.—About 12,250 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, Block 14, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by Dartmouth street 70 feet; southeasterly by lots 15, 17, 18, 19 in said Block 175 feet; southwesterly by lots 9 in said Block 70 feet; northwesterly by Chester Avenue 175 feet. Being same premises described in Deed, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2,655, Page 319.
Tax of 1899, 96

FLORENCE J. FOWLE.—About 5,200 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private street; easterly by Baldwin avenue; southerly by lot 9 in said Block; westerly by lot 6 in said Block. Same premises described by Deed dated Oct. 3, 1890, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2001, Page 198.
Tax of 1899, 1 44

FREDERICK A. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10, 11, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 7 and 8 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southerly by lot 12 in said Block; westerly by lot 2, 3, 4, in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 8 in said Block; easterly by Banks street; southerly by Dartmouth street; westerly by lot 10 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 57

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13, 18, 19, Block 25, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 14, 15, 16, 17, in said Block; easterly by Cutting avenue; southerly by lots 10 and 11 in said Block; westerly by Prescott street.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 9 in said Block; easterly by lot 14, 15 in said Block, southerly by lot 6 in said Block; westerly by White street.
Tax of 1899, 96

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 6, 7, 8, Block 40, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Dexter Avenue; southeasterly by a private way; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Lot 5 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 45

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, Block 14, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by Arkansas street; southeasterly by Washington street; northwesterly by Massachusetts avenue; southwesterly by Lots 6 and 11 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 2 88

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 9, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kearsage avenue; easterly by Albion avenue; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Lot 5 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 14, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 5, 12 in said Block; southerly by Kearsage avenue; easterly by Pennsylvania avenue; westerly by Wauchusett avenue.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Block 12, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 7 and 12 in said Block; easterly by Chester avenue; southerly by Warren avenue; westerly by Longwood avenue.
Tax of 1899, 2 88

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 5,040 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 10 and 11, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 5 and 6 in said Block; easterly by Lots 8 and 9 in said Block; southerly by Dartmouth street; westerly by Lots 1 and 2 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 15, 16, 17, Block 27, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Warren avenue on said Plan; easterly by Baldwin avenue; southerly by Lot 18 in said Block; westerly by Lot 12 and 14 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 22 and 23, Block 28, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 21 in said Block; easterly by White street; southerly by Lot 24 in said Block; westerly by Lots 7 and 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 96

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 11, 12, 13, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 14 and 15 in said Block; easterly by Lot 17, 18 and 19 in said Block; southerly by Lot 10 in said Block; westerly by Mishawum avenue.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 13, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 11 and 12 in said Block; easterly by Monk street; southerly by Lot 14 in said Block; westerly by Lot 9 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 38

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 12, 13, 14, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 11 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southwesterly by No. Maple street; westerly by Lot 1 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 19 and 20, Block 29, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 18 in said Block; easterly by Monks street; southerly by Lot 21 in said Block; westerly by Lot 10 and 11 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 86

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 2, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kearsarge avenue; easterly by Granville street; southerly by lot 11 in said Block; westerly by lot 7 and 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 77

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 3, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 3 in said Block; easterly by Therman street; southerly by Mountain street; westerly by lot 2 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 38

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 6, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 and 12 in said Block; easterly by Grafton street; southerly by Kearsarge avenue; westerly by lot 3 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 78

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 and 11 in said Block; southerly by lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Church avenue on said Plan; westerly by lot 11 and land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1899, 58

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kearsarge avenue; westerley by Albion street; easterly by lot 11 in said Block; southerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1899, 86

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 10,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 9, 10, Block 14, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Worcester street; easterly by Pennsylvania avenue; southerly by lot 6 and 11 in said Block; westerly by Wachusett avenue.
Tax of 1899, 1 54

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by Pennsylvania avenue; southeasterly by lot 11 in said Block; northwesterly by Wachusett avenue; southwesterly by lot 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 78

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 13, 14, 15, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 12 in said Block; easterly by Pennsylvania avenue; southerly by lot 16 in said Block; westerly by lot 4, 5, 6 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 17, 18, Block 4, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 6 and 19 in said Block; easterly by Kentucky avenue; southerly by lot 9 and 16 in said Block; westerly by Marion street.
Tax of 1899, 3 46

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 8, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by lot 10 in said Block; southeasterly by Ashburton avenue; northwesterly by land of owner unknown; southwesterly by lots 5, 6, 7, 8, in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 38

EDWARD J. MCHUGH.—About 18,970 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 14, both inclusive, Block 24, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Longwood avenue; easterly by Prescott street; southerly by lots 8 and 15 in said Block; westerly by Wilson street.
Tax of 1899, 6 72

ELLA T. MORAN.—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 9, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 in said Block; easterly by lot 4, 5, 6, in said Block; southerly by No. Maple street; westerly by a private way.
Tax of 1899, 58

MORGAN C. TYLER.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 13 in said Block; easterly by lot 2, 3, 4, in said Block; southerly by lot 9 in said Block; westerly by a private way.
Tax of 1899, 58

MARY H. WEBBER.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, Block 23, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Wilson street; southerly by lot 1, 2, in said Block; westerly by lot 5 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 54

LODESA M. BABBITT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, Block 6, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Dartmouth street; easterly by lot 9 in said Block; southerly by lot 6 in said Block; westerly by Banks street.
Tax of 1899, 1 44

JOHN J. COOPER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 37 in said Block; southerly by lot 35 in said Block; westerly by Hinkley avenue; easterly by lot 16 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 58

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 4, 5, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 3 in said Block; southerly by Lot 6 in said Block; westerly by Lots 31 and 32 in said Block; easterly by Monks street.
Tax of 1899, 1 54

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18, 19, 20, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 17 in said Block; easterly by Newburg avenue; southerly by lot 21 in said Block; westerly by lots 23, 24, 25 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 19, 20, Block 29, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 18 in said Block; easterly by Monks street; southerly by lot 21 in said Block; westerly by lot 10 and 11 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 77

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Block 41, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Dexter avenue; easterly and southerly by Merrimac street and land of owner unknown; westerly by a private way.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 3, Block 6, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Beard avenue on said Plan; easterly by Lot 4 on said Plan; southerly by Lot 19 on said Plan; westerly by Lot 2 on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 77

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 19,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, Block 12, Plan B, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex North Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, bounded as follows, viz:—Southwesterly by a private way shown on said Plan; northwesterly by Summitt Avenue; northeasterly by Lots 25 and 4 on said Plan; southeasterly by Main street.
Tax of 1899, 3 36

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 10,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Block 45, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 3 in said Block; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Alger street; westerly by Oakland Avenue.
Tax of 1899, 96

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 5 and 6, Block 1, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz: Northwesterly by Lot 7 in said Block; southwesterly by land of owner unknown; northeasterly by Belmont avenue; southeasterly by Lot 4 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 96

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 3,675 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 18, and ½ of 17, on plan of lands owned by Ada T. Munroe, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by Lot 19 on said Plan; westerly by Lot 7 and part of Lot 8 on said Plan; northerly by other half of 17 on said Plan; easterly by Knight avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 38

AUSTIN W. HALL.—About 11,021 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Nichols street 108 feet; easterly by Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation 137.7 feet; southerly by land of Joseph B. McDonald 66 feet; easterly by land of Thomas J. McFeeley 130 feet. Same premises conveyed by Charlie A. Jones by Deed dated Dec. 21, 1896, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2529, Page 1.
Tax 1899, 3 84

CHARLES H. COLLINS:—About 4,060 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 2 and 18, Block 13, Plan B, on land of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex No. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 3 and 19 in said Block; easterly by Main street; southerly by lots 1 and 17, in said Block; westerly by Glen avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

CHARLES H. COLLINS.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 24 and 25, Block 6, on Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Florence avenue on said Plan; easterly by Lot 1 in said Block; westerly by Park avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 1 54

JOHN H. HARRIS, HEIRS.—About 5,465 square feet of land, being lot 24, Block 9, Plan A, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 25 in said Block; easterly by Lot 23 in said Block; southerly by Spenser avenue; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1899, 77

VALENTO B. VINCENSO.—About 53,100 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1 to 22 inclusive, Block 9, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Breed street; easterly by Park avenue; southerly by Spencer avenue; westerly by lots 23, 26 and 27 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 7 68

WARD 7.

HARRIET O. FISHER.—About 2 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Russell street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning on Russell street, thence easterly by land of Jos. R. Kendall; thence northerly on old road from Woburn to Lexington; thence southerly on Russell street to point of beginning. Being same premises described in Deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2,466, Page 298.
Tax of 1899, 33 60

JOHN F. MAGUIRE.—About 1 acre of land, with buildings thereon, numbered 12 Willow street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of premises on Burlington street, thence south of west by land of John Doherty; thence east of north on Willow street; thence east by land now or late of Henry Cummings; thence south by said Burlington street 200 feet, to point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to said Maguire by deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2641, Page 495.
Tax of 1899, 48 00

MARY A. MILLER.—About 1 13-16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Elijah street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Elijah street; westerly also by said Elijah street; southerly by land formerly of James O'Doherty; easterly by land of Shields and land of McElhaney.
Tax of 1899, 37 44

DANIEL RYAN, HEIRS.—About 5-16 of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Bedford street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Bedford street; westerly by Elijah street; northerly by land of Roger Mullen and easterly by land of one Bowen.
Tax of 1899, 6 72

ELLEN O'RILEY.—About 39,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on 55 Houghton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Grant; easterly by Houghton street; southerly by land late of McMahon and by land of Bacon and Colgate; westerly by land of Eaton.
Tax of 1899, 32 64

FRANK MOORE.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by the Pond; easterly by Burlington street; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by land of Ellard and also by said Pond.
Tax of 1899, 132 48

WILLARD WELSH.—About 8,000 square feet of land, with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Leonard Thompson; easterly by land of Corry; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by Shields street.
Tax of 1899, 34 56

E. K. AND W. E. BLAIKIE.—About 9 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Heirs of David Parker deceased; easterly by land of Heirs of David Parker deceased; southerly by the line dividing the town of Winchester and City of Woburn; westerly by land of Heirs of Jonn Winning deceased, and land of Abel Fitts.
Tax of 1899, 4 80

CLARENCE H. GUSTIN.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn on Cambridge street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jacob Pierce Heirs; easterly by land of Heirs of S. Plympton and land of Heirs of Josiah Richardson; southerly by land of Thad. Parker; westerly by Winchester Town Line.
Tax of 1899, 5 76

WARD 7.

Non-Residents.

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 1 acre of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.
Tax of 1899, 3 84

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 55 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Lexington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lexington street and by land of Jacob Ellis and by land of Heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of Heirs of Walter Frost and land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg and land of William B. Doyle and land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land now or late of Mary G. Pierce.
Tax of 1899, 126 72

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 7½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg and land of Woodward and Mentzer; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce about 28 rods; westerly by land now or late of Joseph Gardner about 53 rods; northerly by land of Mentzer and Woodward.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 10 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land late of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land now or late of Wm. B. Doyle.
Tax of 1899, 3 84

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 14 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of Heirs of John Weston; northerly by land of Doherty and land now or late of John Cummings.
Tax of 1899, 19 20

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 16 acres of land known as Hiawatha Grove, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land of James B. and Horace W. Pearson and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.
Tax of 1899, 38 40

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Before purchasing a Camera

EXAMINE OUR LINE OF

Koronas

The Highest Grade Cameras made. Everything used in Amateur Photography.

F. P. BROOKS,

361 Main St.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

Your petitioner, Fred. E. Cottle of Woburn, in said County, respectfully represents that the City Council of the City of Woburn, in said County, by an order adopted by said City Council and approved by the Mayor of said City on June 18, 1901, a copy whereof is submitted with the original petition, have authorized said Fred. E. Cottle to construct a railroad for private use in the transportation of freight across Conn street, a travelled place in said Woburn, at grade thereof as shown on a plan entitled "B. & M. R.R. So. Div. Plan showing proposed changes in tracks for F. E. Cottle near Woburn Highlands Stations," a copy of which plan is filed with the original petition, the proposed location of said railroad being described as follows:—The centre line of said proposed track on the north line of Conn street is to be one hundred and ninety-eight and 83-100 feet from the centre line of the B. & M. tracks measuring along the north side line of said Conn street and the centre of said proposed track on the south line of said Conn street is to be two hundred nineteen and 4-10 feet from centre line of the B. & M. tracks measuring along the south side line of said Conn street and said proposed track is to cross Conn street at a radius of 1000 feet; and have authorized said Fred. E. Cottle to use steam power as a motive power in said railroad.

Wherefore your petitioner respectfully asks that your Honorable Board adjudge that public necessity requires the crossing of said Conn street by said railroad for private use at the same level as said street; and also that your Honorable Board make a decree authorizing and requiring your petitioner to construct his road in such manner as may seem fit to your Honorable Board.

FRED. E. COTTLE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge, on the twenty-fifth day of June, A. D., 1901.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Petitioner give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Woburn Highlands Station of the Boston & Maine Railroad in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, on **Wednesday, the thirty-first day of July, 1901**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by publishing a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be seven days at least before said view, and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

FOR SALE.

5 acres of land on Montvale Avenue and Holden Place, Woburn, and in the rear thereof, in lots to suit, for sale cheap and on easy terms. Close to the electrics.

C. D. ADAMS, Trustee,
915 Main Street, North Woburn,
or 23 Court Street, Boston.

A Poor Millionaire

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

A Cordial Invitation

is given our customers to look over our stock of

SHIRT WAISTS

in the New Styles and Colors. These goods have been carefully selected and we have a choice assortment of popular priced Waists.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Heartburn.

When the quantity of food taken is too large or the quality too rich, heartburn is likely to follow, and especially so if the digestion has been weakened by constipation. Eat slowly and not too freely of easily digested food. Masticate the food thoroughly. Let six hours elapse between meals and when you feel a fullness and weight in the region of the stomach after eating, indicating that you have eaten too much, take one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the heart burn may be avoided. For sale by all druggists.

Literary Notices.

MODERN CULTURE MAGAZINE was in advance of all its contemporaries when it presented in its June number a critical paper on Notable Paintings at the Pan-American Exposition. Following this signal success it gives its readers in July a trilogy of articles of especial interest to Pan-American visitors. The first of the two article on The Pan-American by Day and Night is contributed by Mr. C. Y. Turner, the celebrated New York artist whose fine color sense made him the choice of his brothers of the brush for Director of Color at the Exposition. He gives in this important paper a clear account of the intelligent well-conceived, and splendidly executed color scheme used in the decoration of the buildings, and incidentally gives to every reader a finer appreciation of the artistic side of the Fair than he will gain from any less authentic source.

An Exposition Magazine. The July number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, printed on the Pan-American grounds is superb in contents and appearance, and is filled from cover to cover with beautiful illustrations. The opening article, Affairs at Washington, by Joe Mitchell Chapple, gives a brilliant resume of the month's doings at the national capital, and several interesting and profusely illustrated articles are devoted to various phases of the Exposition. In American Life—The Life of Action is contrasted the future of the American and the European college graduate. The Texas Oil Fields tells of the recent exploitation of the oil regions of the Lone Star State; The Rise of Thomas W. Lawson treats biographicallA of the career of a picturesque figure in New England financial circles; and The Future of Cut-Over Timber Lands shows present-day possibilities for home building in the middle west. The Revenge of the Nazarite is another in the popular series of entrancing Old Testament Romances. The number abounds in fiction of high class by American authors, and the regular departments cover their several fields in a comprehensive manner. The cover design, in colors, which is a distinct departure from the commonplace, is noticeably beautiful and chaste in treatment, and the entire number is a notable exempler of the possibilities of modern magazine making. Of your newsdealer 10 cents, or direct from the publishers, The W. W. Potter Co., Ltd., Boston.

It Dazzles The World.

No discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Huntley & Co., druggists, who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

A vessel drawing 10 feet rises 2 inches in passing from fresh water to salt.

White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

Men's Serge Suits

The Blue Serge Suit is never out of style. A man can wear it from season to season and be sure that he is correctly dressed—*it is popular and becoming.*

Fast color, wide, narrow and medium wale single and double-breasted Blue Serge Suits—$7.50, $10.00, $12.00—*at any price you choose to pay you'll save a third of your money at "The Big Store."*

7.50 $10 $12

VORENBERG'S
"The Big Store"
Washington, Hanover and Elm Sts.

Portland Steamers

DELIGHTFUL SEA-COAST LINE.

The Superb New Steel Steamship, "Cov. Dingley," and the Staunch and Palatial Steamer "Bay State" En-Route to Old Orchard Beach, White Mountains, Booth Bay and other Sea-Coast points, also Interior Resorts of the State of Maine.

Largest, finest and most powerful steamers on the New England Coast, and their unsurpassed accommodations make travel a rest and pleasure. Leave India Wharf, Boston, and Portland every evening, at 7 o'clock. Connections made at Portland with the earliest trains and steamers to all points East.

LOCAL FARE, $1.00. Through excursion rates *lower than any other route*. Send for circular.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Manager, Portland.
CHAS. R. LEWIS, Agent, Boston.

Executors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the will of France B. Hiller, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds, and Mary A. Jeens, one of the Executors, appointing John G. Maguire of Woburn, in said County, her agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscribers.

HENRY HILLER,
MARY A. JEENS,
Executors.

Address care of John G. Maguire, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

COMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

HIGHEST GRADE of instruction in book-keeping, shorthand and all business studies. Both sexes; best of modern methods and teachers; positions for graduates; special 3 months' course; 61st year opens Sept. 3d. Send for Year Book, free.
666 Washington St., corner Beach, Boston.

OFFICE HELP SUPPLIED.

WINCHESTER.

Mr. Preston Pond has gone to England for a visit.

Joseph E. O'Connor, letter carrier, is on his vacation.

Motor carriages can't hum on the Mystic Valley Parkway.

That "loop" in the raging Aberjona is still a bone of contention.

Mr. Harrison Parker has been elected Vice President of the Y. M. C. A.

Sergt. A. W. Coffin has gone back to his regiment after a pleasant furlough with his folks here.

The following are the newly elected officers of the Y. P. S. C. E.: Roland E. Simonds, President; Lorenzo E. Waite, Vice-President; Cassie E. Sands, Recording Secretary; Dr. C. J. Allen, Corresponding Secretary; Arthur T. Fuller, Treasurer.

The Best Liniment for Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the Merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by all druggists.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

C. M. Strout & Co

AGENT FOR THE

"Palace Regent"

Furnace

One of the best and most economical on the market today. It took a prize at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Rubber Hose at All Prices.

The "National Blue Flame" Oil Stove is the Best.

Telephone 124-7.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles Williams, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court for Probate, by Elizabeth G. Williams, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of July, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Owen Collins late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Michael H. Collins who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of July A. D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Oliver Bacon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Charles D. Adams, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the fourth and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the ninth day of July, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D., 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation will be held at its Banking Rooms on **Friday, July 5, 1901**, at 7.30 P. M., for the purpose of choosing officers for the ensuing year and for the transacting of such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Trustees will be held immediately after the close of the Corporation meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 6, 1901, will draw interest from that date.

July dividends payable on and after Saturday, July 20, 1901.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, June 20, 1901.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The Depositors of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are hereby requested to bring in or send to said Bank their deposit books for verification, agreeable to the Statutes relating to Savings Banks and Institutions for Savings. See Acts of 1894, Chapter 317, Section 47, as follows:—"During the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, and every third year thereafter every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for verification under rules to be prescribed by their respective boards of investments, duly approved by the Board of Commissioners of Savings Banks."

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk and Treasurer.

Woburn, April 11, 1901.

Colonial Springs.

Pure Drinking Water

For all. For sale by

CHARLES R. MORSE & CO.,
180 Bedford St., Woburn, Mass.

The mark of QUALITY

On Silver Plate can only be determined after long years of actual service unless you purchase ware bearing a well known trade-mark. For over half a century Spoons, Forks, etc., stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Have been in use and given perfect satisfaction. They are sold by leading dealers everywhere. For catalogue No. 234, of new designs send to the makers

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute
Remember 1847

Brown's Charcoal

10c. Bag

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

E. J. GREGORY, - - Auctioneer,
Office: 10 Treemont St., Boston.

Auction Sale IN WOBURN.

Will be sold at public auction on the premises, No. 33 Green street, on

Wednesday, July 10, 1901,

at 4 P. M., 2½ story, nine room house, bath, furnace, hot and cold water, cemented cellar, electric lights, 6,900 feet of land, 79 feet frontage, piazza, fruit trees, &c. This estate, located in a high, dry section, with sunny exposure and close to schools, churches, stores, &c., should attract persons desirous of securing a home which can be economically conducted, it is well designed for comfort. Property may be inspected at any time up to date of sale.

$100 deposit at sale; other terms at sale. For further particulars see Grogory, Auctioneer, or Allen & Co., Conveyancers, 10 Tremont street, Boston.

We Are Headquarters
—FOR—

Hampden Cream.

FRESH DAILY.

It's here for you. At

J. LINNELL,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6.

"Steal Sealins."
"Steil Ceelings."
"Ceal Steelings."
"Tin Sealings."

(A few choice extracts from our mail.) They all mean one thing, and that is that

STEEL CEILING

is the only practical remedy for old and broken plaster. Not necessary to take down the old plaster ceiling. Send for catalogue.

Inexpensive—Decorative—Durable.

W. L. WEDGER & CO.,
10 India Street, BOSTON.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan, Anchor, Cunard, Dominion, Leyland, White Star LINES.

General Agent for New England. Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Risking Life

To make a living! And we stand and stare up at the man in the clouds, wondering that any man can be so foolhardy.

But what of the business man, who has barely time to snatch a hasty meal, and gulps down a lunch of pie and milk in a few minutes? He too, is risking his life to make a living. Life is sustained by food properly digested and assimilated. The result of hasty eating and irregular meals is "weak" stomach, and a "weak" stomach means a weak man. When the stomach is "weak" the food eaten is not properly digested and cannot be perfectly assimilated, so that there is a daily loss of nutrition, which in time will result in physical collapse.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the assimilation of all the nutritive values of the food eaten, and so builds up the body into sound health and strength.

Mr. Ned Nelson, the celebrated Irish Comedian and Mimic, of 577 Royden Street, Camden, N. J., writes: "We fulfilled an engagement of twelve weeks and the constant traveling gave me a bad touch of that dreaded disease called dyspepsia. I had tried everything possible to cure it till last week, while playing at B. F. Keith's Bijou Theater, Philadelphia, in the Nelson Trio, a professional friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I tried it, and, thank God, with good results."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Leaf From the Past.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Local news a century ago divided itself naturally into certain definite heads. First in interest came the execution of criminals and remarkable accidents; next, conflagrations; next, deaths of prominent persons; and next, occurrences like public anniversaries, military musters, ordinations, elections of civic officers, house-raisings, etc., etc., these events filled the life of the country people of that day, and they were made the subject of mention in diaries (rather more than in newspapers) since the diary was the more common form of composition at that time.

Thus we find in such records accounts of persons who perished in the snow; descriptions of fires involving the destruction of many buildings and of human life; drownings; severe surgical operations; contributions for sufferers of all sorts, particularly communities afflicted by calamity of any kind; the record of local deaths and funerals; notice of anniversaries of events which had an interest for the people, such as battles and the birthdays of certain public men. Washington's birthday was celebrated a century ago by the firing of cannon on the Common in Boston. And many other incidents of that day might be specified in the enumeration.

Matters that related to the weather formed a frequent subject of record. The displays of the aurora borealis were mentioned. Storms of rain, snow, or wind. Cool nights and cold weather. Droughts and backward spring seasons.

In church affairs communion days, councils, and revivals are noted, as well as the names of the preachers who officiated from Sabbath to Sabbath. In agricultural matters everything is carefully noted, from the time when the apple trees blossomed to the time when everything was expected to appear. Such matters as the date when the clock was cleaned, or set, were considered important enough to be recorded.

There was a severe drouth in this part of New England in the years 1761 and 1762—worse in the second year, than in the first—and yet, between seasons, there was a plenty of provision, beyond expectation.. The second year was followed by a similar result. The coldest day for forty-two years was February 21, 1773. Many persons were frozen; for example, twenty in Woburn. The day, by the way, was Sunday. There were severe drouths in 1773 and 1774. Indian corn was severely pinched. Another drouth occurred in the fall of 1787. Then there were periods of deep snow, above the top of walls. For example, on February 2, 1763, at night, there came a terrible storm of wind and snow, after a considerable depth of snow that had fallen shortly before. These storms were accompanied frequently with severe cold weather. In December, 1790, for a month, the cold was very severe; so severe, that, in the common opinion, it was the "coldest" ever known. In 1772 there was a time when one snowstorm followed after another, until all the roads were filled up, and the three feet on a level before was vastly exceeded. These were melancholy and discouraging times for the people. The month of May, 1789, ended an exceedingly cold, dry, and very backward spring, and January, 1792, was an exceedingly cold month; the 23d of that month being the coldest day for some years.

Then in contradistinction to this, there was scorching hot dry weather, such as occurred in this region during July, 1791. Then there was mild weather in winter on occasion. February, 1793, was an example of such. The ground was generally bare in the winter of 1793 and 1794, and continued so through January. In the coldest seasons it was common to cross the streams on the ice with horses and sleds.

High winds were a source of great damage to farm buildings, and more especially to the more frail structures.

There were also remarkable freshets; particularly one, in the year 1771, which carried away bridges, dams, and other framed structures. The summer and fall of 1772 was a season of many heavy and remarkable rains.

Lightning also struck houses. That of Jacob Eames, of Woburn, was struck on July 3, 1801, and Bartholomew Richardson's, in the same town, was struck on August 5, 1794, at which time his daughter Phebe was hurt; but how seriously does not appear. Then there were fires in Boston and other large places, in which 50 or a 100 buildings were destroyed at a time. Then there were solitary houses in country districts which would catch fire and burn to the ground in the night, and the sleeping inmates be burned with them. Once a schoolhouse in Woburn was found to be on fire, but, fortunately for the house, it was put out soon. On a certain Sunday the minister's house caught fire, while the good man was preaching; but an early discovery of the flames prevented its destruction. Fireplaces were the cause of many serious conflagrations, and, alas, of fatal burning accidents also. The light clothing of women and children often caught fire from sparks or stray coals, and many sad deaths resulted.

Earthquakes were not uncommon in this region a hundred years ago. There was a slight earthquake shock in Woburn on January 2, 1786, followed by others on May 16, 1791, September 11, 1799, March 1, 1801, and August 14, 1805. The one in 1799 was described as accompanied by a noise like thunder, but there was no very perceptible shaking.

Eclipses were another phenomenon that attracted more or less notice.

Some examples of weather are worth a brief description to show their nature. The rainy and cold May storm of 1787, began with a strong east wind on the 10th, and by the 12th, sufficient rain had fallen to satisfy the people that they had a great plenty of that article. On the 13th, it was still very rainy, but, on the 14th, signs of fair weather appeared, and fair and good weather appeared on the 15th.

In 1787, this same year, the section of Massachusetts near Boston was visited on June 25, and August 15, by two gales, in which buildings were blown down and many trees broken off near the ground and others torn up by the roots. During their continuance a number of people and cattle were killed. The second gale was the more violent of the two, and of more extensive reach. Fences, orchards, forests and large trees were prostrated before it, and much hay and flax were destroyed. The counties of Middlesex and Worcester were the regions most affected, and the storm included Wethersfield, Connecticut, in its circuit. In the opinion of some this was the most terrible storm that had ever visited this part of the world. No doubt since the settlement of New England many violent storms had occurred, no record of which was kept.

On July 1, 1794, large hail, accompanied with lightning, did much damage in a storm, in which the strong wind broke trees, and felled corn and grain. The annalist on this event was on a visit to Nahant, then, and since, a watering place of note.

Northeast storms were frequent, and deep water in winter under the melting snow made foot travelling bad, and the roads impassable in places. At times, also, the roads were obstructed by snowdrifts, and travel, except on horseback or on snowshoes, ceased. Tunnel like passages were sometimes cut through the drifts and persons walked through them in single file.

And yet open winters were not specially desired by the farmers of that day. If they came certain forms of outdoor work were in order, such as digging out rocks from the soil, or cutting wood. Another form of winter employment was the sledding of logs to mill. Corn also was taken to the mill to be ground, often a distance of several miles. A ride to meeting in a sleigh was a pleasurable occurrence.

The deaths of General Washington, of the Great Doctor Franklin, of Governor John Hancock, of Commodore Manley, made a profound impression upon the minds of the people of that time. There were lesser lights, also; men of local eminence, but now practically forgotten. Such were Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant, of Haverhill, chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts; and the Hon. Samuel Phillips, of Andover, Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

Among foreign celebrities who visited this section in those days, was Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who the chronicler tells us was in Boston, on February 6, 1794. A lion—not Prince Edward—was exhibited in Boston, in August, 1794. Lotteries were common and tickets were bought very generally. To show the manner of some ventures, one person, in 1803, bought one quarter of a ticket numbered 2668.

Among things of interest to medical men was the fall of the exhibition chamber belonging to one Samuel Tufts, of Malden. This was a new brick house, which fell, when overcrowded with sightseers, into the cellar. Three hundred people it is said, fell with it, and while many were hurt, fortunately no lives were lost. The date was November 12, 1802.

In April, 1790, appeared a distemper much like the influenza, which attacked people very generally, and many died of it, especially the aged. During the last of October, and the whole of November, 1789, the same disease prevailed throughout the United States, and it was reputed as being mortal in some instances. It was described as a universal cold or epidemical influenza.

Inquests were held on the bodies of those who died from accidental or violent deaths. Inoculation was the preventive for small-pox. Well-digging was a constant source of fatal accident. Farmers undertook work, which is now left to the specially fitted. They built kitchens or outhouses, shingled and plastered, laid stone wall, dug wells, made small plows and other tools; did brickwork, from the building of a chimney, even to the finishing of a brick arch. In these endeavors constant accidents happened, and the doctors were kept busy.

Hydrophobia caused deaths then, as now. The measles prevailed in December, 1789, and in July, 1791, a malady, strange to this region, and new and surprising to many people, including probably the physicians, appeared, with the symptom of a swelling over the eye and the other parts of the head and throat. It turned to a fever in the case of some, and others died of it. Small-pox prevailed in this region, in 1792, and the disease by inoculation was permitted in Woburn, Lexington, Concord, and other towns. There were several deaths in Woburn of the small-pox in that year. Epidemics of this disease were then more frequent, than desirable. Bad colds were common, and the cording and cutting out of wens were a minor operation of the period. Yellow fever, in a very mortal form, prevailed in 1798, in Philadelphia, New York, New London, Rhode Island, Boston, Portsmouth, and some other northern places. Among the active, athletic exercises of the time wrestling was practiced, and sometimes during this sport injuries would occur, such as the breaking of an arm, or the wrench of a body causing the death of a participant.

As horseback riding was a very common mode of travelling many deaths were caused by horses throwing their riders. Cider and rum were common drinks and were used to excess.

Among agricultural products were hops, flax, pears (grafting was practiced) hay, apples, potatoes, peas, cabbage, cucumbers, beans, turnips, corn, rye and oats. The Woburn farmers gathered salt hay from the marshes of Medford and Chelsea. The only invention we notice was a reap rake, which was in use in Woburn in 1783. Frosts were dreaded then, as now, and the date of the most severe was usually recorded. May 7, 1793, was the date of one which was not soon forgotten.

Finally one of the remarkable things of that day was the vigor of body of the farmer in his old age. The man when over seventy could do what would overcome a much younger man now. Think of his multifarious duties! One man embraced in his daily round, farming, surveying, holding court, drawing wills, settling estates, casting accounts, personal and public, attended all the village meetings, secular and religious, bought books for the social library and shared in its management, was on hand when military trainings and musters were held, performed the marriage ceremony as a justice of the peace, perambulated the town lines, looked after paupers and attended probate court time after time, necessitating a journey on horseback to places more or less distant to appraise estates and ascertain heirs, attended committee meetings, served as clerk of town and parish, and in the Legislature, raised a large family, and died at last in extreme old age.

W. R. C. AND A. G. L.

To Gauge His Wife's Temper.

"I heard about a peculiar case of henpecked husband recently," said a young woman the other day.

"What was it?" her friend inquired.

"There is a man who has some difficulty in gauging his wife's temper. At times she is considerate of his welfare and at other times—well, he rather thinks that married life is a failure.

"He has a peculiar manner of finding out the state of his wife's feeling toward him. In the evening when he returns home from work he never steps into the house without going through a sort of ceremony. First he throws his hat in the house, and then he seats himself on the steps and waits. If five minutes pass without the hat being thrown out again, he enters and generally finds his wife very agreeable. However, if the hat is thrown out again the unfortunate man seeks hospitality for the night somewhere else rather than brave the anger of his helpmeet."—Cleveland Leader.

An Approach to Perpetual Motion.

A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes about as near being a perpetual motion machine as can be invented, for the sun does the winding. The following is the method by which it works: A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up draft of air, which sets the fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top and then puts a break on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough and the machinery does not wear out the clock will keep in perpetual motion.

In Retreat.

Down from the upper air floated the strains of music, yet Neptune was visibly annoyed.

"What's gnawing at thy vitals, sire?" asked a mermaid.

"I wish in the name of Orpheus," said the sea king, "that boating parties could sing something else besides 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'"

And forthwith he crawled into a cave and pulled the cave in after him.—New York Marine Journal.

The Change of Life

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dan-

MRS. JENNIE NOBLE.

gerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

"I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flushes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. JENNIE NOBLE, 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

WOMEN AND DREAMS.

Superstition That Is Rife Even Among the Educated Fair Sex.

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently, in three languages, and who read Spencer and Browning and Emerson, but who place a dreambook with their Bible on the table beside the bed and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity worthy of a negro mammy, if their sleep has been visited with unusual visitors they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly open and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by it, the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling. "I don't care," she says to herself, by way of bolstering up her courage. "I am not superstitious, anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But she's nervous just the same for days until her troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering and shaking for days after in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dreambook on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck became connected in her mind, but nevertheless, after she has had a visit of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions sore.

She is an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream. She doesn't call herself superstitious—of course no woman does, not even the one who wouldn't walk under a ladder—but her friends do and make light of her until she exposes some fetich of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.—Baltimore American.

Doubled the Fee.

A clergyman who used to be a pastor of a church in Kansas City says that on one occasion he had rather an amusing experience in marrying a young couple in that city.

"The gentleman," said the clergyman, "was a handsome, noble looking young man and the bride to be more than usually beautiful. It was plain to be seen that the prospective groom thought he had secured the one prize in all the matrimonial market and was correspondingly elated.

"Just before the ceremony the gentleman handed me the marriage license to see that it was all right. Inside the license there was a crisp $5 note, placed there as the fee. The couple stood up before the few witnesses in the parlor, the ceremony was gone through with, and they were pronounced husband and wife. The first thing the new husband did was to draw his wife to him and imprint a fond kiss on her sweet lips. It seemed to thrill him with unexpected joy, for, immediately turning to me, he said, 'Parson, I'll be switched if I paid you enough for this job,' and, pulling from his pocket another $5 note, he thrust it into my hands."—Baltimore Sun.

Jefferson as an Inventor.

Mr. Jefferson invented the copying press. He writes to Mr. Madison in 1787: "Having a great desire to have a portable copying machine and having studied over some experiments with the principle of large machines made to apply in the smaller one, I planned one in England and had it made. It answers perfectly. I have set a workman to making them, and they are of such demand that he has his hands full. I send you one. You must expect to make many essays before you succeed perfectly. A soft brush, like a shaving brush, is more successful than a sponge." He also sent a copying press to the Marquis de Lafayette as a present. He invented the revolving chair, now a familiar and necessary article of furniture in all offices and counting rooms. The Federalist newspapers used to call it "Mr. Jefferson's whirligig" and declared that he had devised it "so as to look all ways at once."—Chicago Herald.

Wonderful Musical Memory.

Sir John Stainer had a wonderful musical memory. It was put to the test once at the Crystal palace when he had to play the organ in the "Messiah" and a folio copy, on which alone he could see the score, was not forthcoming. The conductor was in despair. Sir John cut the knot by a wonderful tour de force, playing the part faultlessly right through and entirely from memory, probably the only time the "Messiah" has been so rendered.—London Standard.

THE BLEEDING CURE.

A RELIC OF THE MEDICAL METHODS OF A CENTURY AGO.

The Barbarous Practice of "Cupping" Suffering Humanity Still Has Its Adherents—The Operation a Somewhat Delicate One.

One hundred years ago the sovereign balm for every ill, from fainting to fever, was bleeding. The wonder is that a human race was left to admit the folly of the practice. It was the correct method of the day, recommended and employed by the best physicians of the time. The surgeon who attended George Washington in his last illness first set about bleeding his august patient. The story is that he took several cups of blood from the vigorous arm of Washington and then diagnosed the case. Washington died. Some say that if he had not been bled he probably would have lived.

The cry comes, But that was a century ago! In sharp contrast stands the wonderful advances made by modern surgery. Thankfully it may be said that such is the truth. But sometimes customs die hard, and today the doctrine of "cupping" has devotees as faithful as those who gave up their life sustaining fluid in Washington's time. This is a startling statement. The writer would have been skeptical if he had not learned its truth himself.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this grewsome form of treatment was the work of the barber. That guild has maintained its prerogative into the twentieth century. In a certain little side street in New York, crushed between two towering brick buildings, stands a timid story and a half frame house. The suggestive striped pole which emblazons the art of the dweller within juts over the walk. In the window hangs a sign bearing the word "Cupping." If today were set back to 1700, the pole alone would tell the story. Times, they say, have changed, and so the sign.

The barber is a German. He was much surprised at the question asked. Everybody knew that cupping was a necessity, especially in the spring, he said. Sometimes, he added, he was so busy that little time remained for his shaving and hair cutting of customers.

"Ach, yes," said the barber, "it keeps me a busy man. How strange you say that you thought it no longer was practiced. People come here morning, noon and night every day, but mostly do they come here in the spring and fall. It is then that the blood needs drawing off. If you have a pain in your head, you come to me. I take my little cup, burn the air in it out, push down my little knives just behind your ear on the neck, and when the cup is full I take it away. If your headache is not better yet, I take another cup, so be it that the bleeding stop not, upon the other side. Maybe your back pains; I cut you a little on the side. Your arm pains; I draw the blood from your wrist."

The barber bared his arm. The skin was crossed with tiny, pale nicks, like those one sees on the wrist of a morphine victim.

"Twelve is the number of cups I draw at one sitting," the barber said. "It is a bad pain that will not be gone then. If you come again the next day with the pain, I draw off more until the ache has disappeared completely."

The cups look like sherry glasses with the stems removed. The knife, or lancet, is arranged like a name stamp. Pressure on a spring plunger drives the little blades, which are arranged in pairs or triplets, into the skin. It is here that the skill of the operator comes into play. When the incisions are made in the neck too violent, a tap on the plunger might mean the severing or wounding of an artery. Pressure too light would not let the blood flow fast enough. The barber must have a trained touch.

Upon the condition of the cup much depends. The air is exhausted by means of a tiny alcohol flame. This makes a vacuum. The cup is pressed on lightly, but firmly. The blood rushes under the skin beneath its rim; then, like a flash, the little knives are pushed down, and the bleeding begins. The operator never takes more than 12 cups at one sitting. That would mean perhaps a half pint of blood.

This system of bleeding for human ailments harks back to the earliest times. All through the middle ages it was the healing balm for the sufferings of mankind. The ancients firmly believed that the loss of blood in this manner drew from their systems the "noxious humors" which afflicted them. The advent of the modern school of medicine and surgery did away with the process as a universal therapeutic measure. It was not until the nineteenth century was nearly half completed, however, that physicians abandoned it as a practice.—New York Tribune.

Story Told by the Bones.

"He was probably a man of means, with a large family of daughters," the irreverent bystander commented as the skeleton was brought to view after having reposed for ages in the vault.

"Why do you think so?" asked one of the scientific persons present.

"Observe the skeleton," he replied. "See how much longer one of his legs was than the other."—Chicago Tribune.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HUNTING OLD BOOKS.

THE HUMOR AND THE IRRITATION THAT SPICE THE SEARCH.

An English Collector's Description of an Experience With a Country Town Secondhand Dealer and His Exasperating Methods.

We have said that secondhand booksellers have a very fair working knowledge of their trade, and this is perfectly true, but here and there may still be found one or two whose knowledge is less than even the knowledge of the veriest tyro among collectors. At this we imagine we can see the veriest tyro pricking up his ears and making him ready for a bargain. But let him not be precipitate, for not even among the men who know nothing about books can he hope to turn his own comparative erudition to account. The people who sell books in ignorance of their real value are mostly those who keep old curiosity shops in country towns. We regret to have to record it, but from bitter personal experience we know that it is almost impossible to cheat them in these matters—nay, more, that it is well nigh hopeless to attempt to buy a book from them at all, even, we may say, when one is prepared to buy it for a fair price. The following dialogue may perhaps help to explain what we mean:

Confirmed Bibliomaniac—May I have a look round among the books?

Provincial Shopkeeper—Certainly, sir. Might you be in want of anything in particular?

Confirmed Bibliomaniac—Oh, no, thanks. I only thought I would like to look at them.

He does so and routs about for some minutes among many volumes of theological works of the Paley's "Evidences" type, a task that would crush any but a maniac really confirmed. At last, at the very bottom of the heap (books are always in heaps in old curiosity shops), he comes across a book of a different sort, for the sake of our illustration let us say a copy of the 1772 edition in quarto of the miscellaneous poems of that pleasant Latin versifier Vincent Bourne. Such a book might possibly fetch as much as 10 shillings in the metropolis. In the provinces, therefore, it would be reasonable to offer 3s. 6d. As it happens, the bibliomaniac does not possess it, and he wants it. He therefore makes a violent effort to appear unconcerned with the usual result—that he looks a very demon of covetousness.

"How much do you want for this?" he says, holding it up.

"It is a very old book," remarks its owner.

"Yes," says the maniac, "but how much is it?"

"It is very old indeed. I should say it was quite one of the first books printed. Wouldn't you, sir?"

"Well, it is not quite so old as all that."

"I had a gentleman in here the other day looking at it, and he said it was a very old book. Perhaps you know him, sir? Mr. Jones, the butcher."

"No, I haven't the pleasure. What did he say about it?"

"He said it was the oldest book he had ever seen, and he wished he could afford to buy it."

"Did he, indeed?"

"Yes. He said you never see books like that nowadays."

"That is quite true. What else did he say?"

"He said that in London they would give a lot for a book like that."

"Yes?"

"These old Greek books are very hard to come by now."

"Are they?"

"Yes. You see, it is on account of the printing."

"Why?"

"Well, Mr. Jones said there had been no printing done worth speaking of since the days of the Greeks and Romans."

"Mr. Jones said that?"

"Yes, and he said I was very lucky to have such a book."

"To come to the point, how much do you want for it?"

"Well, sir, being such an old book and having been printed in the times of the Greeks and Mr. Jones having spoken so highly of it, I couldn't in fairness to myself let it go for less than £10."

Our illustration is fictitious, but we can assure the hopeful beginner that it is in no way exaggerated. We remember once coming across two books in a little shop in a country town, one a Bible and the other a prayer book. What their exact dates were we do not know, as they had both lost their title pages and were very incomplete in other ways, but neither of them could have been earlier than 1700. Above each was a large card announcing that they were to be had for the moderate prices of £15 and £10 respectively. This happened not so very long ago, and we imagine they are in that little shop still. Of course it gives an air of prosperity to be able to charge for its goods exactly 250 times what they are worth, but it is not cheering for the collector.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Athletic Appetites.

"The actual amount of good roast beef that a table of athletes will consume," writes Walter Camp in The Century, "is something appalling to the uninitiated. Three members of a Yale football team once went to Cambridge to watch a match between Harvard and some other team. These three men stopped at a hotel for their luncheon. Among other things the spokesman of the party ordered three portions of cold roast beef. 'But, sir,' said the waiter, 'two portions will be a great plenty for all three of you.' The giant of the party looked up blandly at the servant and said, 'You bring the three portions and then watch us eat it.'

"When the writer was captain of the team, long before the days of special method in management, the eleven were to play at Cambridge and, leaving New Haven the afternoon of the day preceding the match, went to a Boston hotel for dinner and the night. Most of the men were readily collected at one or two large tables, but a certain rusher, being late, had seated himself at a table in a distant part of the dining room, and he was told by the manager to order his own dinner. That boy's dinner, and it is needless to say that it was without wine, came to the extraordinary total of $13.85! He was quite able to play the next day, however."

There's Etiquette In All Trades.

A lady who imprudently explained to a fishmonger the other day that her purchase was intended for the cat's dinner was a little hurt at receiving it wrapped up in a newspaper. "I understood, as it wasn't for yourself, mum," replied the fishmonger loftily, "we never wraps up in brown when it's for cats!"—London Chronicle.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 7.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. i, 1 to ii, 3. Memory Verses, 26, 27—Golden Text, Gen. i, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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It is very refreshing to turn after so long a time in our studies to the beginning of this heavenly book, God's own beginning of His own book, but how to say just a little of what ought to be said on so large and important a portion in so brief a space is difficult. The Bible begins and ends with a perfect condition of things on earth (Gen. i and ii; Rev. xxi and xxii), no sin, no curse, no sorrow, no suffering, no devil visible. Gen. iii introduces us to the adversary, and Rev. xx tells of his final destiny.

1. A sublime and simple statement of how the world was made. Compare Ps. xxxiii, 6, 9; Jer. xxxii, 17. As to the one by whom God did it all see John i, 1-3; Col. i, 14-16. The word here translated God is a plural word, and we may see here the Trinity. Not only find comfort in the power of our Lord and Saviour, but what you cannot begin with God do not begin at all, whether a book or letter or transaction.

2. Waste and void and darkness (see R. V.) are not suggestive of God, and Isa. xlv, 18, R. V., says that God did not make the earth a waste. The first verse is a dateless verse and tells us of what God did perhaps tens or hundreds of thousands of years ago. The second verse tells us of how things were some 6,000 years ago when God began to bring order and beauty and fruitfulness out of the chaos and darkness. The interval between the first and second verses gives room for all the geological periods which may be desired.

3-5. The words "and God said," used ten times in this chapter, tell us of the word of God by which or by whom all things were made. The Spirit of God is the great worker and the word of God is the great instrument by which God accomplishes all things. So the two phrases, "the Spirit of God moved" and "God said," tell how God does all His work in nature or in grace. As to light coming by the word, see II Cor. iv, 6; Ps. cxix, 130, and on the division between light and darkness see II Cor. vi, 14..

6-8. The second day's work is a firmament or expanse, not something solid, but something thin or rare, dividing waters above from waters below. I am willing to believe that these six days were six ordinary days, as any simple person would suppose from Ex. xx, 11, and that God did on each day just what He says He did. The simplest way of reading Scripture is the best (Math. xi, 25). The practical lessons for the heart and life all through this portion are very simple and helpful. Verse 2 describes the heart and life of every unsaved person, and the first day's work is suggestive of the new birth and the division that at once begins to be made manifest in the life. The second day's work suggests how the life is to be nourished not by waters below, but by waters above, and is illustrated by Jer. ii, 13; John iv, 13, 14; Rev. xxi, 6; xxii, 17.

9-13. On the third day the dry land is made to appear, and He covers it with grass, herbs and trees. The suggestion for the believer is that of a resurrection life and fruitfulness and is set forth in such passages as Col. iii, 1-4; Phil. i, 11; iii, 10; John xv, 1-11. The seed and fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself reminds us that flesh produces only that which is fleshly, and the spiritual can only come by the Spirit. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles (John iii, 6; Math. vii, 16). The association of the third day and resurrection is seen in the stories of Isaac and Jonah and the marriage in Cana (Gen. xxii, 4; Math. xii, 40; John ii, 1), also in Hos. vi, 2.

14-19. On the fourth day the sun, moon and stars are appointed for signs, seasons, days and years, to be lights in the firmament and to rule over the day and night. We think of them in connection with seasons, days and years, but are not apt to consider that they are signs, and when attention is called to Jer. xxxi, 35, 36; xxxiii, 20, 21, and that Israel is always a nation before God some people are greatly astonished. The sun turns our attention to the Lord God as our sun and shield and to the time when the righteous shall shine forth as the sun (Ps. lxxxiv, 11; Math. xiii, 43). The moon, which is said to be a ruin of nature and reflects upon us the light of the sun, tells us how we are to let our light shine that God may be glorified, by living in His light and abiding in His love, by seeing Jesus only.

20-23. The fifth day shows us the waters and the air, with abundance of fishes and fowl, and command given them to be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters and multiply in the earth. The fifth day is associated with blessing and abundant multiplication, for here the words are first used, and we cannot but think of Prov. x, 22, R. V., "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and toil addeth nothing thereto;" of His blessing which gave Israel a three years' crop in the sixth year and fed abundantly 5,000 men with five loaves.

24-31. On the sixth day cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth are made, and man in the image of God, male and female, to have dominion over all; man made of the dust of the earth, a full grown, perfect man, and woman made of a part of man's body and given to him to be a helpmeet for him; and He called their name Adam (chapters ii and v, 1, 2). The Spirit tells us by Paul in Eph. v, 30-32, that Adam and Eve are typical of Christ and the church, and the Spirit elsewhere teaches us that as Eve was builded out of Adam by his sleep (Gen. ii, 21, 22, margin), so by virtue of the death and resurrection of Christ, the true Eve, the church is now being builded out of Him, and, when completed, shall be brought to Him, and there shall be a marriage and then the kingdom (Rev. xix, 7; Dan. vii, 27).

ii, 1-3. This portion tells us that on the seventh day God ended and rested from His work and blessed the seventh day and sanctified it. We have the practical teaching in Heb. iv, where we learn that we can only enter into rest when we cease from our own works as God did from His. Thus we may daily enjoy a constant Sabbath while we wait for the rest that remaineth. As to keeping one day in seven wholly for God, I know of no better instruction than Isa. lviii, 13, 14. In this section of Genesis the only name of Deity is God used just 35 times, or 5 by 7, signifying abundant perfection, and when God becomes all in all in us, as He is in this portion, we shall be abundantly perfected.

Two Ways.

A wealthy and cultured American prominent in social and literary circles lately died in England, where he had resided for 30 years. Since his first week abroad he had never dined at an Englishman's table. At his first dinner party in London his host made a slighting reference to the United States which his guest, as a guest, could not resent. Upon the spot he resolved never to accept an invitation where such another affront might be put upon his patriotism.

For the antithesis to this act cross the channel to Paris. An Austrian archduke visiting in that city offended a Frenchman, who later, in a drawing room, trod on his foot. The archduke took out his handkerchief, brushed the dust from his shoe and remarked aloud to his host, "What an awkward person that is!" The archduke was too highly placed in Europe to acknowledge the possibility of intentional insult.

One would need to go far to find two more comprehensive illustrations of an unhappy but not infrequent phase of social life. Some persons wound others intentionally, some unwittingly. Shall one therefore go through life avoiding all society lest perchance one's sensibilities be hurt, or shall one be blind toward even intended rudeness and "live it down?" When the boys in the gutter throw mud, the dignified thing for the pedestrian is to walk on unheeding.—Youth's Companion.

Why We Need Hobbies.

Business is not inseparable from higher things. Men may be born grocers, but need not live only as grocers. Solon and Thales, wise men of the Greeks, were merchants. Plato peddled oil. Spinoza, the philosopher, mended spectacles. Linnæus was a cobbler as well as a botanist. Shakespeare prided himself more upon his success as a stage manager than as a dramatist. Spenser was a sheriff. It might require a rather strong wrench of the imagination to imagine sheriffs of today writing another "Faerie Queene." But why? Milton taught school, as have almost all great men. Walter Scott, the wizard of the north, was circuit clerk and practical man of affairs. Grote was a London baker, Ricardo a stock jobber and Sir Isaac Newton master of the English mint. Paul was a tentmaker and the Great Gentleman an apprentice at a carpenter's bench.

"I practice law simply to support myself," said one of the greatest of St. Louis attorneys, an attorney at law, not an attorney at politics, "but my real life is at home in my library." Thoroughly practical people need the help of hobbies to keep them from shriveling up.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Fruits of War.

Not long ago I visited the town of Novara, in northern Italy. There is a wheatfield the farmers have plowed up skulls of men until they have piled up a pyramid 10 or 12 feet high. Over this pyramid some one has built a canopy to keep off the rain. These were the skulls of young men of Savoy, Sardinia and Austria—men of 18 to 35 years of age, peasants from the farms and workmen from the shops—who met at Novara to kill each other over a matter in which they had very little concern.

Further on Frenchmen, Austrians and Italians fell together at Magenta, the hue of the blood that flowed out under the olive trees. Go over Italy as you will there is scarcely a spot not crimsoned by the blood of France, scarcely a railway station without its pile of French skulls. You can trace them across to Egypt, to the foot of the pyramids. You will find them in Germany—at Jena and Leipsic, at Lutzen and Bautzen and Austerlitz. You will find them in Russia at Moscow, in Belgium at Waterloo. "A boy can stop a bullet as well as a man," said Napoleon. And with the rest are the skulls and bones of boys "ere evening to be trodden like the grass."—Popular Science Monthly.

Queer Turkish Fish.

April 19 is the great fete day of "Balukli," or place of fishes. This is a small church situated outside the walls of Constantinople, and it enjoyed no particular reputation before the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. At the time of the invasion, however, a monk was cooking some fish there when a messenger came and told him that the Turks had entered Constantinople. The monk did not believe the story and said he would sooner believe that the half cooked fish would jump back into the water. As he spoke the fish jumped back into the water, and since then the place has had a great reputation for its healing powers.

A church has been built over the spring dedicated to "Our Lady of the Fishes," and on this day a regular pilgrimage takes place from all parts of the town. Many sick are carried thither, and many miraculous cures are reported. The truth of the story is proved by the presence in a large marble lined tank in the church of the lineal descendants of the half cooked fish. Any one who does not believe has only to look in the water, and he will see them, brown on one side and white on the other, swimming about at their ease.

Sea Bathing.

A person can easily determine with one indulgence whether or not open air bathing is hurtful to him. If circulation is speedily restored after he has left the water, if his skin is well reddened and he is soon well warmed up and as strong and "lively" as when he took his first plunge, then he may properly assume that his bath has done him good. If, on the other hand, his skin continues cold and clammy for 15 or 20 minutes, notwithstanding the brisk rubbing he gives himself, and for an hour or more afterward he is weak, dull and languid, then he may be tolerably certain that there is something wrong with him which forbids cold bathing.

Posing as a Model.

A curious feature of a model's occupation is her posing for an artist who is painting some one else. Wealthy people are capricious and often do not care to give long sittings. Therefore, after the artist has caught the expression of the face, he will call in a model to pose for the figure. Some models do not care to do this, as part of their enjoyment of their occupation consists in seeing themselves reproduced on canvas, but there are others who are quite willing to help fill out.

Various models have various points of excellence, and often a painter will employ at different stages in the progress of his work from three to four models for one figure on his canvas. One model is known for her coloring, another for her hands, another for her hair. An artist generally notes in his address book the characteristics of a model after her name. These quotations are taken at random from an artist's address book: "Fine young Jewess," "English, tall and slim, blond, costume;" "Good back," "Good figure, short legs, ivory tone."—Cosmopolitan.

Shoving the Queer.

The game of counterfeiting in this country is played by people of all nationalities, and, although some women and children are used as tools, men take the principal parts. After having made the coin the great problem is how to convert it into good money. The maker rarely takes part in that operation. It is the business of gangs, which consist usually of two persons, known as the "holder" and the "shover."

The holder carries a stock of the counterfeit money, and the shover has one piece. This he takes to a store or a saloon and buys something for a small amount, and when he comes into the street the holder sees him from his position a block away, joins him, receives the good money and hands him another counterfeit.

The object is to work so that the shover, if detected, may plead innocence and prove that the piece is the only one that he has and that he has no other money. Some clever operators go so far as to mix good coin with the bad.

ANIMALS THAT GO ON STRIKE

Birds, Beasts and Even Insects That Would Rather Loaf Than Work.

A common result of herding a large number of horses together in a field is that they all come out on strike. They bunch together under trees, eat less than usual, get more and more restive and are always neighing and rubbing noses. The end of it is that the entire herd declines to do any work, will not be saddled or harnessed, chases its attendants about, and bites, squeals and kicks all day. The oldest jog trotter after a "conference" like this, will jib, smash up his cart and behave like an unbroken colt. Nobody knows the reason. But in large towns also the horses all suddenly strike at times, especially if they have been together a good deal. Then there is a regular epidemic of runaways, smash ups and so forth, or sometimes most of the horses of a town, as if by previous arrangement, will be down in the road and refuse to get up.

Cows are worse still, and when they are seen crowding together under trees, fidgeting and "mooing," they are said to be "on the growl," and the herders and milkmen know they are going to have a bad time. At such periods cows will sooner die of "milk fever" than let themselves be milked, and will be as sulky and intractable as mules. Bullocks, when they get a fit of this kind, are actually known as "strikers" and are liable to become dangerous. When the herdsmen see them huddling together sulkily and making odd snorting or grunting noises, they look out for squalls, for the cattle will not be herded in any direction and stubbornly refuse to do anything they are wanted to do.

Birds are notorious for "woman's rights" strikes—that is, the females sometimes flock together, abandoning or driving away the males, and refuse to do any "housework" whatever. They desert their nests and will not finish building. They leave their eggs to grow cold and unhatchable, and nothing will induce them to return. The male birds grow very concerned at such times, but they have no remedy, for throughout the beast and bird creation the male will never attack or injure the female, though the reverse often takes place. Warblers and starlings especially are given to these "female workers'" strikes, and the thing becomes serious, for a whole district will be full of nests left to rot, clutches of eggs abandoned and even young broods left to starve if one or two of the "strikers" have hatched out their eggs.

Ants are geniuses at organizing and carrying out strikes, especially the little yellow ants that live with the black tribes and do most of their work for them. The wages they earn are not high, for they merely work for their keep. They are allowed the same food as their masters. At times, however, the yellow ant becomes discontented and after a great deal of congregating and restlessness strike work in a body and decline to do anything.

The black ants then cut them off from supplies and endeavor to starve them into submission. Sometimes they even attack them and try to bully them into doing the work. The "yellows," however, generally prefer to be killed rather than abandon their principles, are not to be coerced, and the masters are driven to do the work themselves. Sometimes they make a raid and get a fresh batch of "yellows" into the aunt hill to take the strikers' places, but these mostly join the malcontents after a day or two. The strike ends in one of two ways—the "yellows" may escape and try to found a colony of their own or they may give in and settle down to work again.

Perhaps, on the whole, rabbits are the most determined strikers there are. In rabbit colonies there are nearly always a certain number of stronger rabbits who do most of the hardest digging and burrowing, and about once in two years these appear to grow discontented and decline to make the passages which connect all the burrows in a big warren. Without these passages the assembly is not safe from stoats and ferrets, and the commonwealth is endangered. But the large digging rabbits give up work and sit about browsing in the pastures all day and night, and unless they choose to get to work again all new excavations for fresh rabbit families have to stop.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Chinese Musical Superstitions.

The Chinese have extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to them, the creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of impelling mortal man to find them out. On the same principle we presume that Jupiter in Virgil hides fire in flint and honey in trees in order to whet the ardor of man's industry in rediscovering the treasures. In stone, in metal, in silk, in wood, in bamboo, in pumpkins, in the skins of animals and in certain earths these sounds, according to the Chinese, are hidden.

The musical instruments of their orchestra are all made of one or other of these substances, and the naive credulity of the people hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature and the universe as deposited in the strata of the earth by the Almighty Father.—Chambers' Journal.

How the Chinese Preserve Grapes.

They cut a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is cleaned out, the grapes placed inside and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then put in a cool place, and the grapes retain their freshness for a long time. Careful selection of the pumpkin is requisite, the common field pumpkin, however, being well adapted for the purpose.

A Beaver's Toilet.

It is an interesting sight to watch the outlaw at his evening toilet. To begin with, instead of sitting up with his large, flat, ribbed tail protruding behind him, he tucked it forward between his hind legs and sat upon it. Then with his hand he carefully combed his long hair, using both hands at the same time. There were many places, however, that could not be reached in this way, for his arms are very short and his body very large, so he combed these otherwise inaccessible places with his hind feet, using first one and then the other. The entire operation was performed with the utmost deliberation and care and occupied more than a quarter of an hour, so that by the time it was completed daylight had almost vanished.

My presence did not appear to disturb him in the least, though I sat on the ground within three feet of him that I might the better note his various attitudes, for it is not often one has an opportunity of watching a beaver at such close range.—Everybody's Magazine.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.
For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.
For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.
For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.
FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:
Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.
Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.
Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.15, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.
Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.
win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.
Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.
Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.
All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.
* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.55, 7.20, 7.55, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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415 Main Street, WOBURN

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX. LOCATION.

13 Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14 Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21 Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23 Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24 City Almshouse.
25 Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26 Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27 Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28 Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31 Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32 Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33 Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34 Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35 Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36 Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37 Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38 Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39 Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41 Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42 Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43 Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44 Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45 Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46 Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47 Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48 Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49 Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51 Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52 Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53 Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54 Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55 Main Street near Ash street.
56 Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57 Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58 Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59 Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61 Main St., opp. Salem St.
62 Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63 Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64 Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65 Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66 Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67 Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68 Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69 Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212 Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512 Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612 Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912 Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
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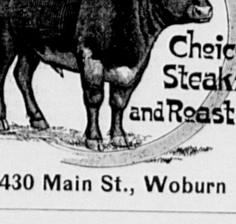

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DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

A BACHELOR'S TOAST.

Here's to each girl of long ago
We loved and lost, alack;
Just good enough or bad enough
To love a beggar back!

But here's to her who would nor could
Have loved as we have done,
For whose cold heart we take the trail
Just wide enough for one!

—Arthur Stringer in New York Commercial Advertiser.

OUR TENDERFOOT

How He Repaid a Camp Mate For a Simple Kindness.

By BOURDON WILSON.

It's a sure thing that if a man has any cur in him the hair of the brute is going to show mighty quick when you get that man out in camp. That's the way it was with Hays. He hadn't been with us a month before he had given everybody in the outfit cause to dislike him, even the Old Man, who was very slow in such matters. It was back in 1883. We were down in the western part of Chihuahua making the preliminary survey of a railroad that has never been built, and Hays had been sent out from headquarters in Boston to take the place of an engineer the Apaches had picked up. That he was a tenderfoot was sufficient cause for all hands to wish him anywhere else than in our party, for tenderfeet always give trouble.

Individually, our dislike came of various things. The Old Man's and mine was because he had been boosted into his position without having had to work up, as we had done. And then he was mortally stingy; wouldn't come in on our little game of draw because, so he said, he couldn't afford to risk the money—and he received as much pay as I did. Jim, our cook, had it in for him because he had ventured one day to mildly criticise Jim's make of biscuit, something none of the rest of us had ever dared to do, although they were not always edible. And he had found fault with Jose's method of cinching a saddle, which stung Jose to the quick, as he prided himself on knowing all that was to be known about a horse and saddle. And he had been so incautious as to report Bill and Tex to the Old Man for some trivial neglect of their work.

One morning the Old Man and I noticed the boys with their heads bunched, talking in whispers, and we figured it out that things were going to begin to happen to Hays pretty soon; that the boys were going to make him fight or leave the outfit. We were not mistaken. The fun began that night while we were eating supper. We were about half through when Hays suddenly laid down his knife and fork and got up, then walked hurriedly away, gasping and wheezing like a choking horse. Nobody said a word, but the Old Man reached over and, pouring the coffee out of Hays' cup, discovered a small cube of plug tobacco at its bottom. A few mornings later, when Hays got on his horse, he was promptly bucked high in the air and when he came down landed in the midst of a big bunch of graybeard cactus. We cheered him, of course, and while he was picking the needles out of his skin gathered around him, making remarks that seemed to us calculated to make even a coyote fight, but not so much as a scrappy word could we get out of him. Besides that, Jose caught the horse and, leading him up to us, took from under the saddle a spine of that same graybeard cactus. Hays saw him do it, too, and of course knew that Jose was responsible for the accident. Any man who'd let a Mexican rub it in that way was n. g., we thought.

The boys were just getting their hands in. And so it went on, hardly a day passing that did not bring some accident to Hays. It was enough to make a genuine man lose his nerve, much more a Boston tenderfoot, and so he soon lost his color and would start and tremble at every unexpected sound. I got sorry for him in spite of myself, he looked so abjectly miserable, and had about decided to speak to the Old Man and get him to call the boys down when the climax was reached.

It was one morning while we were slowly picking our way up a steep mountain that was scattered about with loose rocks and bowlders. Hays, flocking to himself, as he had come to do pretty much all the time, had fallen back about a hundred yards behind the rest of us. Presently Bill stumbled and fell against a bowlder about as big as a barrel, and instantly it started downward on the jump, rising and falling in long, easy bounds, like a jack rabbit going through the sagebrush, straight toward Hays. He heard the yell of warning we sent down and looked up and saw the bowlder coming; but, instead of flattening himself down behind a rock ledge, as we expected him to do, he stood still, with eyes and mouth wide open, locoed like, staring up at us. By good luck the bowlder started on a long jump just before it reached him and went whistling 20 feet above his head, so there really was not anything for him to get badly rattled about, but just the same the next thing we knew he went down in a pile in as hearty a faint as any woman ever had.

Disgusting? Well, that hardly expresses it. A creature with so little nerve had no business trying to be a man. We picked him up, though, and toted him back to camp and after awhile brought him back to his senses. He was too badly knocked out to do any more work that day, and as somebody had to stay in camp to look out for him the Old Man left me. As I have said, I already was sorry for him, and as I sat there watching his thin, white face I began to pity him and to feel ashamed of myself for not having headed the boys off. It was hard for me to swallow his stinginess and lack of grit. Anything else would have gone down easier, but I finally charged that to his being but little more than a kid, and really that was all he was.

I had just reached the decision to tell the boys that they must let him alone or else go up against me when he disturbed my thoughts by opening his eyes and asking in a timid, scared way for a drink of water. Of course I gave it to him. I'd have done the same for a dog, but it was the first kindness any of us had ever done him and so seemed to get right next to his heart. Two big tears rolled out of his eyes while he was drinking, and when I reached down for the empty cup he grabbed my hand and thanked me as earnestly as though I had just saved his life.

The upshot of it all was that I met the others as they were coming in and, telling them what had been running in my mind, ended by playfully promising to make dead meat of the first one that should spring another accident on Hays. And the Old Man backed me up. The boys took it in the right spirit. They had had their little fun, and, besides, they were not half as tough as they thought they were—their hearts were too big. And so Hays came to have an easier time. But, just the same, nobody wasted any particular love or respect on him.

It was in the first part of the spring that all of this happened. Every day that passed was carrying us farther down the country, farther away from civilization, and by the time July with its roasting heat came we were swallowed up by the desert foothills of the Sierra Madre. One day, about the middle of July, we knocked off for Sunday—at least we called it Sunday; we'd been away from civilization so long we'd lost all track of the day it really was—and made camp on a narrow ridge, where a scattering of scrub cedars gave us a little shade. And maybe we didn't need that shade. If you've ever been out in the desert when there is not a breath of air stirring, when the sand and rocks and everything else gets so hot you can't afford to sit down without first putting your hat down to sit on, you will be able to understand just how much we needed it, for it was that kind of a day. It was not so bad in the first of the morning, and we opened up a little game of draw, just to keep from getting homesick for civilization. But it was not long before we had to throw up our hands and bunch the cards.

"Phew!" Tex cried, mopping the perspiration from his brow. "If that place th' parson used to tell about down't San Antone's any hotter'n this, I hope I won't never git sent there to take a job surveyin a fool railroad."

"Humph! I'll bet it ain't a bit hotter'n this," Bill answered. "All we need is a devil. Now, if old Geronimo an a bunch of his bucks 'ould come along an jump us we wouldn't need to ask no place any odds."

"You bet!" Tex exclaimed. "Say, let's all hands cut th' cards to see who'll go an bring a bucket of cool water."

This was a proposition that aroused interest in all of us, and everybody came in except Hays. He was off by himself enjoying good company. Low man was to win the job, and so of course I had to turn up a deuce. That is the kind of luck I usually have. Off to one side of camp the bare, blistered foothills stretched away hill after hill clear to the gulf of Mexico, for all that any of us knew to the contrary, and on the other, with only an arroyo between, towered high above us one of the peaks of a spur of the Sierra Madre. Up the arroyo, about a hundred yards away, was a deep tenaja, a natural tank formed in the bedrock, which held an abundance of water for our needs, and water that was cool, it being protected from the sun by a mass of overhanging rock. Naturally I wasn't in a hurry to get out in that withering heat, but I knew it would only make it worse to delay; it was getting hotter every minute, so I picked up a bucket and started for the tenaja.

I had covered perhaps two-thirds of the distance, following the bottom of the arroyo, when I heard a wicked little hiss, and a puff of dust flew from the bank of the arroyo at my side. The next instant I heard a faint "spang," the crack of a rifle almost muffled by the dancing, heated air. I dropped the bucket and wheeled around just in time to see the men in camp grab up their rifles and belts and start for the rocks on the jump. The Old Man stopped long enough to yell and wave his hand to me and then hustled on. I didn't make out what he said, but I didn't wait to ask him what it was, nor did I trouble to ask who had fired the shot. I just took it for granted that it was some long haired, saddle colored gentleman in gee string and cartridge belt, who might even then be peering at me through the sights of his rifle from somewhere up on the side of the mountain, and I started running as fast as I could lick it for a pile of rock a little farther up the arroyo.

The next thing I knew I hit the ground with a crash, and when I tried to get up my left leg wouldn't work. It was paralyzed. I didn't need the blood trickling down in my shoe to tell me what was the matter. In fact, I didn't see that until later on, and I put out all my strength in an effort to get behind those rocks before my Apache could pump another cartridge into his rifle. Crawling and hopping and rolling, I did succeed in making it and then turned to my wounded leg. I found no bones broken, but the bullet had gone clear through, leaving an ugly hole that let the blood out freely—not a severe wound, but one that would soon become painful, I judged, and I bound it up with my handkerchief.

Looking about, I found a crack in the rocks that sheltered me, through which I could get a tolerable view of the mountain side, and, crawling there, I glued my eye to it. I didn't want Mr. Indian sneaking up unannounced. Pretty soon the numbness began leaving my leg, but it was aching and throbbing, and in trying to get into a more comfortable position I sat up, raising my head too high. Almost at that instant my hat flew off, and half a dozen shots came floating down through the quivering air. I ducked down again very quickly. There was a whole band of Apaches instead of only one, it seemed. No doubt they were coming down to the tenaja for water when the foremost one, scouting the way, spied me and took a snap shot at me, and the others had crawled up in time to help spoil my hat.

There was plenty of fun in it for the Indians maybe, but precious little for me. What with my leg hurting as if it were paid for it, and the heat pouring down on me as if the sun were hung only ten feet above me, I was getting feverish and as thirsty as a dead fish. There was not a single chance in my favor that I could see. My comrades could do nothing for me without exposing themselves to almost certain death, and I knew I could not last long where I was. The heat alone would kill me. I decided that my game was up, and with that came the determination to take at least one of the red devils along with me for company. By sheer accident I had one of my guns buckled to me. Again watching through my loophole, I presently thought I detected a suspicious movement in a bunch of grass 200 feet or so up the mountain. I watched it closely and soon was rewarded by a distinct quivering of its stems. Poking out the muzle of my .45, I took careful aim and fired. Instantly the grass was scattered about, a brown arm went convulsively up in the air, staid there a moment, then fell back on a dark form that was quivering in death.

I yelled with exultation and then again with defiance as a volley of shots came up from the mountain. But I was puzzled that I heard no hissing or pattering of bullets. Were they not shooting at me? I wondered. Then I heard a rattle of shots from our side of the arroyo, and I understood—the boys knew now that I was still alive and were taking a hand at last.

To my surprise, the firing was kept up, and presently I heard somebody running toward me—a white man I knew by the crashing of his shoes in the gravel—and, cautiously raising my head, I saw Hays running up the arroyo, bareheaded and unarmed. Bullets were knocking up the dust all around him, but the boys were making it so interesting for the Apaches they couldn't shoot straight, and he got to me without being hit. He looked like he was half scared to death, his face was so white and drawn, and he was panting like a horse with the thumps. He nearly fainted when he caught sight of the blood on my leg, but without a word he gathered me up in his arms and started back down the arroyo, staggering as he ran, for I was no featherweight.

And maybe that was a pleasure trip for me! If you've ever had your face all swelled up with toothache and with somebody punching you in the jaw as steadily as a clock ticks, you may be able to form an idea of what I suffered. You see, the bullet had cut a nerve in my leg, and with every twist and jolt I received that nerve just got right up and kicked, sending excruciating pains shooting all through me. I tried to make believe that I was having a picnic, gritting my teeth together till my jaws cracked, but it wouldn't work, and before we were half way to camp I was so sick I'd quit dodging my head from the bullets that kept zipping past us. The rest comes to me hazily. As I remember it, Hays had left the arroyo and was climbing the ridge when he let out a screech like some wild thing, and I felt myself falling. The next instant my head seemed to explode, and I went to sleep without any rocking.

I don't know how long I staid clear out of it, but the sun had got over behind the mountain and things were getting cool, when the string of redhot devils and Apaches and such things quit chasing through my brain, and I found that I was still alive. The sure enough Apaches had hit the trail, too, owing to a company of Mexican soldiers following them up too close for comfort. Then the boys told me about Hays. He made the home run with me down that arroyo and up that ridge without getting a scratch and was within 20 feet of the rocks that covered the boys when a bullet cut clean through his heart. Of course it rattled me to learn this, but I was all broke up when they went on and told me about finding letters in his war bag that said he'd been sending his salary to his invalid mother.

The boys felt pretty bad, too, at the way it ended. It was Tex that started the ball to rolling. "We've got to do somethin to square this thing," he said. "Of course, now't he's dead, he's goin to stay dead, an so our only show's with th' old woman—his mother, I mean. Now, I've got four months' pay a-comin to me, an if ever I'd hit civilization with all that stuff in my jeans I wouldn't do nothin but go on th' biggest old halleluiah of a drunk a white man ever saw, an so I reckon I'll jest chip it all into a pot for th' old girl. Who follers my lead?"

"Me for one." Bill came in without hesitation.

And now it was up to Jose. "Yo tambien!" he sang out, talking Mexican, as he always did when excited.

And so it went round. I'd have given a full year's pay if I'd had it to give.

The boys buried Hays that evening, firing a volley over his grave, as soldiers do, and when a runner came along a few days afterward on his way to Chihuahua the Old Man sent Mrs. Hays a letter telling her all about it and inclosed the orders for our pay.—Argonaut.

The Human Jaw.

The human jaw is very loosely socketed in the skull, so that it is often dislocated by the mere act of yawning. Not being intended for biting purposes, offensive or defensive, no attention seems to have been paid by nature to making it fast.

Curing a Mule.

A mule in a pack train which was usually loaded with salt discovered that by lying down when fording a certain stream and allowing the salt to dissolve he could lighten his burden. The muleteer once loaded him with sponges instead, which absorbed water when he lay down in the stream and made his burden fourfold heavier. The mule was cured of his smartness.

A FEROCIOUS PANTHER.

It First Battles With a Bear and Then Tackles a Man.

"The sportsman who has a hankering for exciting hunting," said an Arizona man, after listening to the story of a friend who had had several thrilling encounters with tigers in India, "may have plenty of it anywhere among the mountains of eastern Arizona. Panthers like those one reads about in tales of frontier life are still to be met there in all their pristine ugliness and strength. I recall a very narrow escape which I and another cowboy named Burke had two years ago in one of the forests of that state. We were returning to camp after an absence of several days with a large herd of cattle, and late in the afternoon we missed two steers, which had evidently entered and strayed away in the forest, along the edge of which our journey homeward lay. Not wishing to lose the animals in the forest, where thousands of panthers were known to abound, we allowed the bunch of cattle to go on ahead, and, urging our horses on, went in search of the beasts.

"Well, we had not gone very far into the thick of the forest, which was in places covered with a heavy undergrowth of bushes, when we thought we heard a noise resembling that made by the hoofs of a steer in walking through the brush. As we got a little nearer to the bushes where we had heard the noise Burke, who was a little ahead of me, suddenly reined up his horse. He must have seen something that startled him, for he waved me back and then cocked his gun. A moment later a big panther came into view, carrying a squealing cub bear in its mouth. It carried the cub as a cat would a mouse, and as it did not appear to notice our presence Burke took his gun from his shoulder, and we both sat there, looking and wondering what the wild beast would do with its prey.

"Our interest was still more excited when a few moments later the wailing mother bear made her appearance. She was evidently afraid to tackle the panther, and that beast appeared to know it. But presently the panther put the cub on the ground, as if to get a better hold of its neck, when the bear plunged at the panther and caught it round the body just in front of its hind legs. Like a flash the panther flung the cub into the air, yanked itself loose, and, turning quickly, jumped at the bear. The bear knocked the panther to one side and a second stroke of its paw sent the big cat flying into the bushes. But at this stage of the fight the cub squealed once more, and the mother bear, seeming to forget everything but her young one, rushed to its rescue. She had not, however, taken more than two or three steps when the panther sprang at its throat again. Its aim was true, for it settled the claws of its fore feet in the bear's shoulder and its teeth in her neck. The bear now struggled hard to shake the panther off, but she couldn't do it. Soon the panther tore the bear's entrails out with its hind claws, and then it leaped away and went to smelling after the cub, which had crawled over to a tree near where we had been watching the battle.

"On came the panther, sniffing along the ground for the cub, which had retreated until it was within ten feet of us. Then the panther paused, and for the first time turned its attention to us. Its attitude was one of defiance. It crouched and curled its lips up in a hideous snarl, and Burke, realizing the danger we were in, raised his Winchester and fired. But his aim was too high, and the savage beast sprang for my back, tearing my coat into shreds and leaving the marks of its claws on my shoulder. Once again the panther was about to jump for me. But this time Burke put a bullet in a vital spot and the panther fell dead.

"We didn't stop to look around any longer that day for our steers, but the next afternoon another cowboy belonging to our camp ran across their remains in a gorge about half a mile away from were we had shot the panther. They had been killed and partly devoured by panthers."—Washington Star.

Speed of an Earthquake.

The course which an earthquake runs is usually very rapid. From the instant when the first shock was felt at Lisbon to the period when all was over and many thousands of people killed not more than two minutes had elapsed. Usually from 10 to 30 seconds elapse between the first and last shocks of severe earthquake.

But this lightning speed is not always the earthquake's mode of traveling. While Caracas, in Venezuela, was almost totally destroyed and 12,000 people were killed in less than 20 seconds by the great shock there many years back, there are cases in which constantly recurring shocks have lasted for weeks.

No matter how brief the span, the most frightful havoc can be wrought and the wave of destruction propagated from the most distant regions. The rumbling earth sound travels at the rate of about 10,000 to 11,000 feet per second and the earth wave on an average about 1,200 feet in the same space of time.

Obsolete Cures.

It was formerly believed that epilepsy could be cured by wearing a silver ring made from a coffin nail. Seven drops of blood from the tail of a cat and blood from a recently executed criminal were said to be valuable remedies for epilepsy. To cure a felon or run around hold the finger in a cat's ear for half an hour. For toothache trim your finger nails on Friday or eat bread that a mouse has nibbled or carry in your pocket a tooth from a soldier killed in battle. For ranula of the tongue spit on a frog. For alcoholism drown an eel in brandy and make the drunkard drink the brandy. To cure warts rub the wart with a potato and feed the potato to a pig.

Sarcastic.

He looked about 7 years old, and he sat beside his mother in a Broadway car one day last week. "He's 4," remarked the mother as the conductor held out his hand for the fare. With never a smile, "Is he married?" asked the conductor.—New York Sun.

The dog star is the brightest star in the firmament. It was so called by the Egyptians because it watched the rising of the Nile.

Tenacity of Racial Instincts.

The white rat, in comparison with his wild congener, is somewhat less vigorous and hardy and has sloughed off some of the timidity and suspiciousness of the wild rat. On the other hand, his senses, with the exception of sight, are as keen, his characteristic rat traits are as persistent, and his mental adaptability is as considerable. In view of the many generations of luxurious idleness of the white rat, this profound and enduring nature of specific psychic traits is striking.

A pertinent illustration was furnished by a young rat that escaped from his cage and was loose about the laboratory for several days. He had just been weaned when the accident occurred. Food was rather scarce, and he got hungry. Finally one morning he found his way into the chicken pen and in less than two minutes had killed two chickens and was upon a third when discovered. The chickens were three times as large as himself. The killing was done by biting through the throat of the victim and was as neatly and deftly done as if the executioner were an old hand.

The importance of this illustration lies in the fact that this is exactly the method of killing employed by rats. The only possible preparation in his experience this pygmy could have had for such serious business must have been in play with his fellows. That, at best, was of slight importance, as he had reached the playing age but a few days before.—W. S. Small in American Journal of Psychology.

Beards and the Romans.

In Cicero's time and after, possibly also before, many men wore beards, and only men over 40 were clean shaven. Spartianus speaks of Hadrian as wearing a full beard (promissa barba) to cover scars upon his face. Dio Cassius also speaks of him as the "first" to wear a beard. He is not the first emperor whose bust shows him to have allowed the hair upon his face to grow, but he is the first one represented as wearing a full beard. Evidently, therefore, Hadrian did not introduce beards, but only the custom of wearing them long and full.

On Trajan's column there is a representation of the emperor sacrificing at an altar. Many of the men who appear in the scene are bearded, but by no means all of them. Again, we find a scene wherein the seated emperor is surrounded by attendants, some of whom are bearded. In still another group Trajan is standing with a roll in his hand, addressing his men, and again we see both bearded and beardless men among those who stand before him.

On the rectangular reliefs of the arch of Constantine we find that the men accompanying Trajan are bearded even when he and they are clad in the toga. The arch at Beneventum shows in the same group lictors and comites both as bearded and beardless.—American Journal of Archæology.

The Freight Train.

"About three-quarters of a railroad's receipts come from the freight department. The passenger department supplies nearly all the rest, the income from mail, express and other privileges being comparatively small," says Carl Hovey in Ainslee's.

"It is curious to notice that the freight trains, scarecrow processions of shameless packing cases on wheels, interminably squeaking through our streets, are the ones that really count when you come to make up the profits. The magnificent trains of vestibuled Pullmans which glide swiftly through the country on velvet roadbeds make ten times the show that their real value to the road warrants. Nothing surely is more disreputable in appearance than the procession of battered freight cars that jolts and creaks into the yard in the sunny mist of a Sunday morning unless it is the physiognomies of the pair of brakemen trailing their legs over the roof. Yet the train is doing something more than its share toward keeping the line going. The two rowdies on the roof are, after all, gilt edged conductors in the making.

"It is a democratic business. Freight brakeman to freight conductor, freight conductor to passenger conductor—that is the order of promotion on most American roads. So the freight train man impresses himself on the whole passenger service."

No Unkindness Intended.

Judge Rice of Novena is perhaps lacking in a sense of humor, but he is the most punctual man in the state. When made superintendent of the Sunday school, he at once set about reform in the matter of attendance and punctuality. It was impossible to resist the judge's benign persistence, and the list of tardies and absences, read out by him impressively every Sunday, has steadily decreased.

A few Sundays ago he had the pleasure of making the following statement: "My dear fellow workers and children, I am able to announce today that out of the entire school only one person is absent, little Maggie Wynn. Let us all hope that she is sick."—Harper's Magazine.

Ancient Skyscrapers.

The idea prevails that skyscrapers are of modern American origin, but Professor Lanciani declares that in ancient Rome, as early as the time of Augustus, buildings 10 or 12 stories high were common. Later they are believed to have been much higher, rivaling our most modern apartment building in size and height. It is well known that at Constantinople the Emperor Constantine found his view of the water cut off by the skyscrapers erected between his palace and the water front, though he had placed his palace on high ground.

A Matter of Dialect.

An elderly Scotsman was tried for a slight offense and was put in prison. The warder handed him a pail of water next morning, with the remark, "That's to clean your cell." What was his astonishment on returning to find Sandy, who had divested himself of his clothing, having a bath.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the warder. "What are you doing Sandy?"

Sandy (turning round quite innocently)—Didn't ye say it was to clean masel?—Pearson's Weekly.

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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1901.

☞ John F. Crockett, Esq., one of the most prominent men in New Hampshire, and well known all over New England, died at his home in Laconia very suddenly last Monday, aged 78 years. He was born in Meredith in 1823. He learned the trade of machinist in the shops of the Boston & Lowell R.R. Co. in Boston and after completing it was made foreman of the shops, then master mechanic, master of transportation, and finally General Superintendent of the Boston & Lowell Railroad system. In this latter office he served many years and was very popular. He is well and favorably remembered by the older members of this community. He was an uncle of Mrs. H. Eustace Smith of this city, and left another niece, Mrs. Myra Allen, of Vermont. The late Waterman Brown always had a good word to say about Superintendent Crockett.

☞ Mr. John H. Ponsland, a Veteran of the Civil War, a respected resident of Amesbury, is a candidate for member of the Governor's Council, and his friends are at work for his election. He is Chairman of the Republican Town Committee of Amesbury, has served in the General Court, is prominent in Essex county politics, and has the reputation of being an excellent gentleman. The "locality" question is likely to cut considerable of a figure in the matter of Councilman there this fall.

☞ "Economic Aspects of Reciprocity," comprising two lectures delivered by John P. Young, before the College of Commerce of the University of California, has just been issued in document form by The American Protective Tarriff League. Two copies sent to any address for three cents. Ask for Document No. 49. Address, American Protective Tariff League, 135 West 23d Street, New York.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Bay Line—Excursions.
J. G. Maguire—For Sale.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page

— Have your plumbing done by C. M. Strout & Co.

— Last Friday's east wind was a Godsend if ever anything was.

— The Methodist Sunday School went to Revere Beach on Wednesday.

— The Baptist Sunday School held its annual picnic at Salem Willows on Thursday.

— A nice letter by Miss Ianthe C. Preston from the mountains will appear next week.

— The North Congregational Sunday School went to Revere Beach on Tuesday. A good day for fishing.

— "An ounce of preventative is worth more than a pound of cure." Take Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets.

— The St. Charles Baseball Team are a hard proposition to run up against, and teams that tackle them find it so.

— Innitou Canoe Club pulled off the tug-of-war on Horn Pond that was postponed from the 4th last Tuesday evening.

— Fitz & Stanley of the old and popular Boston Banch still flourish like green bay trees. Suffice it to say, they are reliable.

— Mr. Danforth S. Steele, D. D. G. M., installed the officers of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., last Monday evening.

— Take the styles, quality and prices of J. Leathe's summer shoes and one can't get much nearer right if he tries ever so hard.

— Mr. Warren Teel, A. P. M., of Davenport, Iowa, will please accept our thanks for a big roll of the newspapers of that fair city.

— A gentle but welcome rain last Tuesday laid the dust left by the watering carts and gave vegetation a boost which it greatly needed.

— The 5th Regiment M. V. M., go into camp on July 20. Co. G, eyes right, pick your flints, fill your canteens, "forward march!"

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— Mrs. Mayor Davis, Miss Alice Grammer, Miss Edna Johnson and the Johnson children, passed a pleasant day Wednesday at Norembega Park.

— The funeral of Rosanna Eaton was held on Sunday last. She was the widow of Alfred Eaton, and had many friends by whom she was highly esteemed.

— The kissing bug has come to town. One of them attacked Nora Foley on Fowle street a few days ago and she is still suffering from the creature's kiss.

— Mr. Oliver Sevrens, N. W., goes today on a four weeks trip to Sacramento Valley, California, stopping in Southern California and Buffalo on his return.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church are to hold a Fair on the evenings of October 30 and 31, next, for which preparations are already underweigh.

— Miss Nellie McCarthy, Deputy P. M., will return from a visit to the Pan-American Exposition next week. William E. Kenney, P. O. Clerk, takes his vacation in September.

— Following the break of the torrid wave which lasted from June 23 to July 3, weather as agreeable as any that ever was experienced was enjoyed in this region. It was really delightful.

— Icecream sandwiches are the latest thing in the market. They aren't a mite like ham sandwiches, nor chopped meat, nor anything found at a railroad lunch counter—they are simply immense.

— W. H. Slater and neighbors, who have suffered from overflow of surface water long enough to try the patience of Job, stand a good chance of having their wrongs righted if they should live a few years more.

— Mrs. Mary Jennings's Employment Office is a favorite resort of people in pursuit of girls to work, and for girls who want employment. She deals with both sides fairly and uses care in getting the right parties together.

— 8 A. M., July 12. Temp. 68, cloudy, wind east. Heavy rain last night.

— Miss Addie Simonds of Boston is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Walker on Pleasant street.

— Read carefully and ponder well the advertisement of the Bay Line of Plymouth and Provincetown steamers in this paper.

— Mrs. Bessie Lesquereux is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Kingsley, and granddaughter, Miss Kingsley, at the Taylor residence 23 Pleasant street.

— Two savage dogs entered the front yard of the Arthur A. Brooks home on Arlington Road yesterday and killed Mrs. Brooks's 16-year old cat, a pet she sat a great store by and would not have lost for any money.

— The three most elaborately and finely decorated residences in the city on the 4th were those of Mr. A. V. Haynes (Miss Stella M. decorator), John W. Johnson, and George A. Simonds. They all looked fine.

— Daniel March, D. D., will be 85 years old on July 31, and where can you find a more active man of that age? He writes as vigorously as ever, and his sermons have all the depth, strength and polish of his younger days.

— If there is anything in signs, a larger number than usual of our people will take their vacation outing at home this summer, with occasional short visits at the beaches. We heartily commend the wise conclusion they have arrived at.

— Mr. Fort Staples and his neighbors are modest in their petitions; they do not ask to have Winn street sandpapered, but only the sidewalks. They are perfectly willing that Arlington Road should "go the whole hog," but feel that Winn street should have walkable pathways to say the least.

— The first car on the Boston & Lowell electric road ran between here and Burlington last Monday. Regular trips will soon be made. Burlington people propose to celebrate in appropriate shape the inauguration of the trolley system of transportation in their town. The opening of the road will be a great thing for Burlington.

— Capt. John E. Tidd, Court Officer at Cambridge, left last Wednesday for a tour of the British Provinces, the extent of which to depend on how he likes it. He went by the International S.S. line via Portland to St. John, thence to Halifax, and other cities and scenes in Nova Scotia, including the Land of Evangeline. He will probably be away three or four weeks.

— Principal Herbert Owen, wife and the son Philip leave here to-morrow for Oakland, Maine, the native place of Mrs. Owen, where she will pass the vacation. The Principal and heir will circulate around among the hills and woods, and along the streams and lakes, of the Pine Tree State and enjoy life to the best of their ability.

— A few days ago the fire alarm box at Nichols's Corner was moved from Burlington street to Lexington street. On opening it three postal cards, written on and addressed, were found inside. Which proved that three persons at least living within 10 miles of "cultured" Boston didn't know the difference between a fire alarm box and a postoffice box. Who'd have believed it!

— The remains of Mrs. Margaret Robertson were taken to South Andover for interment after the funeral which was held at St. Charles church last Monday morning. The bearers were: Thomas D. Hevey, Alexander McDonald, Patrick F. McEleney, James Ryan, Patrick Fitzpatrick and Patrick W. Cummings. The funeral was largely attended, and the floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

— Miss Lena Harrington, daughter of Mr. Charles H. Harrington of Franklin street, everyone is glad to know, will not lose the sight of her eye that was so frightfully injured by a cannon cracker at the celebration. It was examined by a Boston specialist who was sure the sight would be saved, although the injury to the eye by fragments of her glasses entering and lacerating it was severe.

— Charles E. Lennon, of the JOURNAL office, whose arms were so severely burned while he was watching a bonfire on the Common at midnight before the 4th, is improving rapidly and will soon return to work. He was fortunate to escape more serious injuries from the fire, and would not have done so but for the prompt action of the people near him in stripping off his clothing and extinguishing the blaze.

— The Congregational church of this city sent as delegates to the first Summer Council of the Forward Movement in Foreign Missions, which convened at Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y., on July 6 and will close on July 15, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Scudder, Miss M. Adeline Hinckley and Miss Mary D. Prior, who left here for Lake George last Monday. Rev. Dr. March will preach at the church next Sunday in place of Dr. Scudder, who will return on Monday, July 15.

— Several days ago the *Army and Navy Register* of New York announced the arrival on June 27, at San Francisco, California, of the U. S. transport Kilpatrick from Manila, having on board the 43d Regiment, U. S. V., and mentioned the name of Capt. Linwood E. Hanson as one of its officers. It also stated that the Regiment had been mustered out and paid off. Dilligent enquiry among the friends and correspondents of Captain Hanson here failed to bring to light any letters or messages received from him since his arrival at San Francisco.

— Some people pretend to think that English sparrows are a nuisance. Doubted, brother! Here's a case in their favor: in proper season a certain tree that we wot of leaved out; before the leaves arrived at full growth they began to fall off and continued to do so until the tree was entirely denuded of its foliage. One day two or three weeks ago it was discovered that the trunk and branches were alive with sparrows; that they were engaged in pecking them in a lively manner; they remained on the tree all day; they have not been seen on it since. Leaves soon began to appear on the limbs and twigs, and today a new growth, thick and green, covers them. There can be no doubt but that the birds freed the tree from thousands of insects and thus saved its life.

Our business was established in 1817. During all the succeeding years we have steadily increased our trade by those legitimate methods comprised in the expressive phrase, "right storekeeping." Our assortment of

CARPETS

is now, and has been for years, altogether the largest in Boston, and our prices are *always* moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
658 Washington St., (Opposite Boylston St.) BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

Huntley's Blackberry Cordial

For Summer Complaints. All Bowel Disorders Promptly Checked.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

MADE AND SOLD AT

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

— Buy the Glendale Grand or Somerset Pallas Range of C. M. Strout & Co. if you want the best.

— Mr. William W. Crosby of this city, Principal of the Lowell Textile School at Lowell, sailed for Europe last Wednesday from Boston on the Devonia, the largest and finest of the Leyland line of steamships. His main object in going across the water is to study institutions similar to that of which he is the head in England, Scotland, Switzerland and other European countries and gain knowledge to be used in his work. He expects to return in season to open his Lowell School for the fall term, say early in September. Before engaging in his present occupation Mr. Crosby graduated with honors from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is thoroughly equipped for the proper discharge of the duties of his chosen profession. We bespeak for him a grand good time in Europe and safe return to his native heath.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones employs four teams to deliver the Boston *Sunday Globe* on the three suburban routes that he has covered for nearly 20 years last past, namely: from Boston to Arlington; Boston to Woburn; Boston to Reading; and all intermediate points. His teams go to Boston every Saturday night and are at the *Globe* printinghouse at the first turn of the wheels of the presses ready to receive the loads of papers, which are delivered to local agents long before Sunday morning sleepers are dressed for their "brown bread and beans." When Mr. Jones began to deliver the *Sunday Globe* his route included Lowell and Lawrence and he used to convey the entire outfit in a common wagon and with single horse; now, with Lowell and Lawrence left out, it takes four big wagons and all the horses can haul to get the papers to their numerous destinations. That speaks loud for the growth of the *Globe* in the suburbs. In all the 20 years Mr. Jones's teams have failed but once to deliver their loads on time, and that was in the heaviest snowstorm on record some years ago when they got stalled in Medford. A good showing.

— Now hie ye to the seashores, the mountains, country retreats, the streams and lakes, forest camps, the "cool grots and mossy dells where rural fays and fairies dwell," for real summer has come, the 4th is numbered among the things that were, and rest and pleasure are the order of the day. Maine tells you to come to her hundred sea washed resorts, her sequestered woods and purling brooks, her fish filled rivers and ponds, her good living and sweet repose. The Old Granite State stretches forth her hands and cordially invites the urban sufferer to come to her cool bosom and be happy. Her mountain scenery, her wild nooks and corners, her grassy vales and tree-capped hills, and rocks, rivers and open handed hospitality, all attract the city man and woman on real comfort bent. New Hampshire is full of them during "the heated term." Many too go to the Maritime Provinces where summer pleasures abound and scatter many ducats, to the infinite delight of the Bluenoses and others. But while summer tourists come and summer tourists go the "demnition grind" of the poor Country Editor goes on forever, and there is no vacation outing for him, or rest for his weary bones and brains.

— Edward Mathew Walsh and John Dennis Walsh, 25 Scott street, sons of Mr. John A. Walsh of the Woburn police force, graduated last month from the Business Department of the High School where they maintained a good rating for scholarship and deportment and left a creditable record behind. With a view of selecting a future occupation, by the advice of his father, having a bent for mechanics, on Nov. 7, 1900, Edward Mathew, or "Mat" as they call him at home, registered at the Charlestown Navy Yard for an apprenticeship in the mechanical department, his wish being to learn the trade of pattern-maker, the best of the numerous arts carried on in the Yard. He heard nothing of his application for a long time, but had a good friend there in the person of Chaplain Tribeau, who took a strong liking for the lad and looked after his interests. On June 5 last, Mat received a notice to appear at the Yard on June 6 and take his examination. There were about 30 applicants for apprenticeships and all of them were put through the ordeal that day. Shortly afterwards he was notified that he had won first honors, No. 1, and to appear and select his trade. Of course, he chose that of pattern-maker, and on July 5 he received his appointment, and was a very happy young man. He was forthwith assigned a bench and chest of tools and is now earnestly applying himself to master the most desirable trade the Yard can bestow. There can be no doubt but that he will make a success of it, for he is intelligent and capable.

Five Cents Savings Bank.

The annual meetings of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank were held on Friday July 5, 1901. The quarterly report of the Treasurer was submitted and the usual semi-annual dividend declared.

The following were chosen as officers for the coming year:

President, Benjamin Hinckley.

Vice-Presidents, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs.

Clerk, Charlie A. Jones.

Auditors, Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston.

Trustees, Benjamin Hinckley, Charlie A. Jones, John Winn, John R. Carter, John W. Johnson, Edward E. Thompson, L. Waldo Thompson, George E. Fowle, Gilman F. Jones, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs, Fred J. Brown, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Henry M. Aldrich, Winthrop Hammond, Elwyn G. Preston.

Committee of Investment, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, John R. Carter, L. Waldo Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond.

For Treasurer, Charlie A. Jones.

For Teller, Alfred Herbert Holland.

For Assistant Teller, Annie E. Cook.

Hon. Edward E. Thompson who has been Clerk and Treasurer of the Bank for 21 years, having first been elected on Jan. 17, 1880, sent to the meeting the following letter declining a re-election:

WOBURN, June 25, 1901.

"TO THE PRESIDENT AND TRUSTEES OF THE WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

Gentlemen: "As the Annual Meeting of the Bank is soon to be held for the choice of officers for the ensuing year, I hereby inform you that I am not a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk and Treasurer.

"I have tried to discharge the duties of these offices for twenty-one years and over faithfully, but my health not being as good as when I was younger, I think it will be best for me to now give up the arduous duties of Treasurer. I should however be glad if agreeable to the officers of the Bank continue my connections with the Bank and render any assistance that the officers may wish.

"Since my connection with the Bank the deposits have increased from about $300,000 to nearly $1,700,000, and eleven officers and trustees of the Bank have passed away, viz:—D. D. Hart, P. W. Kinney, James N. Dow, Nathan Wyman, William Ellard, William Winn, A. E. Thompson, G. R. Gage, Jabob Brown, John Cummings and Parker L. Converse.

"With kind regards to you all, I remain,

"Very truly yours,
EDWARD E. THOMPSON."

Thereupon it was voted by the Trustees in consideration of Mr. Thompson's long continued services in the Bank as Clerk and Treasurer, that he be retained in the Bank's employ and render such services as may be designated by the bank officers.

Mr. Jones, the new Treasurer, is not a new man to the Bank having been first elected as Trustee May 13, 1879. Since July 3, 1882, he has served as a member of the Board of Investment, and since July 3, 1896, as one of its Vice-Presidents. Since March 1, 1888, his whole time having been devoted to the business interests of the Bank.

Heartburn.

When the quantity of food taken is too large or the quality too rich, heartburn is likely to follow, and especially so if the digestion has been weakened by constipation. Eat slowly and not too freely of easily digested food. Masticate the food thoroughly. Let six hours elapse between meals and when you feel a fullness and weight in the region of the stomach after eating, indicating that you have eaten too much, take one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the heartburn may be avoided. For sale by all druggists.

Personal.

W. A. Prior and family are at Duxbury.

Willis Varney, the jeweler, is on deck again.

Minnie Simonds visited at South Ware last week.

Mr. Waldo Thompson and wife were in Maine last week.

Many are the kind works spoken of the late Dr. Conway.

Police Officer John A. Walsh will go out on vacation July 22.

Brooks's Woburna is about the thing this anguish weather.

Mrs. Whitcomb and daughter of First street are at York Beach.

Mr. Frederic A. Flint goes to the coast of Maine early in August.

Henry F. Davis will go down to his old home on the Kennebec bye and bye.

Miss Moulton, High School teacher, is at her home for the summer at Newburyport.

Hon. Edward Everett Thompson and wife are visiting relatives and friends at Nashua, N. H.

Miss Catherine Marie Conway returned to her school at Germantown, Pa., last Monday.

The family of Dr. Robert Chalmers of Pleasant street are at the seaside enjoying a vacation.

Mr. John Lynch sang a solo at the funeral of Dr. Conway sweetly and with marked effect.

Joseph W. Schugel, a prominent Socialist of this city, and family have moved to Waltham.

Mr. E. F. Hayward may soon slide down to the Capital of Maine for a short vacation outing.

We ask for Huntley & Co's change of ad. a careful perusal. It talks straight to the bullseye.

Mrs. Bertha Taylor and her bright little daughter Marion spent a part of last week at Scituate Beach.

Miss Edith Preston of the Public Library is on a vacation visit of 10 days to Westmoreland, N. H.

Whitcher got a fine picture of the first car that ran over the Lowell & Boston electric road to Burlington.

Major Henry C. Hall is passing the hot weather at Alton Bay, N. H., a pleasant and popular summer retreat.

Captain Jacob M. Ellis has fully recovered from his recent illness. He went to Ware on business last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Irish left here last Wednesday for a week's visit at their old home, Biddeford, Maine.

Mrs. George W. West and son have gone to Nova Scotia to spend the summer with friends and acquaintances.

Lawyer John W. Johnson and family are at Isles of Shoals, a popular summer resort 9 miles below Portsmouth, N. H.

Mr. Thomas Heartz, Treasurer of the Woburn Y. M. C. A., and daughter Gertrude are visiting in New Brunswick.

Since the Woburn & Boston trolley line has got to running historical objects at Lexington attract many Woburn people.

In the Innitou Club tug-of war Tuesday evening Hartshorn and Walker took first prize, and Dimick and Fowle second.

Miss Mary DeLoriea is enjoying her vacation at South Ware. Madams Frank and William J. DeLoriea are also there.

Water Commissioner Preston and family have returned from the Beach to their permanent abiding place on Academy Hill.

William W. Crosby was given a reception and sendoff by the young people before embarking for Europe last Wednesday.

Police Officers Austin G. French and John J. Roche are out on their annual vacation. French will not wander far away from home.

Mr. E. Prior is having a great many auction sales these times. He does the business in the best manner and always gives satisfaction to those who employ him.

The next regular holiday on the list is Labor Day. Merchant's Day, a semi-official affair, comes in August, but that don't count, because it is not put down in the Almanac.

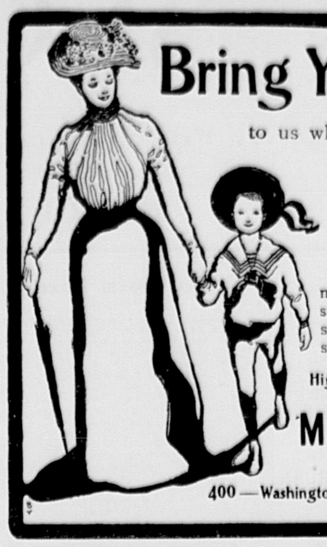
Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson think Poland Springs, Maine, about the right checker for health and pleasure. By the way, what's the matter with electing Mr. Thompson next Mayor of Woburn?

General William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, has returned from a fortnight's visit at Greenvale, Maine, and is again at the old stand, No. 101 Milk street, Boston.

Mr. John Seaver is winding up his vacation this week. He has spent the most of his outing at his pleasant home on Eaton Avenue and thinks he was wise in doing so. For close on to 20 years Mr. Seaver has been a leading salesman in Paine's great furniture Emporium on Canal street, Boston, and is likely to remain there the rest of his days.

Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the ice baron of this city, and family left here last Tuesday for Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, of which fair domain he is the ruling power and head Chief. During the summer months a considerable colony of Woburn people inhabit Littlejohn and get a great deal of comfort out of their sojourn there. It is undoubtedly a charming hot weather resort.

Southport on the Maine coast is a favorite summer resort for many good Woburn people. The Bracketts of Arlington Road and others have been enjoying themselves there several weeks, and today Mr. James H. Linnell, Manager of the Linnell Market, and wife, and Mr. Henry H. Leathe and family of Franklin street, leave Boston by steamer for that place. This party expect to remain there two weeks. It is said that Rev. H. C. Parker and family intend to pass a portion at least of their vacation at Southport.



Bring Your Boy

to us when he needs

Clothing or Furnishings

We have a special department for boys, reached by a special elevator—entirely separate from the rest of the store.

High Quality—Moderate Price.

Macullar Parker
COMPANY,
400—Washington Street, Boston, Mass.—400

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

"YOU HAVEN'T EATEN ONE OF

Whitcher's Ice Cream Sandwiches,

WHY, I'M SURPRISED"!!

THE PILL BOX.

HAS THEM 2 for 5—

Only place in town to find them.

For Man or Boy

The Best Shoes for the least Money for the balance of July.

Come or send for our BARGAINS. If goods are not as we represent them send them back and get your money back.

	That Were.	Now
Men's Shoes, Lace or Cong.,	$3 50	3 00
" " " "	3 00	2 75
" " " "	2 75	2 50
" " " "	2 50	2 00

These are hand sewed welts and Goodyear welts.

Pfister & Vogel Milwaukee Calf Skins and Velours Calf.

BLACK VICI AND TAN VICI KID.

The best stock made in America. This is a rich man's shoe at a poor man's price.

We have a line of Men's Calf Lace Shoes that sell everwhere for $3 00. OUR PRICE $2 50. These shoes are all up-to-date styles. All widths from 3 to 8 wide.

Bargains in Women's and Children's Shoes. Some at less than cost.

You can stave off your taxes;
Go to church a little late;
Put off a hundred other things;
But BARGAINS will not wait.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., WOBURN

Remnants of the Fourth.

James R. Wood, Chief Marshal, won the highest honors of the day at a canter. To his good sense and liberality the success of the celebration was largely due. He managed the affair finely, and his pocketbook was wide open.

Thanks to the good business management of Treasurer Winthrop Hammond, ably seconded by Chairmen of Committees, there was money enough to pay all bills and quite a little pot left. Business methods count on such an occasion.

The balloon ascension was a drawing card, and a chief feature in the celebration. Professor Bonnette is an expert at the business, and his exhibition greatly pleased the 5,000 people who witnessed it. He ascended 5500 feet, and after leaving the car dropped 500 feet before his parachute spread and took him in tow. It was an exciting spectacle. His balloon landed at Wyman Green and he touched the earth not far from it. A lot of hoodlums found the balloon, set fire to it, and nearly ruined it. It was a miserable piece of business and the boys should have been made to smart for it. Treasurer Hammond said the Professor would be given $50 out of the celebration fund to make up, in part, for his loss. That was right and just.

The Innitou Club display on Horn Pond was witnessed by a vast throng of people. It was one of the most pleasing and gratifying features of the day. The fireworks were not extensive, but excellent as far as they went.

The night of the 3d was unusually quiet and well behaved.

The military companies, which made a fine appearance in the Parade, were well pleased with the dinner provided for them and the courtesies they received.

The Bands acquitted themselves bravely and enlivened the scene with the best music in their repatories.

Boys secured the rope of the Unitarian church bell, but Mr. Nathaniel Simonds soon put a stop to their fun.

The athletic sports panned out in the best of style.

Not less than 15,000 people thronged the streets.

Accidents were few and not very serious.

It was a great day.

The report of the Treasurer of the Fourth of July celebration fund shows the following expenditures: Entertainment of visiting Militia, $124; balloon ascension, $106; Volunteer Drum Corps, $45; bicycle prizes, $79; Antiques and Horribles, $50; field sports, $69; baseball, $64; carriages for parade, $42; miscellaneous expense for Parade, $28; printing, postage and badges, $66; hall hire for committee meetings, $20; canoe regatta, $50; bonfire, 38; National Band, $125; Woburn Brass Band, $125; fireworks, $207. It was voted to allow Prof. Bonette $50 for damage to his balloon. A balance of about $50 remains. There was raised by subscription $990 and the city appropriated $400.

White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

The Same Old Story.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and re-told by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by all druggists.

Funeral of Dr. Conway.

The last sad rites that removed Dr. James H. Conway from family, friends and townspeople were performed on Friday morning, July 5, 1901, at St. Charles church, where there was High Mass in the presence of many city officials and people of note. The celebrant was Rev. Henry A. Walsh, with Rev. M. F. McDonnell deacon, and Rev. James F. Doherty subdeacon. Within the chancel were Fr. Keegan and Fr. Shannon. Music was by the regular church choir, which sang Schmidt's requiem mass. Miss Nellie O'Brien sang the solo in the "Dies Iræ" and "Pie Jesu," at the offertory.

The after piece was by Mr. Robert Robertson, who rendered "He Wipes the Tear from Every Eye." Miss Alice O'Brien was organist.

The bearers were Dr. John M. Harlow, honorary; Dr. Harry G. Blake, Dr. Seth W. Kelley, Dr. William H. Keleher, Dr. Josiah P. Bixby, Dr. John I. French of Winchester, and Dr. F. E. Nickerson of Stoneham.

Upon the coffin were several floral pieces and bouquets the following being represented: Celtic Association, Division 3, A. O. H., Quealy Court, M. C. O. F., and Aberjona Colony, United Order of Pilgrim Fathers.

The burial was at Calvary cemetery, Montvale.

It Dazzles The World.

No discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Huntley & Co., druggists, who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free.

Tours to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Every Monday and Thursday from July until November parties leave Boston under personal escort, visiting the great Exposition at Buffalo, and Niagara Falls.

Parties may return direct, or make the homeward journey via the Thousand Islands and Montreal, or New York and the Hudson River.

An illustrated booklet giving rates, etc., will be mailed free upon application to Nason & Russell, 282 Washington street, Boston.—4t.

Ice melts at 32 degrees, water boils at 212, lead mealts at 594, and the heat of common coal fire is 1140.

MISS BANCROFT
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

The Variety of
Breakfast Foods
Is Constantly Increasing.

Below we give a list of some of the leading kinds and call attention to the low prices at which we are selling them.

	Per Package.
Cream of Wheat,	13c.
Germea,	13c.
Shredded Wheat Biscuit,	12c.
Wheat Germ,	12c.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,	13c.
Grape Nuts, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Malt Breakfast Food,	13c.
Flaked Rice,	13c.
Pillsbury's Vitos, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Pillsbury's Flaked Oats,	10c.
Mother's Oats,	9c.
Quaker Oats,	8c.
Self-rising Buckwheat, 10 and	15c.
Self-rising Pancake Flour,	10c.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
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BEST TRIPS
BAY LINE.
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The Magnificent New Steamer
CAPE COD for PLYMOUTH.
The New, Sea-Going Steamer
Martinique for Provincetown.
Music by Bay Line Band and Orchestra.

From Bay Line Wharf, 410 430 Atlantic ave. Boston, daily (weather permitting), at 10 A. M. Fare—Plymouth Excursion, $1.00; Provincetown, Daily Excursion, $1.00; stop-over tickets, $1.50. Children half fare. Staterooms, Refreshments. Tel. 2216 Main.

J. B. BACON,
General Manager.

Colonial Springs.
Pure Drinking Water
For all. For sale by
CHARLES R. MORSE & CO.,
180 Bedford St., Woburn, Mass.

Card of Thanks.

I hereby extend to all good neighbors and friends, to the medical profession, to the various Societies of which he was a member, my heartfelt thanks for their services and sympathy in my sorrow for the loss of my husband, Dr. James H. Conway; for their numerous kind offices and appreciative floral and other personal tokens of esteem, before and at the funeral.

MRS. ANNIE CONWAY.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Faith in Things Unseen."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—6th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Glory of the Lord in the Cloud." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Labor of the Righteous Lendeth to Life."

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. Daniel March. Sunday School at 11.45 A. M. Union Service with the Christian Endeavor Society at 7.45 P. M. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Rev. D. Scudder, pastor.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—6th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Threefold Use of the Law." Sunday School at 12 M. At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, July 9, by Rev. H. C. Parker, Mr. William H. Bartlett and Mrs. Mary C. Moore, both of Woburn.

In this city, July 10, by Rev. Frederick Woods, John MacDonald and Ada Judson, both of Reading.

Died.

Date, name, age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 4, Rose McDevitt, aged 82 years.

In this city, July 4, Margaret A., widow of Robert Robertson, aged 75 years.

In this city, July 5, Rosanna B., widow of Alfred Eaton, aged 81 years.

In this city, July 6, Lewis Farrell, aged 64 years, 5 months, 20 days.

In Lyme, Conn., July 5, Mary Ely Richardson, daughter of Ernest Cushing and Grace Ely Richardson, aged 8 months, 2 days.

If Your Little Son

is between 2½ and 6 years of age a

Russian Blouse Suit

is quite the correct thing to buy.

We have them in fancy cassimeres at $5 and $6.

Also in very pretty wash galateas at $2 and $2.50.

Drop in and let us show you.

We make a specialty of clothing for little men.

Don't forget too that our prices will average 10% less than Boston prices. Smaller expenses the reason.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

Established 1851. Open Evenings except Wednesday.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., June 4, 1901.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1899, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that such undivided portions of said real estate, or the whole as may be necessary, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, July 20, 1901**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1899, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estate is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

Residents.

CHARLES PORTER, HEIRS.—About 7,013 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the north-easterly corner of the premises on Main street and at land now or late of Keith; thence the line runs northwesterly by land last named about 56.2 feet; thence southerly by land of Mary W. Lyons about 22.5 feet; thence south of west by same land about 7 feet; thence westerly by land of said Mary W. Lyons and by land of one Murray 51 feet; thence southerly by land of Gallagher 95 8 feet; thence easterly by Hudson street about 32.6 feet; thence northeasterly by Main street about 24.9 feet; thence continuing in same direction on and by said Main street about 60.4 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1899, 56 64

CHARLES PORTER, HEIRS.—About 4,624 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, on Porter street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on said Porter street; thence the line runs northerly by land of Daniel T. Porter and land of Catherine A. Meehan about 71 feet; thence westerly by land of said Catherine A. Meehan about 61.1 feet; thence southerly by land of Colley about 65 feet; thence easterly by said Porter street 64.9 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1899, 41 28

WARD 5.

Residents.

ALVAH WISWALL, TRUSTEE for LONGWOOD HILL COMPANY.—About 2 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by owners unknown; easterly by land of Samuel Brooks; southerly by other land of said Trustee; westerly by land of James Brooks Heirs.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

ALVAH WISWALL, TRUSTEE for LONGWOOD HILL COMPANY.—About 8 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at southerly corner of premises, thence the line runs northeasterly by land of Reuben Weston; thence northerly by land of Heirs of Rufus Richardson; thence westerly by land of George Parker now of Marshall; thence northwesterly by land of Marshall and Lydia Bancroft to a stake in a small pond; thence westerly by land of said Lydia Bancroft; thence southerly by land of Charles Tweed; thence easterly by land of Samuel W. Brooks; thence southerly by land of Brooks to point of beginning.
Tax of 1899, 7 68

WARD 6.

LETTIE W. EATON.—About 13,831 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated No. 70 Pearl street, in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Pearl street, thence the line runs northerly by Pearl street 132 feet; thence westerly by land of John O. Page 104.9 feet; thence southerly by land of Dennis Burns 139 feet; thence easterly by Kimball Court 100 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1899, $29 76

SUSIE I. PERLEY.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 20, 21, 22, Block 27, Section A, on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 19 in said block about 70 feet; easterly by Baldwin avenue on said Plan 105 feet; southerly by lot 23 in said block 70 feet; westerly by lot 7, 8, 9, in said block 105 feet.
Tax of 1899, 2 88

MARY R. PRATT.—About 9,645 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, Block 11, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Jones avenue; easterly by lots 4 and 10 in said Block; southerly by Ames street; westerly by Longwood avenue.
Tax of 1899, 2 88

Non-Residents.

CHARLES R. BATT, TRUSTEE.—About 331-100 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Southerly by Webster street 488½ feet; easterly by land of J. Otis Cummings 295 3-10 feet; northerly by land of Jonathan Tidd and Alfred G. Carter 610.9 feet; westerly by Pearl street 90.1 feet; southerly again by land of Sparrock 124.8 feet; westerly again by land of said Sparrock 89.3 feet. Same premises conveyed to said Batt by deed dated Nov. 11, 1897, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2612, Page 453.
Tax of 1899, 15 36

JENNIE B. BELL.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Wilmington Town Line; easterly by lot 8 in said Block; southerly by lot 35 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 48

HENRY J. COBB.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, 10, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 7 in said Block 70 feet; easterly by Mishawum Avenue on said Plan 105 feet; southerly by lot 11 in said Block 70 feet; westerly by lots 15, 16, 17, in said Block 105 feet. Same premises recorded with said Deeds, Book 2693, Page 238.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

LEWIS COHEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block J, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Rumford Avenue; easterly by lot 9 in said Block; southerly by lot 2 in said Block; westerly by a private way shown on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 38

JOHN DONOVAN.—About 12,250 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, Block 14, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by Dartmouth street 70 feet; southeasterly by lots 15, 17, 18, 19 in said Block 175 feet; southwesterly by lots 9 in said Block 70 feet; northwesterly by Chester Avenue 175 feet. Being same premises described in Deed, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2,655, Page 319.
Tax of 1899, 96

FLORENCE J. FOWLE.—About 5,200 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private street; easterly by Baldwin avenue; southerly by lot 9 in said Block; westerly by lot 6 in said Block. Same premises described by Deed dated Oct. 3, 1899, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2001, Page 198.
Tax of 1899, 1 44

FREDERICK A. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10, 11, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 7 and 8 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southerly by lot 12 in said Block; westerly by lot 2, 3, 4, in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 8 in said Block; easterly by Banks street; southerly by Dartmouth street; westerly by lot 10 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 51

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13, 18, 19, Block 25, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 14, 15, 16, 17, in said Block; easterly by Cutting avenue; southerly by lots 10 and 11 in said Block; westerly by Prescott street.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 9 in said Block; easterly by lot 14, 15 in said Block, southerly by lot 6 in said Block; westerly by White street.
Tax of 1899, 96

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 6, 7, 8, Block 40, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Dexter Avenue; southeasterly by a private way; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Lot 5 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 45

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, Block 14, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by Arkansas street; southeasterly by Washington street; northwesterly by Massachusetts avenue; southwesterly by Lots 6 and 11 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 2 88

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 9, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kearsage avenue; easterly by Albion avenue; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Lot 5 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 14, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 5, 12 in said Block; southerly by Kearsage avenue; easterly by Pennsylvania avenue; westerly by Wauchusett avenue.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

HENRY A. GREEN.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Block 12, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 7 and 12 in said Block; easterly by Chester avenue; southerly by Warren avenue; westerly by Longwood avenue.
Tax of 1899, 2 88

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 5,040 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 10 and 11, Block 10, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 5 and 6 in said Block; easterly by Lots 8 and 9 in said Block; southerly by Dartmouth street; westerly by Lots 1 and 2 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 15, 16, 17, Block 27, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Warren avenue on said Plan; easterly by Baldwin avenue; southerly by Lot 18 in said Block; westerly by Lot 12 and 14 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 22 and 23, Block 28, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 21 in said Block; easterly by White street; southerly by Lot 24 in said Block; westerly by Lots 7 and 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 96

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 11, 12, 13, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 14 and 15 in said Block; easterly by Lot 17, 18 and 19 in said Block; southerly by Lot 10 in said Block; westerly by Mishawum avenue.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 13, Block 35, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Compnany, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 11 and 12 in said Block; easterly by Monk street; southerly by Lot 14 in said Block; westerly by Lot 9 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 38

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 12, 13, 14, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 11 in said Block; easterly by Mishawum avenue; southwesterly by No. Maple street; westerly by Lot 1 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 19 and 20, Block 29, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 18 in said Block; easterly by Monks street; southerly by Lot 21 in said Block; westerly by Lot 10 and 11 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 86

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 2, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60 bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kearsarge avenue; easterly by Granville street; southerly by lot 11 in said Block; westerly by lot 7 and 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 77

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 3, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 3 in said Block; easterly by Therman street; southerly by Mountain street; westerly by lot 2 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 38

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 6, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 and 12 in said Block; easterly by Grafton street; southerly by Kearsarge avenue; westerly by lot 3 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 7g

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 and 11 in said Block; southerly by lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Church avenue on said Plan; westerly by lot 11 and land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1899, 58

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 12, 13 and 14, Block 8, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kearsarge avenue; westerley by Albion street; easterly by lot 11 in said Block; southerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1899, 86

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 10,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 9, 10, Block 14, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Worcester street; easterly by Pennsylvania avenue; southerly by lot 6 and 11 in said Block; westerly by Wachusett avenue.
Tax of 1899, 1 54

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by Pennsylvania avenue; southeasterly by lot 11 in said Block; northwesterly by Wachusett avenue; southwesterly by lot 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 78

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 7,200 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 13, 14, 15, Block 15, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 12 in said Block; easterly by Pennsylvania avenue; southerly by lot 16 in said Block; westerly by lot 4, 5, 6 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 17, 18, Block 4, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 6 and 19 in said Block; easterly by Kentucky avenue; southerly by lot 9 and 16 in said Block; westerly by Marion street.
Tax of 1899, 3 46

RUTH M. GREEN.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 8, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by lot 10 in said Block; southeasterly by Ashburton avenue; northwesterly by land of owner unknown; southwesterly by lots 5, 6, 7, 8, in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 38

EDWARD J. MCHUGH.—About 18,970 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 14, both inclusive, Block 24, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Longwood avenue; easterly by Prescott street; southerly by lots 8 and 15 in said Block; westerly by Wilson street.
Tax of 1899, 6 72

ELLA T. MORAN.—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, 9, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 10 in said Block; easterly by lot 4, 5, 6, in said Block; southerly by No. Maple street; westerly by a private way.
Tax of 1899, 58

MORGAN C. TYLER.—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 10, 11, 12, Block 1, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded at follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 13 in said Block; easterly by lot 2, 3, 4, in said Block; southerly by lot 9 in said Block; westerly by a private way.
Tax of 1899, 58

MARY H. WEBBER.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 8, 9, Block 23, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Wilson street; southerly by lot 1, 2, in said Block; westerly by lot 5 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 54

LODESA M. BABBITT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 7, 8, Block 6, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Dartmouth street; easterly by lot 9 in said Block; southerly by lot 6 in said Block; westerly by Banks street.
Tax of 1899, 1 44

JOHN J. COOPER.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 37 in said Block; southerly by lot 35 in said Block; westerly by Hinkley avenue; easterly by lot 16 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 58

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 4, 5, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 3 in said Block; southerly by Lot 6 in said Block; westerly by Lots 31 and 32 in said Block; easterly by Monks street.
Tax of 1899, 1 54

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18, 19, 20, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 17 in said Block; easterly by Newburg avenue; southerly by lot 21 in said Block; westerly by lots 23, 24, 25 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 19, 20, Block 29, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 18 in said Block; easterly by Monks street; southerly by lot 21 in said Block; westerly by lot 10 and 11 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 77

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Block 41, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Dexter avenue; easterly and southerly by Merrimac street and land of owner unknown; westerly by a private way.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 3, Block 6, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Beard avenue on said Plan; easterly by Lot 4 on said Plan; southerly by Lot 19 on said Plan; westerly by Lot 2 on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 77

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 19,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1, 2, 3, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, Block 12, Plan B, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex North Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, bounded as follows, viz:—Southwesterly by a private way shown on said Plan; northwesterly by Summitt Avenue; northeasterly by Lots 25 and 4 on said Plan; southeasterly by Main street.
Tax of 1899, 3 36

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 10,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Block 45, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 3 in said Block; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by Alger street; westerly by Oakland Avenue.
Tax of 1899, 96

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 5 and 6, Block 1, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Lot 7 in said Block; southwesterly by land of owner unknown; northeasterly by Belmont avenue; southeasterly by Lot 4 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 96

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 3,675 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 18, and ½ of 17, on plan of lands owned by Ada T. Munroe, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by Lot 19 on said Plan; westerly by Lot 7 and part of Lot 8 on said Plan; northerly by other half of 17 on said Plan; easterly by Knight avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 38

AUSTIN W. HALL.—About 11,021 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by Nichols street 108 feet; easterly by Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation 137.7 feet; southerly by land of Joseph B. McDonald 66 feet; easterly by land of Thomas J. McFeeley 130 feet. Same premises conveyed by Charlie A. Jones by Deed dated Dec. 21, 1896, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2529, Page 1.
Tax 1899, 3 84

CHARLES H. COLLINS:—About 4,060 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 2 and 18, Block 13, Plan B, on land of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex No. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 9, Plan 35, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lots 3 and 19 in said Block; easterly by Main street; southerly by lots 1 and 17, in said Block; westerly by Glen avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 1 15

CHARLES H. COLLINS.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 24 and 25, Block 6, on Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Florence avenue on said Plan; easterly by Lot 1 in said Block; westerly by Park avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1899, 1 54

JOHN H. HARRIS, HEIRS.—About 5,465 square feet of land, being lot 24, Block 9, Plan A, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot 25 in said Block; easterly by Lot 23 in said Block; southerly by Spenser avenue; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1899, 77

VALENTO B. VINCENSO.—About 53,100 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1 to 22 inclusive, Block 9, Plan A, of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Breed street; easterly by Park avenue; southerly by Spencer avenue; westerly by lots 23, 26 and 27 in said Block.
Tax of 1899, 7 68

WARD 7.

HARRIET O. FISHER.—About 2 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Russell street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning on Russell street, thence easterly by land of Jos. R. Kendall; thence northerly on old road from Woburn to Lexington; thence southerly on Russell street to point of beginning. Being same premises described in Deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2,466, Page 298.
Tax of 1899, 33 60

JOHN F. MAGUIRE.—About 1 acre of land, with buildings thereon, numbered 12 Willow street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of premises on Burlington street, thence south of west by land of John Doherty; thence east of north on Willow street; thence east by land now or late of Henry Cummings; thence south by said Burlington street 200 feet, to point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to said Maguire by deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2641, Page 495.
Tax of 1899, 48 00

MARY A. MILLER.—About 1 13-16 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Elijah street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Elijah street; westerly also by said Elijah street; southerly by land formerly of James O'Doherty; easterly by land of Shields and land of McElhancy.
Tax of 1899, 37 44

DANIEL RYAN, HEIRS.—About 5-16 of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Bedford street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Bedford street; westerly by Elijah street; northerly by land of Roger Mullen and easterly by land of one Bowen.
Tax of 1899, 6 72

ELLEN O'RILEY.—About 39,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on 55 Houghton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Grant; easterly by Houghton street; southerly by land late of McMahon and by land of Bacon and Colgate; westerly by land of Eaton.
Tax of 1899, 32 64

FRANK MOORE.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by the Pond; easterly by Burlington street; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by land of Ellard and also by said Pond.
Tax of 1899, 132 48

WILLARD WELSH.—About 8,000 square feet of land, with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Leonard Thompson; easterly by land of Corry; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by Shields street.
Tax of 1899, 34 56

E. K. AND W. E. BLAIKIE.—About 9 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Heirs of David Parker deceased; easterly by land of Heirs of David Parker deceased; southerly by the line dividing the town of Winchester and City of Woburn; westerly by land of Heirs of Jonn Winning deceased, and land of Abel Fitts.
Tax of 1899, 4 80

CLARENCE H. GUSTIN.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn on Cambridge street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jacob Pierce Heirs; easterly by land of Heirs of S. Plympton and land of Heirs of Josiah Richardson; southerly by land of Thad. Parker; westerly by Winchester Town Line.
Tax of 1899, 5 76

WARD 7.

Non-Residents.

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 1 acre of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.
Tax of 1899, 3 84

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 55 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Lexington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lexington street and by land of Jacob Ellis and by land of Heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of Heirs of Walter Frost and land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg and land of William B. Doyle and land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land now or late of Mary G. Pierce.
Tax of 1899, 126 72

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 7½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg and land of Woodward and Mentzer; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce about 28 rods; westerly by land now or late of Joseph Gardner about 53 rods; northerly by land of Mentzer and Woodward.
Tax of 1899, 1 92

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 10 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land late of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land now or late of Wm. B. Doyle.
Tax of 1899, 3 84

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 14 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of Heirs of John Weston; northerly by land of Doherty and land now or late of John Cummings.
Tax of 1899, 19 20

LUDOVICA D. MORRILL.—About 16 acres of land known as Hiawatha Grove, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land of James B. and Horace W. Pearson and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.
Tax of 1899, 38 40

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

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F. P. BROOKS,

361 Main St.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners of the County of Middlesex in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

Your petitioner, Fred. E. Cottle of Woburn, in said County, respectfully represents that the City Council of the City of Woburn, in said County, by an order adopted by said City Council and approved by the Mayor of said City on June 18, 1901, a copy whereof is submitted with the original petition, have authorized said Fred. E. Cottle to construct a railroad for private use in the transportation of freight across Conn street, a travelled place in said Woburn, at grade thereof as shown on a plan entitled "B. & M. R.R. So. Div. Plan showing proposed changes in tracks for F. E. Cottle near Woburn Highlands Stations," a copy of which plan is filed with the original petition, the proposed location of said railroad being described as follows:—The centre line of said proposed track on the north line of Conn street is to be one hundred and ninety-eight and 83-100 feet from the centre line of the B. & M. tracks measuring along the north side line of said Conn street and the centre of said proposed track on the south line of said Conn street is to be two hundred nineteen and 4-10 feet from centre line of the B. & M. tracks measuring along the south side line of Conn street and said proposed track is to cross Conn street at a radius of 1000 feet; and have authorized said Fred. E. Cottle to use steam power as a motive power in said railroad.

Wherefore your petitioner respectfully asks that your Honorable Board adjudge that public necessity requires the crossing of said Conn street by said railroad for private use at the same level as said street; and also that your Honorable Board make a decree authorizing and requiring your petitioner to construct his road in such manner as may seem fit to your Honorable Board.

FRED. E. COTTLE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge, on the twenty-fifth day of June, A. D., 1901.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Petitioner give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Woburn Highlands Station of the Boston & Maine Railroad in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, on **Wednesday, the thirty-first day of July, 1901**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by publishing a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be seven days at least before said view, and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

FOR SALE.

5 acres of land on Montvale Avenue and Holden Place, Woburn, and in the rear thereof, in lots to suit, for sale cheap and on easy terms. Close to the electrics.

C. D. ADAMS, Trustee,
915 Main Street, North Woburn,
or 23 Court Street, Boston.

A Poor Millionaire

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

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It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

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Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

That Manager Schoeffel made no mistake in booking "The Burgomaster" for a run at the Tremont Theatre is made more apparent with every performance. Few, if any, musical comedies presented in Boston in the last decade have attained greater popularity, and the fact that it hold its own in weather that would prostrate a South African shows that the popularity is of the enduring kind. That it deserves the favor shown it few will question. Its story, is most divertingly told, the dialogue is brisk and delightfully humorous, the lyrics are bright and witty, the action is lively from curtain up to curtain down, and the music is of that catchy sort that haunts the memory and is sung and hummed and whistled half unconsciously long after the first hearing. Then, too, the clever comedians and singers in the principal parts, and the full-throated, plump and pleasing chorus are fully adequate to all the demands of both author and composer, and are environed in a stage setting of exceptional beauty. In addition to the very efficient cooling and ventilating apparatus in basement and dome, numerous electric fans have been installed to keep the air in motion, and the temperature of the auditorium is invariably many degrees below that of the outer world, so that audiences enjoy the performance without discomfort from summer heat.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Beginning next week, an operetta season is to be inaugurated at Boston Music Hall, in which the idea of the management primarily is to revive failing local interest in the works of the best composers—an interest which has flagged for want of inspiration since the passing of the Castle Square Opera Company. The works which are to be performed are complete one-act pieces, the original score in fact. Each will require not less than thirty minutes, nor more than forty for a performance, and some of the best known singers in the country have been secured to take the leading roles. Some of the artists already secured are, Miss Grace Orr, soprano; Miss Sylvester Cornish, contralto; Grafton Baker, tenor; and Henry Leoni, basso buffo. All of these singers have a record familiar to the music loving public, and each is now in the zenith of his or her powers, both as to voice and histrionic ability.

Literary Notices.

The publishers of THE SMART SET declare the July number superior to all previous ones and the opinion is one in which readers will concur. There is not a heavy line in all the 160 pages, but the number scintillates with smart humor that is as exhilarating to the heated brain as a rollicking ocean breeze. The literature of blood and of mud has no place in THE SMART SET, but its fiction is of that vivacious and enchanting character so hard to write, so easy to read, so rarely found in periodicals and so refreshingly enjoyable to the amusement-louing world. As a magazine of real entertainment THE SMART SET has no rival. The number begins with a novelette entitled Papa Bouchard. It is really a French farce, and its dramatic possibilities are evident. M. Bouchard rebels against the domestic tyranny of spinster sister, and levants from his quiet home to gay bachelor quarters, where he finds diversion and excitement, and is precipitated into a maelstrom of ludicrous troubles. As between his ward, the pretty Leontine, and the timid young widow, Mme. Vernet, there is little of the strenuous life that he fails to experience. Elizabeth Duer contributes an amusing story entitled In Loco Parentis, descriptive of the adventures of a young society man. Mrs. Sherwood writes of Some English Princesses. Edgar Saltus preaches the Gospel of God, and Edgar Fawcett tells a strange story of duplicity and passion entitled In a London Season. Julien Gordon has a masterpiece of character study in A Lost Line, and According to Gibson is a $100 prize story by Erin Graham. Other stories are The Queen's Love, The Kisses of Arcady, Mrs. Maitland's Correspondent, by Jane Brevoort Eddy, A Deuce Game, by Miriam Cruikshank; The Error of Her Ways, by May Austin Low, and Paquita, the Dancer, by Mrs. Maraquita Bangs. Notable poetical features of the number are Dighton is Engaged; The Key, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; At the Sign of the Cleft Heart, by Theodosia Garrison, and A Head of Pan, by McCrea Pickering. Other contributors are Clinton Scollard, Minna Irving, Edith Bigelow, Josephine D. Daskam and R. K. Munkittrick.

Abyssinia was converted to Christianity in the fourth century. The country has now over 1200 monks.

WINCHESTER.

It will cost $9,000 to drain Church street.

The golf fever has abated very much.

The Westsiders are the bon ton of this town.

The fence has been moved from the Howe lot.

George S. Hudson is a busy man these days.

"Echoe's" grumblings are still heard in the land.

There were no accidents, to speak of, here on the 4th.

Mrs. Jones is going to have a quilting party in the fall.

McIntosh is one of the best Chiefs of Police in the State.

Mrs. Brown wouldn't let her hen set and the hen committed suicide.

Nearly everybody has gone, or is getting ready to go, to the beach.

Mrs. Smith was pleased to have a good day to dry her Monday's wash.

Uppertendom roll the Boat Club under their tongues like a sweet morsel.

Brown's brindle pup scared a milkman most to death the other morning.

Parkways, old bridges, and ponds keep our people at fever heat nearly all the time.

There haven't been as many weddings in this town this summer as we expected.

If the youngsters don't mind their ps and qs, Twombly will capture a third term in the House.

Wilson of the *Star* has been putting on style ever since he returned from the Pan-American Exposition.

Admiral Sampson talks of coming to Winchester to live. If he comes it will be our town's finishing touch. He will dwell on the West Side among the nabobs.

When asked if he is going to run again Rep. Twombly winks his dexter eye and remarks: "the taciturn female of the porcine genus always secures the largest share of nutriment." He knows.

Summer complaint is unusually prevalent among children this season. A well developed case in the writer's family was cured last week by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy—one of the best patent medicines manufactured and which is always kept on hand at the home of ye scribe. This is not intended as a free puff for the company, who do not advertise with us, but to benefit little sufferers who may not be within easy access of a physician. No family should be without a bottle of this medicine in the house, especially in summer-time.—Lansing, Iowa *Journal*. For sale by all druggists.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church.

During the month of June thirteen adults united with the church. The members feel high encouraged by this addition.

A vacation school lasting about four weeks, is now being conducted by the pastor. The work is an extension of that done in the Sunday School. Special attention is paid to bibical history.

She Didn't Wear A Mask.

But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished as will all Eruptions, Fever Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles and Felons from its use. Infallible for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Scalds and Piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

On level pavement a pull of 33 pounds will draw a ton, on macadam it takes 46 pounds, and on rough gravel 147 pounds.

The Best Liniment for Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the Merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by all druggists.

A Clock on a Strike

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Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no pence until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

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The Blue Serge Suit is never out of style. A man can wear it from season to season and be sure that he is correctly dressed—*it is popular and becoming.*

Fast color, wide, narrow and medium wale single and double-breasted Blue Serge Suits—$7.50, $10.00, $12.00 —*at any price you choose to pay you'll save a third of your money at "The Big Store."*

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Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George W. Doherty, otherwise known as George Doherty, in his own right, and also in right of his wife; and Bridget Doherty, his wife, in her own right, to Nellie S. Shaw dated October 21, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2693, Page 373, which mortgage has been duly assigned by said Nellie S. Shaw to John G. Maguire by deed of assignment dated July 9, 1901, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2902, Page 81, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described on

Saturday, the third day of August, A. D., 1901,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on the northerly side of John street containing about sixty-eight hundred (6800) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said John street and at land now or formerly of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker; from thence the line runs northerly on and by land last named one hundred (100) feet to land now or late of Ebenezer N. Blake; thence turning the line runs easterly by said land now or late of said Blake sixty-eight (68) feet to other land now or late of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker; thence turning the line runs southerly by said other land of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker one hundred (100) feet to said John street; thence turning the line runs westerly on and by said John street sixty-eight (68) feet to the point of beginning. For title of said George Donerty see deed of Hannah M. Parker et al. dated April 15, 1887, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 1793, Page 435; and also deed of John G. Maguire dated May 24, 1887, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1800, Page 577; and for title of said Bridget Doherty see deed of John G. Maguire dated April 15, 1891, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2041, Page 370.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, assessments and betterments if any exist therein.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, July 10, 1901.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Owen Collins late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Michael H. Collins who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of July A. D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

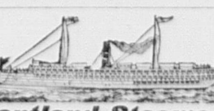
S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Executors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the will of France B. Hiller, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and have tkken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds, and Mary A. Jeens, one of the Executors, appointing John G. Maguire of Woburn, in said County, her agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscribers.

HENRY HILLER,
MARY A. JEENS,
Executors.

Address care of John G. Maguire, 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.



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Cunard / White Star

LINES.

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If the woman at work should make answer to the other woman, she might, perhaps, say: "You never had to scrub and clean when your back ached so that it seemed that every movement would break it in two." It's bad enough for a woman to suffer. But when she must suffer and slave at the same time she reaches the limit of her endurance.

Weak women who have been made strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, recommend it to others as a godsend. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I have been ailing some time now, being troubled with female weakness," writes Mrs. Wm. H. Johnson, of Avondale, Chester Co., Pa. "Every month I would have to lie on my back. I tried many different medicines and nothing gave me relief until I began Dr. Pierce's medicines, using two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' These medicines have cured me. When I began your treatment I was not able to do very much, but now I do the work for my family of nine, and feel better to-day than I have for a year."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache. They do not create the pill habit.

MOUNTAIN ROSE.

Cold and rough the north wind blows,
Black in the morning early.
Who should I meet but Mountain Rose
Among the stubble barley?

All the world is under snows.
Blowing 'tis and snowing.
Who should I meet but Mountain Rose
The way that I was going?

Not a leaf on the poplar tree,
Not a flower on the heather.
Mountain Rose looked shyly at me
As we stepped out together.

Mountain Rose, so airy and free,
Where are roses blowing?
Rose's cheek, half turned from me,
The rose of love was showing.

Black and cold the north wind blows.
Never a bird is singing.
There's a lilt in the voice of Rose
Sweet as the skylark ringing.

Winter's black on heather and broom,
Where shall I find honey?
Rose's mouth is the honeycomb
And Rose's laugh is bonny.

Black and cold the north wind blows,
Winter comes in fairly.
I keep summer with Mountain Rose
Among the stubble barley.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE VOLUNTEER.

The mother would not be pacified. "Not you," she said; "not you. 'The only son of his mother, and she was a widow'—remember that. War is not for you."

"The country calls," argued the young man. "Must I consider myself at such a time?"

The girl who was to be his wife spoke up.

"Yourself!" she said. "Is it only yourself?"

"You, too," he answered. "I fight for those I love when I fight for my country."

"What do you know of the hell and horror of war?" demanded his mother. "War made your father an invalid for life. Is not that enough for me to give my country? There are others who should go—rich men's sons bred in luxury, who should meet hardship for once in their lives—but you, with your meager pay, which barely provides for us!"

"My work is more than that," he frowned.

"Yes," she said, "you should make it more; there will be your wife to provide for."

"If you love me"— began the girl, when she broke down, burying her face in her hands.

"If you would only understand," he pleaded. "You know how it is—our countrymen murdered, the flag insulted, men going to the front. Must I stay here grinding out a daily existence in work that gives me mere food and shelter while those brave fellows stake their lives for me?"

"And what will become of you," cried his mother, "if you should return after the fighting is over? The position you have is mean, but it is something. Will it be held for you till the war is ended? I have seen war, and I know what comes afterward—struggle, poverty, inability to earn daily bread."

"I love you," said the girl, "but how can you tell that I may not forget you for some one else, when you can so easily leave me?"

"If I thought," returned he, "that you could be false to me"—

"Not that," she interrupted. "But a woman gives trust for trust; she cannot wholly obliterate herself when she finds that she is held unworthy. For am I not held unworthy when you can leave me against my wishes?"

His mother caught up the word. "A worthy son does not forget his mother in her hour of need. You are all I have."

He looked about him. He saw the peace at home, the sun shining in at the window, the peace outside of field and brook and wood; he heard the distant low of cattle, the peaceful song of mated birds. "Then," he sighed, "you would rather I should be a coward?"

"The brave man," said the girl, drying her eyes, "is he who stands behind the woman who loves him." She smiled up at him. "Stay with us. You are no less a soldier in being our commander." She placed her arms about him, drawing him to her.

His mother came and stood beside him. "Stay with us," she echoed.

"Listen!"

It was a new voice that spoke. The words came from a small, cramped form crouching beside the stove in the corner. It was the old grandmother. More than fourscore years had bowed her head. They had not thought that she understood. Her blind eyes were filmy. There was a smile upon her shriveled lips and one shaking hand was raised above her head.

"Listen!"

From afar off came a sound that was other than that of lowing kine and song of birds.

"Drum — drum — der-um, drum, drum!"

The young man straightened.

The old grandmother rose to her feet. She swayed a little and caught at the wall. She groped about the room to a tall chest of drawers. From it she took a long, narrow package.

"My son," she said, with feeble voice, "was shot in war and died from the effects of his wounds years after. It was an honorable death. While he was fighting I picked lint. I tore up all my linen to make it; then I went to the front and nursed the wounded. My husband was a midshipmate in 1812. A cutlass severed the sinews of his arm. I was a girl when I met him, and his helpless arm made me love him. Listen!"

"Drum — drum — der-um, drum, drum!" The sound was a little nearer.

"My grandfather," quavered the old grandmother, "was at Valley Forge. He was made prisoner. It was winter. His mother went to see him, carrying a basket of food. The journey was many miles. Sometimes a farmer let her ride a way in his cart. The rest of the way she walked through the snow. When she reached the prison, the guards took her basket from her and divided the contents. They would not let her see her son. She ran past the soldiers up to the prison door. 'Child,' she called, 'kiss the keyhole on your side! I will kiss it on mine. Bear up! Be brave! God bless you! Your mother prays for you and thinks of you with a smile on her lips and not a tear in her eye.'" As she spoke the old woman tore the wrappings from the package she held and disclosed a dim blade. "It was my grandfather's!" she thrilled.

"Drum — drum — der-um, drum, drum!" came the sound and nearer yet. "Drum—drum—der-um, drum, drum!"

"Mother!" gasped the young man.

The old grandmother stood in the middle of the room almost erect. A tinge of color was in her cheek and made her seem almost young. She held out the sword.

"Your country," she said, "and your God!"

"The God of peace!" the young girl whispered.

"The God of honorable war!" cried the old grandmother. The young man turned to the girl.

"My son!" His mother spoke. Her eyes were kindled. "I, too, can nurse the wounded."

"And I can at least pick lint," the girl said.

The old grandmother turned her sightless eyes toward them. "There must be no cowards in my family," she said. "Love knows no cowardice; affection has its pride in bravery. Remember Valley Forge! Remember 1812! Remember your father! Listen!"

"Drum — drum — der-um, drum, drum!" The recruits were marching through the village street.

"Mother!" cried the young man. "My love!"

"Go!" said his mother.

"Go!" sobbed the girl he loved.

He bent over and kissed the girl, then his mother and turned to the old grandmother.

"The sword—kiss the sword," she said, "and go and do your duty."

"Drum — drum — der-um, drum, drum!"

Flags were flying; crowds were following the recruits. Into the dust and swirl rushed the youth. His hat was off; the sun threw its beams on his curling, fair hair. They in the doorway saw that.

He looked back at his mother, with her arm about the girl he loved, waving her handkerchief to him, though he knew her eyes were streaming. And back of all he saw the old dim sword held up by the blind grandmother.

"Drum — drum — der-um, drum, drum!" And onward he went to do battle for his country and his flag.—Robert C. V. Meyers in Every Month.

The Money Cost of War.

A calculation as careful as is possible places the total cost of war during the last 3,000 years at the appalling sum of £120,000,000,000. If it were possible to pay this enormous bill in gold, we should require 942,857 tons of sovereigns and an army of over 600,000 horses to draw it.

If it had been possible for all the mints now existing throughout the world to begin coining sovereigns at their present rate in the year of Christ's birth, they would still have to continue for 879 years more before their task would be completed.

If these sovereigns could be reared into one sky piercing column as a memorial to those whose blood they bought, the column would stand on a base of 100 square feet and would rise into the clouds nearly 4,000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. They would equally pave with sovereigns a road 73 feet wide, stretching from Charing Cross to over 100 miles beyond Constantinople.

And this is the appalling price which men have paid in gold and blood for the privilege of killing each other.—London Standard.

Mutually Unpleasant.

Many are the trials encountered by the unfortunate man who, in time of domestic turmoil, is forced to visit an intelligence office.

"My dear," said Mr. Roberts, his youthful face flushed with heat and symptoms of irritation in his voice, "I really should prefer to do the cooking myself rather than go to that intelligence office again.

"Have I secured a cook?" he went on. "No, I have not, Mrs. Roberts. I escaped from one dreadful creature, who even asked me whether our house was 'owned free or mortgaged.' And as I turned from her I saw a respectable looking woman who had just entered the room. She looked comparatively pleasant. So I stepped up to her and asked meekly:

"'Can you fill the position of cook in a family of four?'

"She looked at me as if she'd like to wither me with one blighting glance and said haughtily: 'I am trying to fill that of coachman in a family of two. I think you would do if you have proper recommendations.'"—Youth's Companion.

He Obeyed Instructions.

The Club Woman tells an amusing story of a party of women who recently visited Pike's peak. A youth, still in knee breeches, although he wore a collar of extraordinary height and stiffness, was their guide, but his knowledge of the points of interest appeared to be slight.

Every few minutes he stood up and shouted the names of certain bowlders and streams. When we were nearly at the top, he called out:

"On the right is the Lion's Mouth!"

"Why is it called the Lion's Mouth?" asked a skeptical lady who had pestered him with "whys" all the way.

"Aw, I dunno," said the lad, tired of being asked for information. "I was told to holler these names. I dunno why nothin. It's my job to holler, and so I holler."

The Right Side.

"I wouldn't fight, my good man," said the peacemaker.

"But he called me a thief, sir!" exclaimed one of the combatants.

"And he called me a lazy loafer!" cried the other.

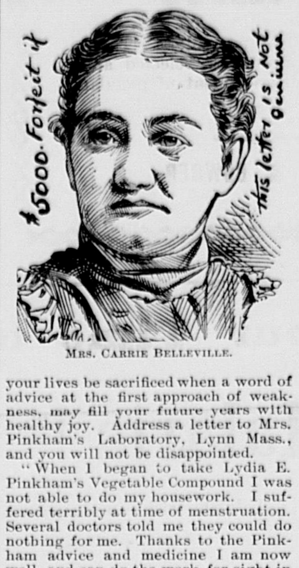
"Well," said the peacemaker serenely, "I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion. You may both be right."—Tit-Bits.

To Mothers of Large Families

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

We make a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, we extend an invitation to accept free advice. Oh, women! do not let



MRS. CARRIE BELLEVILLE.

your lives be sacrificed when a word of advice at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy. Address a letter to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, Lynn Mass., and you will not be disappointed.

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to the Pinkham advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family.

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with large families."—MRS. CARRIE BELLEVILLE, Ludington, Mich.

The Old Fashioned Boy.

At a little dinner of a few old timers in this city the other night one of the speakers said:

"What has become of the old fashioned boy, the one who looked like his father when his father carried the sort of pomposity which was like the divinity that hedged a king in the time when kinghood was in its break of day, the boy who wore a hat which threatened to come down over his ears, the boy whose trousers were made over from his father's by his mother or aunt or grandmother, the boy whose hair had a cowlick in it before and was sheared off the same length behind, the boy who walked with both hands in the pockets of his trousers and who expectorated between his teeth when his teeth were clamped together, the boy who wore boots run down at the heels, the boy who never wore knickerbockers or a roundabout coat, the boy whose chirography was shaped by the gymnastics of his tongue, the boy who believed his father was the greatest man in the world and that he could have been president if he had wanted to be, the boy who was his mother's man when the man was away from home?"—New York Sun.

Virtue of the Mafia.

Among the Mafia "onesta" is the great virtue. This virtue is said to be possessed by those who never under any circumstances help the authorities by giving information, not even of crimes of which they may be the victims. To give information is to forfeit all honor, to become a "cascittuni," or spy.

This feeling which underlies the Mafia, which is not old, but was born in Sicily at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is due to the inborn hatred which the Sicilian has for government. Any interference of the authorities in his private affairs he regards with jealousy and distrust. In his sight a man who calls on the authorities for anything is vile. He believes in settling private differences privately, either by fair fight or murder.

No matter what a member of the Mafia may suffer, he will never inform. If he recovers from an injury, he will avenge himself if he can, and if he cannot he blames no one and would scorn to even take the authorities into his confidence. A Sicilian proverb runs, "If I live, I will kill you; if I die, I forgive you."

Geographical Distribution of Hair.

The geographical distribution of the hair over the habitable world is, as regards the color, very precisely definable. The xanthocomic or light haired races are to be found north of latitude 48 degrees, which cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of northern Germany and a great portion of Russia. Between this parallel and latitude 45 degrees, including northern France, Switzerland and part of Piedmont and passing through Bohemia and Austria, there is a sort of debatable land of more or less dark brown hair, and below this line we come gradually upon the Melanic races. The people of Europe therefore present in the color of hair an almost perfect gradation, the light flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening imperceptibly into the blue black of the Mediterranean shores.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Queer Land Tenures.

Some of the tenures in England are very curious. A farm near Broadhouse, in Yorkshire, pays annually to the landlord a snowball in midsummer and a red rose at Christmas. The manor of Foston is held by a rental of two arrows and a loaf of bread. An estate in the north of England is held by the exhibition before a court every seven years of a certain vase owned by the family, another in Suffolk by an annual rental of two white doves.

A Great Relief.

Mrs. Catterson—I thought I would come and tell you that your Harold has been fighting with my Bobbie and settle the matter if I could.

Mrs. Hatterson—Well, for my part, I have no time to enter into any discussion about children's quarrels. I hope I am above such things.

"I'm delighted to hear that. I'll send Harold over on a stretcher in an hour or so."—Harper's Bazar.

Many Just Like It.

"Those new neighbors humiliated me dreadfully today."

"How?"

"Why, they sent over to borrow our Bible; said they had forgotten theirs when they moved. And I'm almost sorry I let 'em take it."

"But why?"

"Because it doesn't look as if it ever had been used."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Study In Poker.

One journalist who is an expert in practical psychology walked a couple of squares with a member of the cabinet trying to elicit an expression of opinion on a certain matter of moment. The secretary's lips were as firmly closed as the shells of a Hingham quohaug at low water so far as the desired "last word" was concerned or even a hint of the situation. He was not so completely self contained, however, that his actions and manner were inscrutable. The reporter hazarded a guess founded on his impressions and wired the result to his paper. The next day the secretary met him and said:

"How did you get that information, Mr. ——?"

"From you, sir," said the reporter, smiling.

"From me, sir?" said the secretary. "I never said a word."

"That is so," replied the correspondent, "but you acted it."

"Well, you were wrong in some things, anyhow. Still, I think I'll have to take a course of congressional poker playing until I can disguise my thoughts."

"Such people are the easiest of all to read."

"And how do you do it?"

"Why, you read their hands by reversing their expression. The man who seems to bet on an ace full probably holds a bobtail flush, and the disconsolate surveyor of a probable bobtail flush is likely laying for you with the ace full, and there you are. There is always some way to figure it out."—National Magazine.

Development of the Hammer.

Man's first tool was the uplifted hand grasping a stone, and from this came, after many years, the hammer. As heavier blows became necessary the hammer grew in size, until it was operated by machinery in the form of the tilt or helve hammer. When steam succeeded water as a motive power, a steam cylinder replaced the tripping cam, but the first half of the past century had nearly expired before the original form of this tool was at all changed by James Nasmyth's invention of the upright steam hammer.

Since then the falling weight of this design of tool has gradually been increased from a few hundred pounds up to 100 and even 125 tons, but excepting the smaller sizes up to 25 tons it has since 1890 been superseded by the hydraulic press, which by its slow motion produces a more thorough working of the metal. Presses have grown until the capacity of 14,000 tons was reached, requiring a 15,000 horsepower engine to drive it. Such a tool, with its accompaniment of 200 ton electric cranes for handling the work underneath, is capable of forging ingots over 75 inches in diameter and weighing more than 250,000 pounds.

He Was Relieved.

The other day a person dropped down in an apoplectic fit immediately in front of a police station and was carried inside. A moment after a woman forced her way in through the crowd gathered around the door, exclaiming:

"My husband! My poor husband! Clear the way and let in the air!"

She then busied herself by taking off the man's cravat and performing other little offices until a surgeon arrived, when the patient gradually recovered his senses. On this the sergeant in charge observed that it was a happy relief for his distressed wife as well as for himself.

"My wife!" exclaimed the man. "Why, I am a bachelor!"

On seeking for the woman it was found that she had disappeared and with her the watch and purse of the patient, which she had adroitly abstracted under the very eyes of the police.—London Tit-Bits.

The Effects of Ammonia.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly the opposite to that of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and the forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their systems in smaller doses, as with their water or food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.

Sarcastic.

"Yes, I'm pretty well fixed," remarked the western millionaire. "I began life a barefoot boy and"—

"Of course, but is that unusual out your way?"

"Well, yes. I'm rather an exception."

"Well, well! I know it's quite common in the west for one to die with his boots on, but I didn't know you folks were born that way too."—Philadelphia Press.

Meant Well, but Made Him Nervous.

Mr. Fijjit—Please don't send that messenger boy who stutters up to my house again.

Telegraph Manager—What did he do?

Mr. Fijjit—Nothing. But I gave him a 25 cent tip, and he hung around all afternoon trying to say "Thanks."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

ABSOLUTE
SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.
Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THIEVES OF BOMBAY.

THEIR READY ABILITY TO RENDER THEMSELVES INVISIBLE.

The Clever Device That Is Practiced by These Wily, Oily Orientals In Throwing Pursuers Off Their Track. Robbing a Zenana.

A very interesting and valuable report was issued several years ago by the inspector of prisons of the Indian empire, in which almost incredible accounts are given of the practice of the extraordinary art of making themselves invisible by the thieves of lower Bombay. The thieves themselves, with better reason, feel doubly secure, for if, in spite of his invisibility, by some unlooked for and unlucky chance one is seized his oily body slips away like an eel's, and in the still more unlikely contingency of his being held with an unbreakable grip he has, slung by a slender cord about his neck, a little knife with an edge as sharp as that of the keenest razor, with which he cuts the tendons of the intruding wrist. This, however, he considers a last resort, for he prides himself upon doing his work without inflicting bodily harm upon his victims.

To enter a zenana, or the women's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept, is the ambition of every native thief. This is no easy matter, for the zenana is in the center of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by ever wakeful sentinels. In order to reach it the thief burrows under the house until his tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cautious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work and stand over the hole, armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance.

He has with him a piece of bamboo, at one end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicarious head does not come to grief, the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the zenana, secretes himself or, finding everything already favorable for his purpose, proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking. This indeed is no less a task than to remove from the ears and arms and noses the earrings, bracelets, armlets, bangles and nose rings of the sleepers without awakening them and to get safely away with his plunder.

Who but a dacoit would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dacoit seldom fails. "These adroit burglars," says my authority, "commit the most daring robberies in the midst of the English army. Knowing the position of the tents, they mark out one which is occupied by an officer of high rank and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent, their sharp knife makes them a door in the canvas, and they glide undiscovered into the interior. Indeed so wonderfully adroit are they that even the very watchdogs do not discover them, and a thief has been known to actually step over a dog without disturbing the animal."

But the most marvelously clever device practiced by the thieves of lower Bombay is that used by the Mooches in throwing pursuers off their track. The Mooches come down in gangs from the back country and raid the settlements. Their specialty is poisoning cattle. They smear plantain leaves with their own particular brand of cattle exterminator and scatter them about among the herds at night. In the morning as many of the cattle as have partaken are dead and have been abandoned by their owners. The Mooches flay the dead animals and sell their hides.

Pursued, these honest creatures make at full speed for the jungle. If they reach it, all hope of capturing them is at an end, but even when they discover that they must be overtaken before they reach it they by no means lose heart and are measurably sure of escaping, especially if, as is very often the case in India, the surface is burned over and the trees and bushes that have not been consumed are charred and blackened and bereft of their foliage and many perhaps reduced to little more than blackened stumps by the fire by which the fields are annually burned over.

If hard pressed in such a country as this, they cease to fly and immediately disappear. For a long time the English troops which policed the districts where they made their raids were completely nonplused. Again and again on the very point of being captured the Mooches escaped by miraculously vanishing, and officers as well as soldiers became superstitious. With the power of maintaining fixed, immovable postures, in which their race seems to excel, these Indians, grasping in their hands such blackened branches as they pick up in their flight, can instantly assume and retain for a long time an almost perfect mimicry of the groups of blackened stumps and half burned, stunted trees with which the country abounds.

In Abyssinia the Bareas tribe have the same trick of becoming invisible, added to which they place their rounded shields, that disposed in the grass look exactly like bowlders, before them for screens, while they lie flat, watching, unseen, for travelers to rob or enemies to kill.—English Magazine.

Runs No Personal Risk.

"It seems to me worthy of note," commented the thoughtful man, "that the fellow who is sure the old pistol isn't loaded is seldom so sure of it that he points it at himself when he pulls the trigger. If he did, there would be little cause for complaint."—Chicago Post.

The Military Salute.

All salutes, from taking off the hat to presenting arms, originally implied respect or submission. Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights filed past the throne of the queen of beauty and, by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze upon.

The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position, with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard. Raising the hand to the forehead has also been explained as a sign that the weaponed hand is empty and in an inoffensive position, but this reason does not seem so convincing as the others.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 14.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. iii, 1-15. Memory Verses, 14, 15—Golden Text, Rom. v, 20—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-5. This is our introduction to the great enemy of God and man, that old serpent, the devil and satan (Rev. xii, 9; xx, 2), the prince of this world, the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience (John xiv, 30; Eph. ii, 2). He would come between God and man, he would break up their fellowship and rob man of his inheritance, and to do this he comes in the guise of a friend, using the wisest and perhaps the fairest of all the beasts of the field as his medium, for it is evident from verse 14 that it was something new, and the result of the curse, for the serpent to go upon his belly and eat dust. From this chapter to Rev. xx we see the devil in conflict with God and man, yet tolerated by God until the time shall come to put him in the pit and later in the place prepared for him—the lake of fire. We are taught to resist him, to give him no place, to stand against him (I Pet. v, 8, 9; Eph. iv, 27; vi, 11), but we cannot well do this if we are ignorant of his devices. Therefore we are here and elsewhere made acquainted with him and his ways that we may recognize him and resist him and overcome him with the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit even as our Lord Himself did in the wilderness. In his first recorded utterance, "Yea, hath God said?" we see that he questions the word of God, and when any one from that day to this questions the word of God he is for the time being in the service of the devil. He questions the love of God, suggesting to the woman that if God loved them He would not keep from them even the fruit of one tree.

6-8. In the company of and listening to the adversary the woman quickly becomes deceived and blinded and led astray. She adds to the word of God (verse 3) and actually seems to think that her evil counselor is right and God is wrong, and she desires the fruit which now seems to her so pleasant, and she took it and ate it and gave it also to her husband, and he ate it. Thus by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin and by the disobedience of one many were made sinners (Rom. v, 12, 19). Their fellowship with God was broken, they were afraid of Him and sought to hide from Him, they lost their glorious garments of light and made for themselves as a substitute aprons of fig leaves. As to their being clothed with light, they were made in the image of God, and Ps. civ, 2, says that God covers Himself with light as with a garment. This does not conflict with Gen. ii, 25, for as to putting on clothes they were naked. How seemingly small, but how great and farreaching, their sin, affecting all mankind, for "in Adam all die" (I Cor. xv, 22).

9. "And the Lord God called unto Adam and said unto him, Where art thou?" The first recorded question of God in Scripture shows Him to us seeking the lost that He may forgive and restore them. It was evidently His custom to walk and talk familiarly with Adam and Eve in Eden, but a change came over man because of sin, and we have the sad and sorrowful sight of the creature seeking to hide from his loving Creator. Man's sin only makes more manifest the love and loveliness of God, and we see Him who afterward came to earth as God manifest in the flesh to seek and save the lost (for every manifestation of God is through His Son, John i, 18), lovingly seeking His erring ones. He is still doing this, and His question to each one still is, Where art thou? Happy are those who can gratefully reply, In Christ, redeemed by His precious blood.

10-19. The man, the woman and the serpent each are brought before Him, and He pronounces judgment upon the serpent, the woman and the man, but in His word to the serpent He tells of a coming deliverer. In this verse (15) we have the new birth (enmity with the devil), the conflict between the unrighteous and the righteous (thy seed and her seed), the humanity of the Saviour (the seed of the woman), His sufferings (thou shalt bruise His heel), His divinity and glorious victory (He shall bruise thy head)—at least a fivefold abundant statement of the great redemption. In the sentence upon Adam the earth is included, and thorns and thistles grow as a result of the curse. Thus the creation was made subject to vanity not willingly; it had no voice nor choice in the matter, and it shall yet be delivered and made to rejoice in the liberty of the glory of the children of God (Rom. viii, 20, 21), for our Lord wore a crown of thorns, and the curse shall in due time be removed from the earth (Rev. xxii, 3). As a result of the work of Christ the whole earth shall yet be filled with righteousness and peace and the glory of the Lord (Num. xiv, 21; Isa. xi, 9; Hab. ii, 14; Isa. xxxii, 1, 17). If we would see and share this glory, we must be able to say from the heart at least the first four clauses of Isa. lxi, 10, and we cannot do this unless we see the significance of verse 21 of this Gen. iii and profit by it. See then the Lord God with His own hand, by the shedding of the blood of the sacrifice, providing redemption clothing for Adam and Eve typical of the garments of salvation which He has provided for us by His great sacrifice, taking our place and dying in our stead. Adam and Eve, with their fig leaf aprons, represent all sinners in their sins, having nothing but their own morality, if any, or fancied righteousness, which if they cling to are like those in Rom. x, 3. The Lord God Himself without any help from mortals provides the righteousness He demands and offers it freely to all who are willing to drop their fig leaf aprons (Rom. iii, 24; viii, 1; x, 4). Eden was preserved after man was driven from it, and we have every reason to believe that it continued till the deluge. The flaming sword points on to Zech. xiii, 7, and to Golgotha, where the sword was satisfied and the way opened to enter paradise. The cherubim tell of the future glory of the redeemed when the whole earth shall be an Eden. See their song in Rev. v, 9, 10. Since Adam was driven from Eden no one has been born in Eden, and the only way into it is by Him against whom the sword awoke. In chapter iv we have the two religions set forth in Cain and Abel—man's way of self righteousness and bringing what he calls his best and God's way of putting away sin by sacrifice, which latter way Abel accepted (Heb. ix, 22; xi, 4).

Dollars In Odd Shapes.

Under the law a silver dollar may be a grain and a half over weight or a grain and a half under weight, and this "limit of tolerance" applies to all of our silver coins. In other words, they are not allowed to vary more than that much from standard. In the case of goldpieces, the limit is half a grain either way up to the eagle, a variation of as much as one grain being permissible in the $10 and $20 pieces.

Whenever a fresh batch of dollars is turned out at the mint, samples are forwarded to the treasury at Washington, where they are put through a very curious process. Each dollar is first weighed on exquisitely delicate scales to make sure that it is heavy enough and yet not too heavy. Then it is passed between two steel rollers again and again until it is flattened out and transformed into a thin strip of silver—a sort of ribbon—a foot and a half in length. Then it is put beneath a little machine provided with several small punches, by which hundreds of tiny disks are punched out of the metal strip.

Now, the object of this performance is to obtain samples of metal from all parts of the dollar, inasmuch as it is conceivable that one portion might be richer in silver than another. The little disks are shuffled together, and a few of them, taken at random from the lot, are subjected to an assay. Thus the fineness of the material of the dollar is ascertained with absolute accuracy and, the weight having been already determined, the value and correctness of that coin are perfectly known.

The sample pieces having been found correct, it is inferred that the entire batch of dollars is all right.—Saturday Evening Post.

Natural Waters.

All natural waters contain a greater or less amount of mineral matter in solution. Rain water has the smallest percentage of solid impurities of any, and therefore it is taken as the standard and variety of soft water.

The terms soft and hard, however, as applied to water are scientifically considered purely relative.

Water is usually reckoned to be "soft" when it contains less than one five-thousandth part of its weight of mineral ingredients and "hard" when it contains more than one four-thousandth.

Soft water has the property of easily forming a lather with soap and is therefore suitable for washing purposes, while hard water will only form a lather, and that imperfectly, with considerable difficulty.

A mineral water has more than one two-thousandth of its weight of natural dissolved solids, and a medicinal water is a variety of mineral water containing a varying percentage of dissolved natural solid or gaseous drugs.

Buttered Side Up.

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old time clockmaker of Concord, N. H., delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster.

"One day," said the old man, "while I was taking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniel's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty faces and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter.

"I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side of course was down. He looked at it a moment, then picked it up and showed it to me, saying:

"'What a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides; then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up.'"

Where Americans Are Modest.

The American is shy of proclaiming to the world his deepest sentiments and superstitions, if he has any. He prefers to take himself either as a joke or as a matter of business. Hence when he has a town to name he calls it "Smithville" or "New Bristol" or, as actually happened in the case of one town, "O. K." He may believe in a local ghost, he may love his wife, he may admire the view from his windows and pine when torn from the woods and mountains among which he passed his boyhood, but he does not want to put those emotions into the postoffice directory.—Washington Times.

Why He Didn't Go to Church.

A Scottish minister who was indefatigable in looking up his folk one day called upon a parishioner. "Richard," he said, "I hae na seen ye at the kirk for some time and wad like to know the reason."

"Weel, sir," answered Richard, "I hae three decided objections to goin—firstly, I dinna believe in sic whaur ye does a' the talkin; secondly, I dinna believe in si' muckle singin, an, thirdly an in conclusion, 'twas there I got my wife."—Albany Argus.

Hearsay Evidence.

Judge (to witness)—Let me remind you that your evidence in this court is given upon oath, so that you will only be allowed to state what you know from your own observation and not what other people have told you. In the first place, you are a medical practitioner?

Witness—I cannot say that I am, my lord. I only know it from hearsay. I have had no patients yet.

The Skate Fish.

The ray, or skate fish, has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts.

Quaint Hannibal Hamlin.

To the day of his death Hannibal Hamlin was a figure that men would turn and look at a second time on the street. His tall form, which in old age was but slightly bent, was always clothed in the old fashioned black swallowtail suit, and he always wore a tall silk hat, generally a "back number," tilted slightly back on his head. For years he was famous as a man who never wore an overcoat, and to his death he never burdened himself with that, to him, unnecessary garment except on the most severely cold days. For a half century he never changed the style of his clothes. He walked with a swinging gait and had so many friends and acquaintances to whom he had to bow that a smile seemed to be ever on his face.

Both Trained.

Little Edith had been very ill, but was convalescent. Waking up suddenly and finding a strange lady at her bedside, she asked, "Are you the doctor?"

"No, dear," replied the lady; "I'm your trained nurse."

"Oh," exclaimed Edith, pointing to a cage hanging near the window, "trained nurse, let me introduce you to my trained canary!"

Fish Aversions.

The celebrated Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Pare had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Not a Success.

"I warn you," he said threateningly, "to keep away from Miss Bilton. I've been making love to her myself."

"Have you, really?" replied his rival. "Well, she'll be glad to have the matter cleared up."

"Cleared up! What do you mean?"

"Why, she said she thought that's what you'd been trying to do, but she wasn't sure."—Chicago Post.

What a man lacks in his head he must make up in his legs.—Atchison Globe.

HOW TO TREAT CATS.

Diet of Raw Meat, Eggs and Milk Should Be Their Portion.

Cats are by nature dainty, even in their cruelties. There is all manner of feline grace in the way they play with mice. Cats suffer much less from constant housing than dogs, although they run wild much more readily and never quite get over their murderous instincts. A cat of fancy breed, as Maltese, Angora, coon cat or Manx, is a possession more fashionable than precious. Each and several, they are no end decorative, but in affection, intelligence and playfulness they rank below their black, gray, tiger marked and tortoise shell brethren.

White cats are in general more savage and less intelligent than gray or tortoise shell. Many of them have blue eyes, and all such are said to be stone deaf; hence they are less desirable in the house. Unlike dogs, cats require to have their meat raw, but they must not have too much of it. Milk should constitute at least a third of their food. Crumble stale bread in the milk and now and again beat up a raw egg in it. A bit of raw liver as big as two fingers or a fish head is meat enough for a day's ration. Supplement it with milk and bread or milk and mashed potatoes, a cracker or two or a bit of hard bread lightly buttered and a few small bones, as from chicken, game or chops.

Cats as well as dogs suffer a plague of fleas. Oddly enough, cat fleas are unlike dog fleas, and if the two sorts of insects meet upon one poor beast there is a fight to a finish, ending commonly in victory for the cat fleas, which are much bigger and more voracious than those found on the dog. If left to ravage unchecked, they soon reduce a sleek, healthy cat to a miserable skeleton, suffering all over from eczema.

To get rid of the fleas wash with sulphur soap—any good brand which the nearest shop affords—comb out the fleas with a fine tooth comb while the hair is still wet, then rinse the cat well in milk warm water, dry it with soft towels and give it after the bath a saucer of warm milk with a teaspoonful of brandy or whisky in it. A kitten should have only a few drops of spirits and be kept snug in a clean basket an hour after the bath.

When the hair is very dry, blow in all along the backbone some sort of good fine insect powder, either larkspur or pyrethrum. Rub behind the ears with the sulphur ointment directed for dogs. Next day brush out all the powder with a fine, close brush, comb the coat lightly, then part it along the backbone and rub with the sulphur ointment.

For mange rub all over with the sulphur ointment. Keep the cat confined so it cannot lie in the dirt and after 24 hours wash it well in hot soapsuds—just comfortably hot, not scalding—rinse dry and leave alone. In three days, if the mange persists, repeat the ointment and after the treatment give the cat plenty of catnip, either green or dry, with milk and bread diet. Catnip indeed ought to be given always twice a week. Burn infected bedding and fumigate sleeping baskets, else wash them well in bichloride of mercury. Let them stand six hours after washing, then scald plentifully with boiling water and dry well before letting the cat sleep in them again.—Washington Star.

Is the Genius of Ireland Irish?

The genius of Ireland is a curiously paradoxical subject and requires a study to itself. Though so many great men have been associated with Ireland when we analyze them according to race we find that a remarkably large proportion of them are of English or Scotch descent. Bishop Berkeley, for instance, is often called an Irishman, though his father was English (his mother's origin is unknown) and though he always considered himself an Englishman. The great Irish patriots have usually had English blood in their veins and have sometimes even been proud of the fact.

And yet, while this is so, Ireland has somehow had the art of imparting some of her subtlest qualities to those happy Englishmen who have had the good fortune to possess some slight strain of her blood or to be born in her land or even to have lived there in youth. The greatest English humorists and wits—Swift and Sterne and Congreve—had this good fortune. In the same way, while Ireland has scattered her saints over England and the continent, her own patron saint is a Scotchman who was never canonized. The contribution of Ireland to our national genius cannot well be stated in numerical values.—English Review.

Phosphorescence In Nature.

The "mimic fires" of the ocean are due to the presence of hosts of animalcules belonging to that division of the animal world known as the infusoria. The noctiluca is the type of the race—a minute organism, somewhat kidney shaped and possessing a single lashlike appendage or cilium.

The protoplasm, or living matter, of the animalcule exerts the power of converting so much of its living energy into light, a proceeding illustrated in a different fashion in the familiar firefly, which, however, sends its energy into special light producing organs and thus develops its glow. Certain jellyfishes are also markedly phosphorescent, and there is the creature allied to them somewhat, the Venus' girdle, which at night appears as a long, waving band of flame. Finally we have the ubiquitous microbe, enrolling certain of its kith and kin in the category of light producing organisms.

Certain species of bacteria are phosphorescent, and the glow that is seen under circumstances where putrefaction is proceeding, notably when fish is going to bad, is due to the presence of such minute forms of life.—Scotsman.

A Trait of the Sex.

A traveling man who had been absent on a long trip just returned, and his 4-year-old daughter would not at first come near him. Every time he approached her she ran away. The father finally sat down on the floor and, picking up some toy dishes, asked his daughter to come and play party with him.

This had the desired effect, and the child came and played with her parent, who asked her why she didn't come to him before.

"Oh, papa," replied the youngster, "I'm so shy."—Pittsburg Press.

Sweeping.

A young man who had just entered the office of Jeremiah Mason, the great New Hampshire legal luminary, to study law asked him where he should begin. Mason, pointing to the books on the library shelves, answered laconically, "Anywhere."

It is never too late to learn, but when a man thinks he knows it all that settles it.—Chicago News.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. Sunday at 8 45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

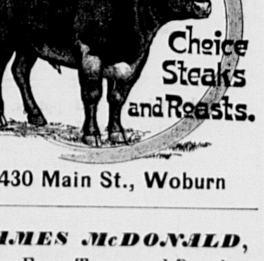
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



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Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
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DR. LEWIS, DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

Hark! The rattling roll of the musketeers,
And the ruffled drums, and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burn with a keen desire,
Like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire,
And the singing shot, and the shrieking shell,
And the splintered fire on the shattered hell,
And the great white breaths of the cannon smoke
As the growing guns by batteries spoke,
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the colonel builds with a breath again
As he cleaves the din with his "Close up, men!"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimsoned dris,
And the beaming look in the dying eye
As under the cloud the stars go by,
"But his soul marched on!" the captain said,
For the boy in blue can never be dead!
And the troopers sit in their saddles all
Like statues carved in an ancient hall,
And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
And the fingers work of the saber hand—
Oh, to bid them live and to make them grand!
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is passed!
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
And the scabbards, too, that clank by their side,
And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron shod
As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red sod—
Right into the cloud all spectral and dim,
Right up to the guns, black throated and grim,
Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,
Right through the dense columns, then "Right about wheel!"
Hurrah! A new swath through the harvest again!
Hurrah for the flag! To the battle, amen!
—Benjamin F. Taylor.

MY ONE ADVENTURE.

No doubt there are some people who actually enjoy strange experiences or anything that is startling or different from the jog trot monotony of their everyday routine. I may say at once that I am not one of these. My nearest approach to an incident was having my life endangered by a drunken cabman in the Bayswater road, but on that occasion my shrieks and gesticulations attracted attention, and he drew up at last, whereupon I instantly got out and walked away. Regarding what I call "my only adventure," this proceeding was unfortunately impracticable. It proved, as will be seen, a disastrous affair for me, and I am now writing a short and truthful statement in order to clear myself from the scandalous imputations to which it has given rise.

My husband, Mr. Thomas Moggins, is a member of a well known firm in Mincing lane. We have no family and have lived for years at a pleasant watering place upon the south coast. Thomas has not been an active member of Podd Plants for a considerable time, but he generally goes up to business once or twice a week. His heart is in pods and plants of a different description. He is devoted to his garden, where he works away as hard as any laborer for hours, although we keep a Scotchman who has the gate lodge and £60 a year, not to speak of coal and vegetables.

Our house is a fine detached residence, standing in close upon two acres of ground, and is called the Manor, and I may say without boasting that no one in our circle gives a better dinner or is more generally respected and looked up to than we are. My husband is one of the churchwardens at St. Peter's. I am chairwoman of the Society For Providing Old Women With Clothes and secretary to the Young Women's Sunday Out association.

Now I am really coming to my adventure, which occurred last summer. I had been up in London for a day's shopping and was returning by a well known fast train, but discovered when I got to the station that it was on the point of starting. As I hurried along the platform I caught sight of some people from my own neighborhood, Mrs. Uppingham and her sister. I noticed that they looked remarkably smart—beflowered hats, white veils, white gloves; probably they were coming from Sandown races! I did not get into their carriage, for Mrs. Uppingham is a nobody who has recently come to my road—a dreadfully pushing person, feverishly anxious to be visited by "the residents." But I am rather fastidious. I did not like her looks, and I have not called.

I am a little stout, and I hate to be fussed. I hate being hustled along by the guard, saying, "Now, ma'am, look sharp, please—look sharp!" On the present occasion, before I knew where I was, I found myself pushed headforemost into a first class carriage, and instantly the train began to move.

It took me a considerable time to recover my breath and my composure, put aside my bag and parasol, pull down my veil and rearrange all my little parcels. I was aware that I had a fellow passenger, a man who sat at the far corner, but all that I could discern were a pair of gray trousers and a pair of tan gloves holding the evening paper. I did not give him a second thought. I was most devoutly thankful that I had not scrambled into the next carriage by mistake. It might have led to an acquaintance with that odious Mrs. Uppingham and her sister. They had a young man with them too. Mrs. Uppingham gives out that she is the wife of an officer who is quartered in Hongkong (but I say Jericho); she has taken a little house and done it up prettily (they tell me) with art draperies, Indian rugs, curios and cheap furniture; she keeps two servants, and, I did hear, buys New Zealand mutton and American beef. Mrs. Herring, our rector's wife, asked me to meet her at tea and introduced her to me, but I did not take to her nor bow when I met her next day in the library. To me she looks suspiciously like an adventuress. If she is so poor, why is she always so very smartly dressed? For my part, I don't believe that she (as she declares) makes all her own gowns. I know she has always a pack of men to tea on Sundays, and some people think the sister pretty!

At this moment I happened to glance toward my companion. I found him staring at me over the edge of his paper as if I had seven heads. I am accustomed to being stared at, having (though I say it that should not) a more than fair allowance of good looks, but there was no admiration in this man's black eyes. They expressed a mixture of amazement and incredulity. For two or three seconds we continued to survey one another in frozen silence, and then I turned my head pointedly away and gazed out of the window.

We were now traveling at a high rate of speed. The fields, trees, hedges, seemed to be racing past. The pace was about 45 miles an hour. Suddenly I was aware of a slight movement in the carriage and received a distinct shock when I turned my head and discovered that the man had changed his seat and was now sitting exactly opposite me. He had every right to leave his place, but he had no right to sit there devouring me with his great black eyes. I did not like it. I flatter myself that I am renowned for my "look." I have found it most effective on several occasions. So I drew myself up and gave him its full effect.

He was apparently about 38 years of age, clean shaven and sallow, and gave me the impression of one who had suffered in health or mind. His face was haggard; his hair was touched with gray. Otherwise he was rather good looking. He was dressed in a dark tweed suit and wore a red necktie, a gold locket and brown boots.

I had slowly surveyed him from the crown of his cap to the soles of his boots with deliberate inspection and was about to survey him as carefully from the soles of his boots to the crown of his cap when suddenly he bent forward and spoke to me—to me, he, an utter stranger, who had never been introduced to me! And this is what he said in a strange, husky voice:

"Mary"—as it happened my name is Sarah Hannah—"how could you?"

"Sir!" I screamed at him.

"How could you find it in your heart to do it? Now, what is the use of pretending when you know as well as I do that I am your husband?"

As I sat gasping and for the moment unable to articulate he proceeded to upbraid me most bitterly.

"How could you bring yourself to desert me and your three poor unfortunate little children and run away with that scoundrel?"

At last I found my breath and answered:

"You are making a most extraordinary mistake, sir. I never saw you before in all my life."

"Never saw me!" he repeated in a loud, angry voice. "You and I, that were man and wife for five years!"

"Never!" I answered. "You must be out of your senses. You are mad."

"No, but perfectly sane, though what I have suffered was enough to turn my brain. Look at my gray hairs," removing his cap, "all owing to you, Mary."

"I never saw you before—never!"

"Oh, what is the use of this sort of thing?" he asked impatiently. "You know you were always a born actress. You recollect your successes before we were married. It was always easier for you to be another person than yourself."

"I've never been inside a theater and never acted since I was born."

"If it was not too serious a moment, I would say that in all your life you had never acted as you are acting now; you have surpassed yourself! And you know how proud I was of you and the hit you made in 'The Pink Petticoat.' And, as to your dancing, Jackson declared that in that grasshopper pas you could not be equaled at the Empire itself."

Grasshopper pas—Empire! If our dear rector could but hear my name coupled with such abominations!

I rose, snatched up my bag and parasol and hurriedly seated myself at the far end of the carriage, merely presenting my back to his gaze. But, utterly undaunted, he immediately placed himself beside me and actually endeavored to insinuate his arm around my waist. I screamed and beat him off with my parasol, and then he seized my hand and held it in a viselike grasp and said:

"Mary, darling, why do you go on like this—as if you did not know me? Don't you remember the balls at Covent Garden and the jolly suppers and our dear little house in Avenue road and how proud I was to be pointed out as the husband of Polly Cantrippe? Think of our three fair haired children! Oh, how could you have it in your heart to desert poor little Esmeralda, only an infant in arms? She is now 4 years old and the image of you. It's a terrible thing to have a handsome wife!"

"Let go my hand!" I cried out hysterically.

"To have a handsome wife," he repeated, "who has been on the boards and has thousands of admirers—a terrible thing for a man to have to be in the city and forced to leave her alone all day! It was partly my own fault, and I've never divorced you!"

I now made a desperate but futile attempt to tear away my hand. He still held it tightly, talking all the time in a loud, resolute voice.

"A pretty woman has so many temptations." Here at last I wrenched myself free and looked about for the cord of communication.

"No need to call the guard, Mary," he said. "Your own husband is sufficient protection."

"But you are not my husband," I shouted, "and I will call the guard if I can!"

"Sit down!" he said fiercely. "No more of this acting and listen to me quietly."

Awed by his look, I sank back into a seat. My mental sufferings were sufficiently acute, but I did not wish to enrage him to the point of murder.

"I've never taken any steps to divorce you," he continued—continued to me, Mrs. Moggins of the Manor, "for you are my wife in the sight of heaven, and you know that I adored you and that I married you honorably in spite of that ugly story about young Lovelace. I always thought there was no one like you, no one so saucy, so handsome, so smart. My own opinion has always been that you were inveigled away against your better self and that you are heartily sick of the brute. I'm told that he drinks and that he beats you! I've searched for you high and low. I've even advertised for you, and meanwhile I've always kept your place open. I've told our friends (and some believe me) that the acting fever had got into your blood, you could not keep off the boards and had accepted a splendid engagement in America, but that you were coming back soon for certain. Think of the children"—

"I've no children!" I burst out indignantly.

"They are taught to expect your return," he continued as if he had not heard me. "Polly is like you—she was 7 on Thursday. Billy takes after me, they say, and, as for Esmeralda, you shall judge for yourself. All I can say is that I forgive everything. Mary, come home!"

As he spoke he looked most terribly in earnest, poor man. His voice shook; his face was ashen; great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. I declare I felt almost sorry for him.

"I regret, sir," I said, "that you have made a complete stranger so conversant with your private affairs. My husband is a tea broker. I have no family. I have never been and never will be inside a theater in my life; much less have I acted or danced."

"Oh, Mary, why do you torture me like this?" he exclaimed. "Are you so happy with him—a married man? How can you consent to live in sin?"

"Silence, sir!" I shrieked, nearly beside myself.

"I will not be silent!" he stormed. "Had ever any woman so forgiving a husband? But then I love you—I love you!" and here the miserable wretch actually burst into tears and went suddenly down and groveled at my knees, hiding his head and his heartrending sobs in my gown. I was certain his loud voice, lamentations and arguments must have been heard by the Uppinghams. What would they think?

"I am really sorry for you, sir," I said, drawing away my skirt. "How can I induce you to believe that I am not your abandoned wife? See, here is my handkerchief and my initials, 'S. H. M.'—Sarah Hannah Moggins."

"What are initials?" he scoffed. "You can change them as easily as you have changed your voice and the color of your hair. I see you've dyed it the new red; but, all the same, my heart recognizes my own Polly! Now that I've found you I swear I shall never let you go; the children are always asking when mother will be home. They don't know the truth. God forgive me for the lies I have told them!"

I shook my head impatiently, for it was useless to attempt to speak.

"How can you be so false," he cried, "so hard hearted? Look at yourself as you were," and he suddenly opened a locket and jerked it at me.

The painted photograph which I was thus compelled to examine was that of a pretty woman who certainly did resemble me. There I saw my eyes, my nose, my mouth.

"It was like you, the image of you, before you grew fat. You always had a dread of growing fat. These three years have aged you terribly. You look every day of 40; you know you always had a horror of being elderly."

"I have a great horror of being taken for another woman!" I protested vigorously.

"Mary," he said, suddenly turning on me and speaking in great excitement, "after having treated me so cruelly I wonder how you can be so callous. I declare you are more like some stony hearted monster than a woman of flesh and blood!" surveying me with a pair of angry eyes. "However, you shall not escape me. For the children's sake, I shall take you home. I know best what is for your good and theirs, and nothing you can say or do shall move me. You remember my will of old."

Here the train began to slacken, and I suddenly let down the window.

"What are you about?" he demanded sharply.

I opened the door ere he discerned my purpose, precipitated myself upon the platform and called for the station master.

A burly official with a weather beaten face came hurrying up.

"Oh, station master," I cried, "I throw myself on your protection! This person," pointing to my companion, who had hastily alighted, "has annoyed me the whole way from London; he has mistaken me for some one else and persecuted me most cruelly. Find me another carriage and lock me in."

"She is my wife!" roared the stranger. "I can swear to her. She ran away with a French jockey three years ago and left her home and children. I've hunted for her everywhere, and by good luck she got into the same carriage with me at Victoria. I claim her, do you hear?"

"He is insane!" I shrieked. "I never saw him before!"

I now noticed Mrs. Uppingham, her sister and the young man all staring out of the window, watching the scene with every symptom of the liveliest interest. Indeed every open window in the train was full of heads. The porters, the cabmen, the very newsboys, had gathered together and made a ring round us.

"She says I'm a stranger," continued the man in his loud, strident voice, that was audible even above the hissing of the engine, "but don't mind her. She's been an actress. I took her off the boards. Acting is her second nature. I'm willing to take her home and give her another chance. Now, Mary, you come along with me," and he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Station master," I said, "here is my card. I claim your protection. You and the company are responsible for me to my lawful husband."

Then, as he smiled and shook his head, I appealed in my desperation to Mrs. Uppingham.

"That lady lives close to me. She knows who I am. Don't you?" I besought of her with outstretched hand.

But the detestable woman merely raised her eyebrows and shook her head, and I could actually hear the girl choking with laughter.

"Do you know her, ma'am?" demanded the official.

"No, thank goodness!" she answered, with great scorn.

Meanwhile we—that is to say, the stranger and I—were detaining the whole train, and the station master suddenly said:

"Take your hand off the lady, sir. And you, missus, get into the carriage, and I'll keep the gentleman until the next train. I'm going beyond my rights, but there's no other plan, as I can see. I'll wire to the police and inquire about you," he added as he took my card.

I did not wait to hear another word, but made a dash for my compartment and scrambled in just as the train began to creak and move, still closely pursued by the stranger, and the last glimpse I caught of him he was struggling like a madman up and down the platform in the arms of four porters. I have never seen him since.

This terrible experience has naturally made me extremely nervous. I never now travel alone. I feel a misgiving respecting every figure ensconced behind a newspaper, and the first sight of a man with a sallow face and a red tie gives me a sort of chill.

I related the whole story to Thomas when I had recovered from the shock and had eaten my dinner, and he was immensely amused. So like a husband!

Mrs. Uppingham has evidently imparted her version of the occurrence to the neighborhood. I called upon her to explain, but she was not at home (though I saw her in the window), and has never returned my visit—no, not even through the post. I am sorry to say that some of my acquaintances have evidently listened to her lies. A friend of mine was solemnly assured that I had been a burlesque dancer and a divorcee. Several nice people have dropped me; no explanations, no matter how ample, appear to avail me, and I believe that it will take years and years—if not my whole lifetime—to live down my only adventure.—B. M. Croker in Sketch.

Sharp Contrast.

In Dr. Trumbull's "War Memories of a Chaplain" it is wisely said that courage is the standard in active army service, and no man who fails in personal bravery can have the least influence upon his men. If, on the other hand, a chaplain is ready to share every danger, his men give him full credit for courage and fidelity and are the more ready to do their duty under his appeals.

Two soldiers were one day overheard speaking of the chaplain of another regiment and contrasting him with their own.

"He's always on picket with his regiment," said they, "and he's always ready to go with it into a fight. You don't catch our 'Holy John' up there!"

"You don't mean our chaplain is a coward, do you?" asked the other, in a scornful tone.

"Oh, no! I don't say he's a coward, but when there's any firing ahead he has to go for the mail."

"Well, but he's got to go for the mail, you know."

"Yes, but if the firing is sudden, he can't stop to get his saddle on."

They laughed together over the picture. The overcautious man had lost his influence.

A Comical Costume.

Much amusement was caused in a country house at a recent English house party by the entry into the drawing room just before dinner of a guest with coattails tightly rammed into his trousers pockets and the trousers themselves rolled up almost to his knees. When some one drew the old gentleman's attention to the eccentric arrangement of his dress, everybody present nearly exploded, and the victim himself, whom all knew intimately, laughed as heartily as anybody. He then explained that he had bicycled over from his own home, some two miles distant, and, thinking that he was late, he had, when shown in, forgotten all about the arrangement of his clothes.

When subsequently the footman who admitted him was rebuked for not having noticed the condition of the guest's clothes and told him of it, the saucy varlet calmly replied that certainly he had "observed that Colonel Blank's trousers were turned up rather high," but that he had refrained from drawing his attention to them because he "thought perhaps the colonel wore them that way."—London Letter.

Shacabac Wisdom.

The wisdom of the venerable Shacabac, the Wayfarer, one of the chief characters in James Jeffrey Roche's laughable skit, "Her Majesty the King," is in great danger of becoming classic. "A bird on toast," says the venerable sage, "is worth two on a bonnet," which indeed is a truth that any child might comprehend. "If," quoth the Wayfarer, "there be one man on earth who knoweth less than all others, it is he who is the husband of a wife, and she will be the first to tell him the same. While Allah preserveth her, his halo shall never be too small for his head. No man," he continued, "knoweth what true happiness is until he getteth married; then is the knowledge rather a sweet memory than a new boon."—Exchange.

Beyond His Depth.

"Is that friend of yours still dabbling in politics?"

"Well," answered the old campaigner, with a sympathetic sigh, "he dabbled for awhile, but the first thing he knew he slipped over the edge and went in clean out of sight."—Washington Star.

An Ornamental Deer.

One of the first things to attract the attention of Baby Clarence was grandma's hatrack, made of a pair of deer horns. One afternoon when he was 3 years old his papa took him to Captain G.'s park. When relating the incidents of the trip to his mamma on their return, he exclaimed, "And, oh, mamma, I saw a deer, and he had a hatrack on his head!"—Current Literature.

Vengeance.

Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.—Illustrated Bits.

Ladies and waiting maids among the ancient Greeks and Romans wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them.

Are There None?

"Johnnie, give me an example of a combination of meaningless phrases."

"Yes'm. A burglar proof safe stood in a fireproof block."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Prayer Before Gettysburg.

General Daniel Sickles told a story illustrating the tenderness of President Lincoln's heart as well as his faith in Providence and his beautiful optimism.

After Sickles had been wounded at Gettysburg he was removed to Washington, and the president called on him at the hospital. When the general described the battle and the awful slaughter, "Lincoln wept like a child."

"While the two armies were converging," said Lincoln, "I went into my room and prayed as I never prayed before. I told God that if we were to win the battle he must do it, for I had done all that I could. I went from my room with a great load lifted from my shoulders, and from that moment I never had a doubt as to the result. We shall hear good news from Grant, who has been pounding away at Vicksburg for so many months. I am in a prophetic mood today, Sickles, and I say that you will get well."

"The doctors do not say so."

"I don't care, Sickles, you will get well," persisted the president.

And that afternoon, General Sickles goes on to say, a telegram was received from General Grant announcing the fall of Vicksburg. His own recovery soon followed.

A Miller's Monument.

A big millstone monument over a modest miller's grave is a unique sight near Graytown, O. The millstone is located in the center of an old burying ground and can be seen a mile away, coming down the hill.

It marks the last resting place of a happy miller of the old school, who knew not the cares or worries of a rising or falling grain market, but who ground his corn and wheat for his neighbors and lived contentedly on his small profits.

Chiseled on the back of the monument is this poem:

A MILLER'S MONUMENT.
[A millstone taken from his mill.]
Beneath this stone a miller lies,
Who left the world before the rise
Of modern ways of making flour
And hence passed many a happy hour.
He was not forced to speculate
Nor on Chicago's movement wait,
He did not care for foreign trade,
But sold his neighbors all he made.
Cables and telegrams were rare;
The markets did not make him swear.
Small was his mill, his profits round;
Clear was his head, his slumbers sound.
He envied none, he was envied not
And died contented with his lot.
—Cincinnati Star.

Matrimony In Gilbert Islands.

Women of the Gilbert Islands being merely regarded as cattle or any other property, writes Arthur Inkersley in The Overland Monthly, the matrimonial knot is easily tied and just as easily untied. If a man fancies a girl, he seizes her by the hair of the head, wherever she may be, despite her protestations, and drags her away to his home. Her resistance is not often serious, the pretense of refusal being due to the coquettishness inherent in the sex. When the couple reach the house of the groom, a wedding feast is furnished forthwith, to which all the immediate friends of the bride and bridegroom are invited. But an acceptance of the invitation implies the contribution of some viands to the entertainment. Matrimony is attended by no further ceremony than this. When a husband grows weary of his wife, he simply orders her to leave him, and if she does not he turns her out of doors.

Never Left the Road.

An old negro in a neighborhood town arose in prayer meeting and said: "Bredderin and sisterin, I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap er ups and downs, specially downs, since I j'ined de church. I stole chickens and watermillins, I cussed, I got drunk, I shot craps, I slashed odder coons wid my razor, and I done er sight er odder things; but, t'ank the good Lawd, bredderin and sisterin, I never yet lost my religion!"—Blue Ridge (Ga.) Post.

The Moving Plant.

A very queer plant belongs to the pea family and is called the "moving plant" on account of the manner in which its leaves turn around of their own accord or go by jerks, without being touched or in any way disturbed. Sometimes only one or two leaves on a plant will be affected; at other times they will all perform jumps and gyrations simultaneously. It is observed that the movements are most energetic when the thermometer marks about 80 degrees.

Why France Lags Behind.

Frenchmen do not want to rule; they want to live. The pursuit of life, of laughter, of charming sensations, of intelligent apprehensions, of individual development of character—it may all be more important, more vital to human existence than the preoccupation to rule oneself and others, to make laws and to fight.—Steevens' "Glimpses of Three Nations."

The Single Thought.

"Ah," sighed the fond mother, "two souls with but a single thought!"

"Yes," echoed paterfamilias, "and less than one dollar. I don't know how they're going to make it, Mary, unless—er—perhaps that single thought they've got is that papa's going to put up for two."—Denver Times.

In the Dumps.

There was once upon a time an Egyptian king, so it is said, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy. His name was Dumops. The memory of his tragic history is perpetuated every time we say we are "in the dumps."

Accommodating.

Jinks—Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man?

Winks—My vest pocket is rather crowded, but pass it over, and I'll try to make room for it.

His Training.

"How did Spudkins get his appointment as brigadier general? I never knew that he was connected with the army."

"Oh, yes; by marriage. His brother-in-law is a United States senator."—Town and Country.

A Surprise to Him.

"Had you heard that Oily Mike had been incarcerated?"

"No. I didn't even know he was dead."—Indianapolis News.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1901.

☞ One week from to-morrow (Sunday, July 21) the old First church of Woburn, whose unbroken record goes back to 1642, will honor the 85th birthday of Rev. Daniel March, D. D., its Pastor Emeritus, by calling together representatives of the churches that are her legitimate daughters,—Winchester, Lexington, Burlington, Arlington,—to share in the exercises Rev. Dr. Scudder has planned for the occasion. Dr. March's service to this church covers two active and lengthened pastorates, the interval between the two being occupied largely with extended and world wide travels in mission fields. Rev. Edw. G. Porter was his companion on his latest trip abroad, when they travelled around the world.—*Arlington Advocate.*

Rev. Dr. Scudder, the Church Committee, and friends, have planned to make the Doctor's birthday anniversary a pleasant and interesting occasion. Ministers and delegates from the offspring of the old church are expected to be present in goodly numbers, and no doubt our own people, irrespective of church connections, will attend, for Dr. March has many warm friends among all classes of people.

☞ The announcement having been made that Alderman J. Grafton Murdock of Ward 4 would resign from the City Council last evening leading Republicans of that Ward asked and insisted that Mr. Elisha F. Hayward should accept a nomination to fill the vacancy. This however he declined to do. It is realized that he is not only a sound Republican but that he would make an influential and valuable member of the Board, hence the desire that he allow his name to be used. But Mr. Hayward's private business affairs are all that he cares to attend to, and while grateful for the intended honor, and fully appreciating the good opinion his fellow citizens have of him, he felt compelled to return a negative to their appeal.

☞ Appreciating the fact that Old Orchard still holds the fort as a seaside resort the Boston & Maine Railroad Company have inaugurated a series of summer excursion trips from Boston to that place for which tickets are sold at excursion rates. They are so reasonable that few pocketbooks are so lean that they cannot find means to pay for a trip, and the attractions are so inviting and numerous that the B. & M.'s enterprise will doubtless prove a great success. Old Orchard, the Queen Watering Place of the Maine Coast, is entertaining, in superb style, larger throngs of people this year than ever before. Join a B. & M. excursion party to Old Orchard and be happy.

☞ Everything is cut and dried for the Republican State Convention and all the rank and file have got to do is to assemble in Boston on October 4 next and ratify the programme of the State Committee. Governor Allen of Porto Rico is to preside, the Committee on Resolutions have been selected, Crane and Bates are to be renominated by acclamation, and present incumbents, including the Auditor, are to fill the rest of the ticket. The delegates are to have an easy time of it. The State Committee have also wisely arranged matters for next year in respect to candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor.

☞ The Boston *Herald* of last Wednesday morning contained an illustrated description of the Innitou Canoe Club, the work, we suppose, of Mr. George S. Hudson, which was worth preserving. There were two portraits and 8 scenes, making a liberal display of the chief features of the Club and Horn Pond scenery.

☞ Whenever a new species of bug, caterpillar, or other noxious insect, strikes Eastern Massachusetts it forthwith heads for Malden and establishes its habitat there. The gypsy moth was first discovered in Malden, and now the browntail threatens the ruin of the city.

☞ Old man Kendrick of Wakefield, having failed to exterminate the English sparrows, has turned his attention to the Browntail Moth. The Moth will beat him just as the sparrow did.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Whitcher—Extra.
E. C. Colman—Hay.
Mrs. Conway—To Let.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page

— Tuesday night was the worst one in the lot.

— South End Club held a special meeting this week.

— The amount of trolley riding by our people last Sunday was truly astonishing.

— Nobody knows the date on which the Assessors will announce the rate of taxation this year.

— Aberjona Colony held an important meeting in K. of C. Hall last Wednesday evening.

— In some places in this city it was 100 degrees, good and strong, in the shade, last Tuesday.

— The new Boston Directory says the occupation of William F. Davis is "Mayor of Woburn."

— They have got at it at last and now Main street between Church and Charles is being widened.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lewis will entertain company from the West during the month of August.

— The Five Cents Savings Bank will be closed on Saturday afternoons and evenings from now until fall.

— Mr. C. H. Davy is back from the Phillipine Islands and is now stopping with his aunt Mrs. W. H. Slater.

— It may be learned by reference to his card that Mr. Edmund C. Colman has some nice A. D. 1900 hay for sale.

— Mr. James Burke, an old resident of Woburn and for many years employed by James Skinner & Co. as a teamster, died suddenly last Sunday from, it was supposed, the effects of heat, aged 58 years. He left a widow to mourn his death.

— Elijah Rollins is to occupy the Cummings factory on Main near Fowle street for the manufacture of shoe stock.

— Anybody might hunt all day long for as fine a fruit store as Angelo Crovo's and fail to find it. It is just right in every particular.

— Mr. Frank P. Johnson is to supply the church of the Epiphany of Winchester while Rev. J. W. Suter, the Rector, is away on his vacation.

— The Unitarian church is closed for the vacation season. Its reopening for divine services will take place on the second Sunday of September.

— Avoid violent exercise, over eating and drinking, stimulents, icewater, unripe fruit, and everything of the kind, during the very hot weather.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— The St. Josephs defeated the Sunnysides of Stoneham Saturday, July 13, by a score of 17 to 7. Batteries: Watts and Beauchamp; Gay and Sullivan.

— The East End Social Club played a tie game with the A. O. H., Saturday, July 13, the score being 11 to 11. They play the St. Josephs next Saturday for a small purse.

— If the present efforts to raise money enough succeeds a series of band concerts will be given on the Common this summer, as has been the case for many years past.

— The alarm from box 41 about 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon was for a fire in the woods off Dragon court near the Reading line. There was considerable cord wood in danger.

— Captain Howard's Hurly Team have challenged the Police players for a game. It appears from current rumors that some of the Policemen are afraid and the others darsn't.

— Rev. W. H. Scott, pastor of St. John's Baptist church of this city, was Moderator of a meeting held at East Boston last week to ordain Rev. W. H. Johnson to the gospel ministry.

— Last Friday evening a Reading horse ran away on Salem street, this city, and striking an electric car near the Meade farm dropped dead. The wagon and harness were badly used up.

— Henry Dean, watchman at the Merrimack Chemical Works, who was murderously assaulted while on his rounds one night last week, is doing well, and it is thought his assailant will be captured.

— We return thanks to Mr. J. D. Haggerty, or "Haggerty, the Printer," for Street List of Polls, for 1901. There are 7 well printed books, one for each Ward, which are "as handy as a pocket in a shirt."

— Mr. Michael Kerrigan's son, 2 years old, was drowned in Horn Pond, foot of Beacon street, last Monday. He fell in while playing near the water. The body was recovered by John Dunnigan and Martin McCauley.

— J. Grafton Murdock, being about to leave the city for a residence in another State, last evening resigned from the Board of Aldermen and the vacancy will be filled by an election. He was Alderman from Ward 4.

— Rev. Ludwig Akeson, pastor of the Swede Congregational church in this city, presided at the dedication of the Swedish Sailors Mission at East Boston last week. Many clergymen were present and took part in the exercises.

— Last reports located Clarence H. Littlefield at Nome in the far and inclement regions of Alaska where he has mining claims which bid fair to, and we trust will, "pan out big." Clarence will find the "stuff" if anybody can.

— U. S. Deputy Collector Moody of Internal Revenue in this District gives notice that all special U. S. taxes that are not paid before August 1, 1901, a penalty of 50 percent will be added, of which announcement due attention should be given.

— The Railroad station flowerbeds are looking finely. They had been doing well but the splendid rain Wednesday sent them to shooting ahead so rapidly that one was not forced to put his ear down close to the ground to hear them grow.

— Captain J. M. Ellis and family are occupying their cottage at Nahant. Ellis & Buswell are doing a large business and have many contracts on hand in different New England localities, and Capt. Ellis finds that carefree rest at Nahant is what he needs just now.

— Nothing definite has been heard from the conference meeting of Mayor Davis, City Solicitor Curran, and Col. C. F. Woodward, respecting trolley car transfers on the Woburn & Boston line in Lexington. It is generally suspected that no conclusion was reached.

— Regular trips of cars on the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad, from Woburn to Burlington, began to run on Monday, July 15, 1801. Fine electrics are provided by the Company, and they "run like Jehu." The line will be handsomely patronized, for Burlington and Billerica are fine towns to visit.

— Hon. George F. Bean and family are spending the summer at Warner, N. H., as has been their habit in summers past. Lawyer Bean is at his Boston office during the week, or a considerable portion of it, and betakes himself to Warner when the week's work is done. They expect to be there until September.

— Since last Wednesday noon Dr. Robert Chalmers has had no doubts about his being specially protected by Providence, and is grateful for it. At that time he was visiting a patient at the residence of Charles Cummings on Cambridge street and when the shower came up a bolt of lightning struck near the house and knocked over his horse. After that it bounded into the house, passed very closely to the Doctor's head, and entered the kitchen where the maid was at work, giving her a violent shock, and then left the premises. No serious damage was done to person, beast or building, but it was a close call for Dr. Chalmers, the maid, other people, and the house.

Our business was established in 1817. During all the succeeding years we have steadily increased our trade by those legitimate methods comprised in the expressive phrase, "right storekeeping."

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.

Our assortment of

CARPETS

is now, and has been for years, altogether the largest in Boston, and our prices are *always* moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
658 Washington St., (Opposite Boylston St.) BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable. Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

Careful Prescription Work.

What Does This Mean?

It means carefulness long before your prescription is brought to us. It means we have been careful as to purity when buying drugs and chemicals and have exercised care in making all those liquid medicines which we keep ready for use on our shelves and in our closets. We are careful in every step of prescription work.

Does This Carefulness Appeal to You!

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

— Mr. Charles H. Nichols, of the firm of Nichols & Brooks, liverymen, was badly cut up and had a collarbone broken by being thrown from his carriage at Hammond Square last Friday. His horse took fright at the steam roadroller and turning suddenly upset the carriage and threw Mr. Nichols violently to the ground. His injuries were attended to by a doctor and he is now doing well.

— Mr. George A. Day, Cashier of the First National Bank, visited the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last week and was greatly edified with what he saw and heard. Although falling far below the great World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, he found many wonderful exhibits at Buffalo, chief of which was the magnificent electrical display which was indeed a wonder. Mr. Day returned on Saturday.

— On Wednesday evening, July 24, the Ladies Circle of the Burlington church are to give a Social in the church to which Woburn people are not only cordially invited but urged to attend. It is a delightful trolley car ride from Woburn to Burlington Centre and a large delegation ought to go up from here and attend the Social. The Woburn Alpine Male Quartet have been engaged to furnish vocal music.

— A committee of prominent citizens couldn't have managed the break in the weather conditions last Wednesday half so well as the business was done. Lightning did but little damage in the city, if any, and the rain came down just exactly right to please the people and best promote the growth of vegetation. Nothing could have been more nicely planned and executed, and nothing could possibly have been more keenly enjoyed.

— In spite of the fact that James, George and William Durward, brothers, crack marksmen, took a hand with the home aggregation in the rifle contest between the Wakefield and Woburn teams at Brookside, near Lexington Road, last Saturday afternoon, the Wakefield boys won by just two points. The score stood: Wakefield, 636; Woburn, 634. Competent judges said it was one of the finest shooting matches ever seen in Woburn.

— New modern rails are being laid on the lower end of the North Woburn Street Railroad, from Symmes's Corner Medfordward, and it is high time. The demoralized condition of that section of the line has been an imposition on the public for more than a year, and the cry against it has been loud and widespread. Some date in August, it is hoped, will witness the completion of the link between North Woburn and Tewksbury, but just when nobody knows. Great bodies move slow.

— Only a short time ago the cars on the No. Woburn electric railroad were run half hourly, with plenty of room for passengers. Sundays and holidays the time is fifteen minutes, two cars at a time, and on many of the trips the running boards are not sufficient to accommodate the overflow. It is only a question of a short time when it will be found necessary to have double tracks on this road and also on the Arlington and Winchester to handle the increased business.—*Winchester Star.*

— Correspondence between State Senator A. S. Wood and U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, recently exchanged, has resulted in the appointment of Mr. Charles B. Platts shipkeeper in the Charlestown Navy Yard, on which duty he entered yesterday. He has been in the employ of the B. & M. Railroad Co. in this city several years and previously was one of Hart & Co.'s express drivers. Senator Lodge was prompt in securing the place for Mr. Platts, for which the latter is deeply grateful, and also to Senator Wood for good offices in his behalf.

— An informal invitation has been given to the Congregational church, through Deacon Charles E. Swett, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, to be represented in special services at the mother church in Woburn on July 21 at 10.30 a. m., in honor of the 85th birthday of the Senior Pastor, Dr. Daniel March. The church has elected the following persons to represent it: Mr. and Mrs. I. Holmes Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cowdery, Sylvester G. Pierce, Deacon and Mrs. Harrison Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Ordway, Rev. Edwin B. Palmer and the pastor.—*Winchester Press.*

— The thunder shower Wednesday noon and the rain that fell, sometimes in torrents and again gently, was a great relief to suffering humanity and benefit to growing crops. A heated term of unusual severity, lasting from Sunday to Wednesday noon, was interrupted in its reign by the shower, and people blessed the Lord for it. It had been a terrible hot period, Tuesday night being the worst of the lot, and some folks had reached almost to the brink of despair; but the lightning, thunder and rain, and better than all, the East Wind, came, and everybody was happy Wednesday afternoon.

— It does not require much searching to find Maine men in Massachusetts. In fact, take them out of the State and an aching void would remain. Alton C. Wheeler of South Paris has secured a position for the coming year as sub-Master of the High School in Woburn, Mass., at a good salary. He appeared before the Woburn School Committee last week and found a not unusual condition of things; six of the nine members of the Committee were Maine men, including two physicians and four lawyers, and four of them from Androscoggin county.—*Kennebec (Me) Journal.*

— Dry and hot weather this week have depleted home markets of several lines of eatables which well regulated families deem essential to true happiness. A hot wave appetite craves victuals that would not be insisted on with a lower temperature; it is often dainty and hard to please; it rejects things that ordinarily are satisfactory. Of such food the markets have been singularly bare this week, and much suffering in domestic circles has prevailed. True, the suffering has been more imaginary than real, but it will be admitted, we suppose, that from that fact the patient derives but scant satisfaction.

— Chairman Herbert S. Riley of the School Board will spend his vacation at North Conway, N. H., as has been his custom ever since Superintendent Thomas Emerson went to farming there. Some think there is politics in it. They reason in this way: Mr. Riley is Chairman of the Board and Mr. Emerson is Clerk; both are anxious to retain these offices; and by being together all summer they are able to concoct schemes and lay wires to put into operation at election time and insure a new lease of the important positions they occupy on the Board. The JOURNAL takes but little stock in these suspicions. Mr. Emerson is a husbandman pure and simple, and Mr. Riley is as far removed from "a scheming politician" as the east is from the west.

— The local Post of the Salvation Army are putting forth extra efforts to interest our people in their good work and will be aided by the higher officers. It is felt that Woburn is a good field for the exercise of Salvation Army efforts and with proper cultivation may be made potent in gathering lost sheep into the fold. Convinced of this Lieut Col. Richard Evans of Boston will deliver an address in the Congregational church at 8 o'clock Friday evening, July 19, to which everybody is cordially invited. Col. Evans will be assisted by Staff Captain S. Withers with banjo, cornet and song, which will constitute a fine entertainment. At 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, July 20, a similar meeting will be held in the Methodist church of Winchester, by the same speaker and musician.

— Great praise is due to the Liquor Squad in this city for the thorough and fearless manner they are discharging the duties of their office. They have practically driven illegal dispensers of the ardent, whether over kitchen bars or from pockets, into their holes and closed every place where hitherto it has been possible to get a drink for money. The Squad have made clean work of it and the city is absolutely "dry." Kitchen bar-rooms no longer thrive or exist in Woburn. The Squad are conscientious and honest in the performance of the trust delegated to them by the Mayor. The Mayor was wise in the adoption of measures to prevent the illegal sale of liquors. He saw the necessity of detailing officers for the especial work of preventing violations of the liquor laws, and the result has fully justified his course. He is earnest and sincere in this matter and law abiding citizens cannot be too grateful to him for the grand work he has done for temperance, sobriety, and good order in this city during his present term of office. The Squad are equally in earnest, reliable, and true, and the happy outcome of theirs and the Mayor's efforts is a real clean prohibition town.

— The service on Sunday morning at the First Church will be a memorable occasion. July 21 will be Dr. March's 85th birthday anniversary. Representatives are expected from all the daughter churches in Wilmington, Burlington, Winchester and Woburn, besides delegates from Arlington and Lexington churches, greatly aided by the First church at their organization. The non-Congregational churches of this city will be represented by Rev. H. C. Parker who is fortunately able to be present because of the intermission of services at the Unitarian church.—X.

— W. H. Slater and his men have finished painting the large front parlor of the First National Bank, on which a firstclass job was done. A fine hardwood floor has been laid in place of the old one, in the centre of which a rich rug of generous size is to be spread, which with the installation of the new furniture that has been bought for it, will make one of the handsomest bank parlors anywhere to be found.

— Two full carloads of people went from here to Crescent Beach last Wednesday evening. They got back at 11.30 p. m. after a nice trolley ride and good time on the Beach, where thousands of others had gathered to cool off.

— The residence of the late Dr. James H. Conway is offered for rent. It is an admirable stand for a physician, being in the very centre of population, close by everything, and pleasant. See card.

— It was plum 90 in the shade yesterday noon but an extraordinary amount of hot water in the atmosphere made it feel as though it was 190. It was very severe on the human system.

— The Baptist C. E. Society will hold a lawn party this, Friday, evening, at the home of Miss Bertha M. Heald, 51 Burlington street.

— The Salvation Army lecture and music, mentioned in another item, comes off this evening in the Congregational church.

Heartburn.

When the quantity of food taken is too large or the quality too rich, heartburn is likely to follow, and especially so if the digestion has been weakened by constipation. Eat slowly and not too freely of easily digested food. Masticate the food thoroughly. Let six hours elapse between meals and when you feel a fullness and weight in the region of the stomach after eating, indicating that you have eaten too much, take one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the heartburn may be avoided. For sale by all druggists.

For Man or Boy

The Best Shoes for the least Money for the balance of July.

Come or send for our BARGAINS. If goods are not as we represent them send them back and get your money back.

	That Were.	Now
Men's Shoes, Lace or Cong.,	$3 50	3 00
" " " "	3 00	2 75
" " " "	2 75	2 50
" " " "	2 50	2 00

These are hand sewed welts and Goodyear welts.

Pfister & Vogel Milwaukee Calf Skins and Velours Calf.

BLACK VICI AND TAN VICI KID.

The best stock made in America. This is a rich man's shoe at a poor man's price.

We have a line of Men's Calf Lace Shoes that sell everwhere for $3.00. OUR PRICE $2 50. These shoes are all up-to-date styles. All widths from 3 to 8 wide.

Bargains in Women's and Children's Shoes. Some at less than cost.

You can stave off your taxes;
Go to church a little late;
Put off a hundred other things;
But BARGAINS will not wait.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., WOBURN

Bring Your Boy

to us when he needs

Clothing or Furnishings

We have a special department for boys, reached by a special elevator—entirely separate from the rest of the store.

High Quality—Moderate Price.

Macullar Parker
COMPANY,
400—Washington Street, Boston, Mass.—400

A Menace to Health.

BOARDS OF HEALTH TRYING TO GET RID OF THE ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

The accomplished Professor of Chemistry of Princeton University, Prof. H. B. Cornwall, in his report to the State Board of Health, says that alum baking powders exert an injurious effect upon digestion. Since this fact seems to him to be well established, he denounces the use of alum baking powders in the preparation of food as altogether objectionable.

Professor Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania, says that the alum baking powders are decidedly injurious for use in making food. "If," he says, "the use by bakers of small quantities of alum to improve the appearance of their bread be regarded as highly culpable, how much more severely should we reprobate the use of the much larger amounts of this substance needed in a baking powder; nor is the case altered materially by the fact that in use the soda of the baking powder decomposes the alum. All of its constituents remain in the bread, and the alum is itself reproduced, to all intents and purposes, when this bread is dissolved by the gastric juice in the process of digestion. I regard the use of alum baking powders, therefore, as highly injurious to the health of the community, and believe that their sale should be forbidden by law."

Boards of health are recommending legislation that will prohibit the manufacture and sale of alum baking powders altogether. This has already been done in some sections of the country. At present the public must seek safety from the danger, which seems to be so prevalent, in using only those brands of cream of tartar powders that are well known as pure and reliable, and refusing to buy the low priced, so-called "cheap" goods.

Plymouth-Provincetown Excursions.

The first fortnight's passenger traffic of the season on the Bay Line has demonstrated more emphatically than ever the ever growing popularity of this steamboat excursion route from Boston to Plymouth and Boston to Provincetown. It is a summer steamboat route which appeals most forcibly to all classes of tourists in search of that species of enjoyment which embodies inspiration and education with all the exhilaration of an ocean voyage.

This season the Bay Line has two new boats, both strictly first-class, staunch, commodious and seaworthy in every respect. The Cape Cod, which last year ran between this port and Provincetown now runs to Plymouth, making the trip down along the picturesque South Shore to Pilgrim land in just three hours. Once there the passengers are allowed two and a half hours for dinner and a tour of the quaint old town, before the whistle sounds at 3.30 for the return trip, which lasts usually a little over three hours. Her sister ship, the Martinique, makes the longer voyage to Provincetown in three and three-quarters hours, allowing an hour and a quarter on shore, and starting at 3 o'clock homeward bound.

Both boats leave Bay Line Wharf, 410-430 Atlantic avenue, Boston, every day at 10 o'clock. The music of the Bay Line band is one of the distinctively enjoyable features of these excursions. There is ample stateroom accommodation on each steamer, and also a splendid promenade deck.

There are only 18 stars of the first magnitude. The light from these takes about three years to reach the earth. There are 55 of second magnitude.

You Live This Summer

JUST THIS ONCE

THEN TAKE A

KODAK

AWAY WITH YOU.

Your pocket is quickly fitted with

THE FAVORITE EASTMAN

At Whitcher's Agency Opposite R. R. Station.

Woburn in the Philippines.

The following is a list of Woburn men who served as members of the 43d Regiment, U. S. V., in the Philippines and were mustered out at San Francisco early in July. Some men of this city belonged to other Regiments, and so far as we have heard, every man of them did his duty faithfully and well.

CO. B.

Linwood E. Hanson, Captain.
James E. Kean, Sergeant.
Walter S. Anderson, Corporal.
Charles H. Davey, Artificer.
John P. Doren.
Joseph Gorman.
Nicholas Mulholland.
Arthur W. Pound.
George F. Rost.
Philip J. Shea.
John F. Rafferty.
Walter L. Connolly.
James N. White.
John H. Kelley.

CO. D.

Stephen W. Tenberg, Corporal.
Malachi McDermott.
Thomas Dunnigan.

CO. E.

Harry A. Turner.

CO. F.

Alfred A. Quinn.
Thomas L. Wiggin.
Joseph R. Manning.

The Same Old Story.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and re-told by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by all druggists.

Tours to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Every Monday and Thursday from July until November parties leave Boston under personal escort, visiting the great Exposition at Buffalo, and Niagara Falls.

Parties may return direct, or make the homeward journey via the Thousand Islands and Montreal, or New York and the Hudson River.

An illustrated booklet giving rates, etc., will be mailed free upon application to Nason & Russell, 282 Washington street, Boston.—4t.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

A special feature of the vaudeville programme at Boston Music Hall next week will be the original "Beaux and Belles Octette," a novelty which becomes an instantaneous fad in New York and which has been one of the most delightful roof garden offerings. The act includes four very pretty girls and four clever young men who sing well and dance gracefully. The music is by Harry T. McConnell, composer of the tuneful numbers of the "Casino Girl," etc., and the lyrics are by Robert B. Smith. The musical numbers include "Chappies at the Old Stage Door," "When Pa goes out at Night," "Look it up in the Dream Book," and "Magnolia Maid." At the conclusion of the brief American tour, the Octette will go to Berlin for five months at the Wintergarten. That it will prove one of the week's hits at Music Hall is quite certain.

France holds the record as a user of gold. She has coined 2300 tons in the last 40 years, against 1400 used by the English mint.

If Your Little Son

is between 2½ and 6 years of age a

Russian Blouse Suit

is quite the correct thing to buy.

We have them in fancy cassimeres at $5 and $6.

Also in very pretty wash galateas at $2 and $2.50.

Drop in and let us show you.

We make a specialty of clothing for little men.

Don't forget too that our prices will average 10% less than Boston prices. Smaller expenses the reason.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Established 1851. Open Evenings except Wednesday.

MISS BANCROFT
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

The Variety of

Breakfast Foods

Is Constantly Increasing.

Below we give a list of some of the leading kinds and call attention to the low prices at which we are selling them.

	Per Package.
Cream of Wheat,	13c.
Germea,	13c.
Shredded Wheat Biscuit,	12c.
Wheat Germ,	12c.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,	13c.
Grape Nuts, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Malt Breakfast Food,	13c.
Flaked Rice,	13c.
Pillsbury's Vitos, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Pillsbury's Flaked Oats,	10c.
Mother's Oats,	9c.
Quaker Oats,	8c.
Self-rising Buckwheat, 10 and	15c.
Self-rising Pancake Flour,	10c.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Board of Railroad Commissioners.

BOSTON, July 17, 1901.

On the Petition of the Lexington and Boston Street Railway Company and the Woburn and Boston Street Railway Company, for approval of the terms of an agreement entered into by the Directors of said Companies for the consolidation thereof as the Lexington & Boston Street Railway Company, the Board will give a hearing to the parties in interest at their office, No. 20 Beacon street, Boston, on **Tuesday, the twenty-third day of July, instant,** at half past eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

And the petitioner is required to give notice of said hearing by publication hereof once prior to said date in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in the city of Woburn, and twice in the Daily *News*, a newspaper printed in the city of Waltham, and to make return of service at the time of hearing.

Per order of the Board,
WM. A. CRAFTS, Clerk.

Summer complaint is unusually prevalent among children this season. A well developed case in the writer's family was cured last week by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy—one of the best patent medicines manufactured and which is always kept on hand at the home of ye scribe. This is not intended as a free puff for the company, who do not advertise with us, but to benefit little sufferers who may not be within easy access of a physician. No family should be without a bottle of this medicine in the house, especially in summer-time.—Lansing, Iowa *Journal.* For sale by all druggists.

Burlington.

Everybody here is expecting a fine time on Wednesday evening, July 24, and nobody will be disappointed. The occasion is to be a Social given by the Ladies Circle at the church on that evening, and I would inform the JOURNAL readers that it bids fair to be an entertainment worth going to. The Alpine Male Quartet of Woburn are to furnish music, there will be plenty of nice refreshments, and everything a la mode. It is expected that a great many will come up from Woburn on the trolley cars.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—7th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., Service in commemoration of the 85th birthday anniversary of Rev. Daniel March D. D. No session of the Sunday School. Union Service with the Christian Endeavor Society at 7 P. M. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Rev. D. Scudder, pastor.

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Calling and the Life." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Twenty-third Psalm."

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—7th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Transfiguration." Sunday School at 12 M. At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Mountains of God." Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 11, Catherine Carmichael, aged 37 years.
In this city, July 14, James Burke, aged 58 years.
In this city, July 14, Arthur, son of James and Nellie Kerrigan, aged 1 year, 9 months.
In New York City, July 4, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore Mahoney, aged 83 years. Boston and New Hampshire papers please copy.

A Cordial Invitation

is given our customers to look over our stock of

SHIRT WAISTS

in the New Styles and Colors. These goods have been carefully selected and we have a choice assortment of popular priced Waists.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Million-Dollar Building.

BOSTON JOURNAL TO HAVE MAGNIFICENT NEW HOME, SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED.

This sign of the times in Boston newspaper circles is the announcement just made that the Boston *Journal* is to have a new million-dollar building.

It is to be erected on the site of the present *Journal* Building on Washington street and of the adjoining building on the corner of Washington and Water streets. The new structure will be one of the mammoth sky-scrapers of today, eleven stories in height, entirely fireproof and provided with every modern convenience. On Washington street there will be double the frontage of the present *Journal* Building, and on the Water street side there will be four times the extent of the front of the present building.

On the Water street side of the ground floor the Boston *Journal* will have its counting room, superbly equipped. Beneath that will be the mail room, and in the large sub-basement will be placed the presses of the establishment and the stereotype room. The entire two upper floors will be devoted to the composition room and the editorial department of the *Journal*.

This will make the largest and most costly newspaper office in Boston and will emphasize more strongly the advance that the Boston *Journal* has made in recent years.

The other floors of the big building will be devoted to offices.

From the Mountains.

WESTMORELAND, N. H., June 29, 1901.

TO THE JOURNAL: I am half way up the mountain, seated on a large rock, writing to you. It is very warm today, 100 in the shady porch of the old farm house where I am stopping; so I climbed up the steep path away from the dust and heat of the roadside farm, and find that I am fully repaid for the exertion. It is a beautiful spot. The tall pines, hemlocks and graceful beach trees make a grateful shade, and a mountain spring bubbles up just beside me clear as crystal and falls rippling over mossy rocks and bending ferns in a beautiful cascade that broadens into a river that flows through pleasant valleys and empties into the Connecticut river. The scenery is grand. The old mountains seem to surround us on the north, east and west, making the fertile valley, with its comfortable homes, its large orchards, and the herds of beautiful sleek cattle in the green pleasant pastures, a picture in itself long to be remembered.

My home here is in an old house built one hundred and eighty years ago by a prominent Lawyer of the Granite State. It is painted red, as are also the spacious barns and arched sheds, where the freshly cleft wood is piled with great nicety. The foot of the mountain comes down to the rear windows with their small old fashioned panes of glass, against which the great bank of dewy ferns brush their green cool fronds. Graceful elms trail their branches over the moss covered roof, and at night the moon in great splendor comes up through silvery starlit clouds over the mountain tops. The whippoorwill's notes are heard from the trees on the mountainside, and with the music of rippling water, the hum of the insects, and the chirp of the "cricket on the hearth," all make up an ideal place of rest and beauty. There is a cool breeze blowing through the tree tops that bend gracefully back and forth over my head. The tall pines moan out a music all their own and shake their great arms in defiance at the lightning flashes and the distant thunder, that bespeak an approaching storm. The great banks of sweet wild roses, lift their drooping heads to the cool touches of the wind, and the heavy crimson clover tops are bowed in graceful expectation of the coming rain. A traveler passes here, stops, dips his hand in the falling water, raises it to his lips, fastens a rose to his coat, lifts his hat from his heated head for a moment, and passes on refreshed. And the thought comes to me that we also, travelers on the rough, steep pathways of life, may have our times of sweet refreshing from the rivers of God's goodness, and pluck the roses of love and faith and pass on to the journey's end, feeling more restful and strengthened for the quiet, peaceful moments of communion with the great and loving Father of us all.

Very truly,
IANTHE C. PRESTON.

It Dazzles The World.

No discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Huntley & Co., druggists, who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

An iron ship's hull is 40 percent lighter than one of the same size built of wood, and a steel ship 15 percent lighter than one of iron.

The Best Liniment for Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the Merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by all druggists.

Before purchasing a

Camera

EXAMINE OUR LINE OF

Koronas

The Highest Grade Cameras made. Everything used in Amateur Photography.

F. P. BROOKS,

361 Main St.

Personal.

George H. Fowle and family are at Gloucester.

F. D. Whitcomb and family are at York Beach.

Kittie Larkin is enjoying herself at Falmouth.

May Hinckley is visiting at Thorndike, Maine.

Mrs. John R. Carter is at Ocean Park, Maine.

Miss Annie S. Black is visiting at Nashua, N. H.

Miss Mary C. Fowle is vacating in the wilds of Maine.

General Humidity has cut a wide swath here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Irish have returned from Biddeford, Maine.

Robert Healy is spending his vacation on Pearce's Island, Gloucester.

Lieut. Homer B. Grant is passing a few pleasant days at Harpswell, Maine.

Mrs. Sallie Phinney of Warren avenue visited Gloucester late last week.

Lawyer John W. Johnson and family returned from the Isles of Shoals last Monday.

Mr. L. L. Dorr and family will visit New Hampshire regions later in the season.

Mr. Hubbard Copeland still does business at the old stand, vacation or no vacation.

Mr. Winthrop Hammond, Principal Clothier, and family are at Falmouth on the cape.

Robert J. Durward, salesman at Hammond's, entered on his annual vacation last Monday.

William Alexander Durward is an employee of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company.

Mrs. Griffin Place is taking her vacation outing with her sister, Mrs. Blake, at Old Orchard.

Mrs. E. W. Junkins and her daughter Alice are taking their summer outing in New Hampshire.

Hon. and Mrs. E. E. Thompson did not go to Nashua, N. H., last week, but will do so later on.

Woburn Editors are not complaining of overwork these days. Business is decidedly dull in this town.

John Kelley, a Philippine soldier, has returned to his home here. He is in good health and looks fine.

Innitou Canoe Club are actively preparing for the summer meets of canoe organizations hereabouts.

Miss Hilda Wood of Halifax, N. S., made many friends during her visit with Mayor and Mrs. W. F. Davis.

Qm Arthur C. Wyer and Paymaster W. W. Wade, 5th Regt., have been elected members of the Old Guard.

Beatrice Grant, the new High School teacher, is at Harpswell on the Maine Coast, a popular and delightful resort.

Miss Amelia McFarland has been visiting at Epsom, N. H., and is now at Carleton Farm at Plymouth, Mass.

William Buck, son of Joseph H., has returned from a pleasant outing at Northport, an ocean resort in Maine.

Ernest N. Hartwell who is visiting Dr. H. C. Hartwell at Grenville, N. H., finds the weather there decidedly hot.

Mr. Willis J. Buckman, Woburn's popular grocer, and Mr. Fred W. Fowle went to Waterville, Maine, last week.

Miss Edna Walker, daughter of Mr. Frank Walker of Stoneham, has been visiting her grandparents on Pleasant street.

Visitors to this city say that Horn Pond is one of the most beautiful sheets of fresh water that they know anything about.

It is said that Capt. L. E. Hanson will remain at San Francisco until after he has taken his examination for the Regular Army.

Mr. Frank B. Richardson, a high official in Burdett's Business College, and Mrs. Richardson went to the Buffalo Exposition last week.

Mr. Fred H. Burdett, one of the Proprietors of Burdett's Business College, Boston, and wife are having a good time in Colorado.

Mrs. Walter C. Gilbert, 120 Montvale avenue, and her little daughter Dora left here last Wednesday for a visit at Duxbury Beach.

Miss May Hayward, daughter of Mr. Rufus C. Hayward, is visiting with Miss Olive Hinckley and family at Falmouth on the Cape.

Mr. Mason McKay, nephew of Mr. James Skinner, will visit his parents and other relatives at Pictou, N. S., about the 29th of this month.

Fred C. Keane, Postoffice Clerk, will accompany Co. G, 5th Reg., of which he is a member, to camp at So. Framingham tomorrow, July 20.

James Linnell wrote Wednesday from Southport, Me., that Tuesday was the hottest day he, or anybody else, ever experienced in the Pine Tree State.

Mr. J. H. Parker has so nearly recovered from her late severe illness that she is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Bicknell at Bayside, Hull, this week.

Miss Jennie E. Skinner, ex-teacher in this city, sailed from Boston last Tuesday evening for Pictou, N. S., where she goes to visit relatives and friends.

Miss Lena Wiltins of North Woburn is the guest of her cherished friend, Miss Estha Bean, daughter of Hon. George F. and Mrs. Bean, at Waterloo, N. H.

Mr. Henry L. Andrews of the *News* was around as lively as ever on Tuesday notwithstanding Old Sol's rather too ardent embrace of him in Boston on Monday.

Chief Engineer Littlefield was overcome, not badly, at a brush fire last Tuesday afternoon. After a little rest and cooling off in the shade he came out all right.

Sergt. James E. Kean of the 43d Regiment, late of the Philippine Islands, has arrived home, having been mustered out at San Francisco two or three weeks ago.

The family of City Solicitor Curran have returned from a two years residence in Paris, France. It is said that Lawyer C. and family will make their future home in Boston.

Miss A. A. Campbell, daughter of Alexander Campbell of Lynn but former resident of this city, has been spending the past two weeks with friends at 88 Pleasant street, Woburn.

The Liquor Squad were a little too sharp for the Buckman street woman who was suspected of selling liquor unlawfully. They found the hiding-place and got the "critter."

Mrs. Harriet C. Blake of 13 Abbott street left here last Monday for a sojourn at Old Orchard, a summer resort which she is very much in love with, having spent several vacations there.

Mrs. W. E. Russell of Peabody, with her three sons, Howard, Ernest, and Bruce, with Master Ray and May Crosby of Holyoke, has been visiting Mrs. Walter Russell during the past week.

Pullman car Conductor Charles Edward Sutherland runs from Boston to the White Mountains, up one day and down the next; and Charles R. Brown runs to Bellows Falls, Vt., and York Beach.

Mr. Arthur G. Wood, baggageman at the B. & M. Railroad Station, this city, is confined to his home by sickness. He has been absent from his post of duty over a week, but hopes soon to return to it.

There were few, if any, serious heat prostrations in this city from Sunday to Wednesday noon notwithstanding its intensity day and night. Some barely escaped being knocked out in earnest, but were saved. It was tough.

Mrs. Ida, wife of the genial and popular salesman, Wallace Bulfinch, of Hartwell's market, with her children, is spending a part of July and all of August with friends in Greenfield, N. S., where he hopes to join them soon.

Mrs. Dr. H. G. Blake and the children, together with Mrs. Blake's mother, Mrs. Hubbard, will leave about the first of August for Kennebunk Beach for a summer outing. K. B. is a favorite seaside resort of theirs. Dr. Blake will remain at home.

The American Hide & Leather Company have installed Mr. Walter L. Poole paymaster of their numerous factories in this city of which Mr. Charles G. Lund is General Superintendent and Mr. James Skinner Director. Mr. Poole takes the place of Mr. J. Grafton Murdock who has gone into business in York State.

Mr. B. T. H. Porter declares on his honor that Pine Point in Scarboro, a couple of miles below Old Orchard, is the finest spot on the Maine Coast for a summer resort. A large firstclass hotel has just been built and opened there by Ruggles & Turnbull, which Mr. and Mrs. Porter made their headquarters all last week. The hotel is doing a bangup business.

The Mistakes of Heroes.

The warm-hearted gratitude which the people of our Republic accord, in ample measure, to those who in any degree have helped to honor the Flag, or defend the dignity of the Nation, has had its fullest expression in the invitations extended to Lieutenant Hobson, the "Hero of the Merrimac," to address the people upon days unspeakably dear to the hearts of patriots. We are rejoiced that the courteous forbearance manifested has been so marked; but there is a limit to all good intentions; and sectional sentiments so ill-timed, expressed in the presence of great hearted patriots was a sad mistake. All honor to any act of loyalty to the Nation; and if the sinking of an obstruction in the entrance of a land-locked harbor was such, the people can be excused for the overflow of gratitude. It certainly was an act of dash and daring such as lost to the Nation the lamented General Custer.

One cannot help asking if the name "hero" is not more easily won now than in the days of John Paul Jones, Lawrence Farragut, and the long list of braves that star the historic calendar. The awful struggle of 61-65 was, in the Fourth of July address at Jamaica Plain, termed "the most glorious conflict in the annals of history." If tears, carnage and the slaughter of brothers by brothers were necessary to wipe from the Nation's standard the stain of human oppression, too cruel to be endured by a free people, it were wise to veil the sad story in the graves of the millions slain; but the pen of fair-minded history does not speak of its "glory." If slavery can at this time in our country's story be called "a good institution, especially beneficial for the Blacks" it must be hard for the sons and daughters of our veterans to hear it so stated upon a day made glorious by the acquisition of an independence that must reach far as the Flag can hold sway; freedom unstained must follow the Flag.

Verily heroes are not true prophets, if any vision can view, even from afar, "all nations celebrating Fourth of July, as do our people." Only heathen nations have given us such an example of the wholesale destruction of life and property; and we ask when shall a new order of speechmaking and a new method of celebration be brought before the people of our beloved land?

Woburn, July 1901. J. E. S.

White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

Literary Notices.

The AMERICAN BOY for July is an inspiring publication. The stories and leading articles are: The Henley Regatta; A Zebra Hunt, in which the late Gov. Pingree participated, the story being told by a member of the party; a story about Cornelius Vanderbilt; chapter xxii of the continued story, Three Boys in the Mountains; the ninth article of Turning Points in a Boy's Life, entitled Going Into Society; Part II of How to learn Drawing.

The leading article in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for July is a scholarly paper on The Church in Greece written by Dr. Quinn, of the American Archæological School, Athens. Rev. John Talbot Smith contributes a timely paper on The College Boy in Camp and shows what a wholesome, throughly enjoyable vacation such a camp affords when under the supervision of a commandant who hasn't forgotten what it means to be a boy. The illustrations ably second the text in giving the public a glimpse at the campers. The Conversion of Henry of Navarre reviews a mooted question of history, the writer, Susan L. Emery, citing various authorities on the action of the King's reconciliation to the Church. There are five excellent short stories in this issue, An Episode, by Gabrial Francis Power; The Singing Women of Tor-I, by Ethna Carbery; A Conditional Catholic, by Eugenie Uhlrich; The Firm of Hampton & Mayho, by Ellen Cawthon; and The Tinker's Daughter, by Cahir Healy. A noble poem, The Breakers at Monhegan, by Caroline D. Swan, opens the number, and with the frontpiece bring even to stay-at-home folks a delightful breath of the sea, so refreshing to the senses when summer is here.

THE SMART SET can never be accused of dullness. In its 160 pages of stories, and witticisms there are surprises and delights for the most blase readers. The August number opens with a novelette of remarkable power and originality, entitled Miss Sylvester's Marriage, written by Cecil Charles, Miss Sylvester, has some of the blood of the South American Spaniard in her veins, and she is fascinated by Count Geraldina, a daring adventurer who claims to be worth millions as the beneficiary of a pearl fishery concession. The history of a social struggler is related in Ghosts in Naumkeag, and other stories are The Price of Admission, by Felicia Goddard; The Sunflower Girl by Justus Miles Forman; Orchids or Arbutus? by Katrina Trask; In the Matter of a Watchman, by Guy Somerville; Taken at the Flood, a $100 prize story by Beulah Downey Hanks; In Regard to Madras, by H. Knapp Hariss; Mr. Poltroon, by Charles Stokes Wayne, and Le Commissionaire, a tale in the original French by S. Boucherit. Edgar Saltus contributes a brilliiant and amusing essay entitled De l'Amour. Of the poems may be mentioned Pierrot's House, The Mirthless Princess, Escapade, Afterglow, and Roses.

WINCHESTER.

The K of C. will picnic on July 25.

Dennis Kerrigan has painted his house.

Another house going up on Hancock street.

A business men's fishing party is talked of.

Unlicensed dogs are to be killed by order of the Selectmen.

Judge Littlefield's trolley excursions will begin to operate soon.

Mr. Shattuck is going to have his house front on Kendall street.

Rev. D. A. Newton will go out on his annual vacation on July 21.

The town begins to look lonely with so many away on their vacation.

The *Star* says the re-election of Representative Twombly would please the people of Winchester.

Mr. Harrison Bates, one of our most respected citizens, 89 years old on July 29, and his daughter, Miss A. R. Bates, will spend the summer at Rockport on Cape Ann, for which point they have already taken their departure. Although almost 90 years old Mr. Bates is as smart as a trap.

New rails on the N. W. St. R'y are being laid, and it is high time. For more than a year from Symmes's Corner to Medford Square has been the worst piece of road in North America. The work should have been done long ago. And such cars! It is a burning shame to compel people to ride on such old ranshackel things.

Appreciating his good work in the last two Legislatures many influential Medford people have asked Representative S. W. Twombly to accept a third election this fall. It is Medford's turn to select the candidate and she has many men who would ably represent the District, but among the Republicans the feeling seems to be quite unanimous in favor of the re-election of Mr. Twombly instead of a man of their own. They realize that he has won an honorable standing in the Legislature and ably guarded the interests of the District, therefore they prefer him to any new man that can be named.

A Baby Canary's Music Lessons.

In the account of a pair of canaries and their offspring, which is published in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for July, Florence Morse Kingsley tells how the oldest baby bird, as soon as he had learned to flutter from one perch to another and to reach for a seed and crack it, was put into a cage by himself and hung out on the veranda near the father bird, who was named Wee Willie Winkie and was a superb singer. Then the baby bird's education began. First, he learned to jump fearlessly into his china bathtub and flutter his wings and get himself gloriously wet, just as father did. Next, he cuddled himself into a delightfully comfortable little bunch on his perch and listened attentively while Wee Willie Winkie sang his wonderful song. The second week we heard a funny, sweet little chirping and gurgling. It was the young canary: he had begun to study his profession in earnest. Hour after hour the little fellow practiced, happily and patiently. One day he trilled a little trill, and the next day he had learned three new gurgles, and the day after that he wove the trill and the gurgles together and added a longer trill on a higher key. In six weeks' time we were asking, "is it Wee Willie Winkie who is singing, or the baby?"

Cork weighs 15 pounds per cubic foot, gold 1155 pounds.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Dates at Which These Birds Were Imported Into This Country.

I have been asked several times lately at what date the common English sparrows were imported into the United States and by whom.

It seems that the first attempt was made in 1858 by a private citizen of Portland, Me. In the fall of that year he liberated six sparrows, and they immediately made themselves at home in his garden and outbuildings. For a few years these birds and their descendants were seen in and about the town in small squads. These birds multiplied until in the winter of 1871 a flock of them appeared in every nearby town, thus showing their tendency to spread over adjoining territory.

About 1860 12 birds were imported and liberated near Madison square, New York city, and this was repeated for several seasons.

In 1864 the commissioners of New York liberated 14 birds in Central park. About this time numerous persons returning from abroad brought a few birds home and set them at liberty in and about Jersey City.

The craze for importing these birds spread, and in 1868 the city government of Boston imported a great number. But the birds had not been carefully handled, and they did not thrive, and others were brought over. The birds which survived from these various importations were carefully fed and looked after by the city government.

In 1869 a thousand were imported and liberated in the city of Philadelphia, and soon the birds spread over all adjacent territory.

About this time the Smithsonian institution became interested in bringing these birds to this country, so they imported 300, but most of them died. In 1871 the same institution brought over another lot, and they were successfully cared for.

From this it is seen that the birds have started from a number of points and were not one or two importations to New York, as is usually supposed.—Washington Post.

STOVES.

Owing to the mildness of the climate in Portugal heating stoves are rarely used in that country.

Heating and cooking stoves are both used by the upper classes in Greece, but the lower classes still live without using either.

Very few heating and cooking stoves are used in Paraguay. All the houses have brick stoves built in them, so that iron stoves have little or no sale.

Stoves made of tiling are in general use in Austria. They are said to be superior to iron stoves on account of the great economy of fuel possible by their use.

There is in the Mediterranean countries a widespread prejudice against all artificial heat, and consequently not more than one house in six is ever heated during the winter time.

Iron cooking stoves are almost an unknown luxury among the people of South America and the West Indies. They still cook in open fireplaces and by other primitive methods.

The cooking stove, as it is known in the United States, does very little service in France. A few are in use in the country, but in most farmhouses the cooking is done in a large open fireplace. In the cities a furnace is built in the small kitchen.

Paying the Landlord.

The proprietor of one of the new apartment houses near Fifth avenue has paid a rather heavy penalty for having a cartoonist as one of his tenants. The artist wanted some changes made in the decoration of his apartment, and the proprietor declined to make them. The proprietor's features are pronounced, and he wears long, flowing side whiskers. His face, distorted to suit the cartoonist's fancy, has appeared nearly every week in one of the comic papers. Sometimes the proprietor figures as the villain and again as the countryman who is bunkoed every week in the pages of this publication. The cartoonist lets the whiskers grow from week to week; then, just as his victim imagines that they will grow so long that his friend will not recognize him, the artist trims the whiskers down again. The proprietor of the apartment house has concluded that the only way in which he can get even with the cartoonist is to put in a bill for services as model.—New York Sun.

Disheartening.

Even the clergyman, noble and inspiring as his vocation is, has now and then his bad moments.

"Oh, sir," said a poor woman to a Scotch minister, who was by no means a popular preacher, "well do I like the day when you give us the sermon."

"Indeed!" said the minister, flushing with pleasure. "I wish there were more like you, my good woman. It is seldom I hear such words from any one."

"Maybe their hearing's stronger than mine, sir," said the woman promptly, "but when you preach I can always get a good seat."—Youth's Companion.

A Clock Run by Balls.

A clock owned in England is run by balls which fall into pockets on the right side of a wheel, which revolves and operates the works. The balls drop into a drawer when the wheel revolves far enough. The clock is "wound up" by placing the balls in a receptacle on top of the clock.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Jupiter and Ten.

A very ignorant and wealthy woman who was fond of talking about her "art gallery" one day met at the house of an acquaintance a lady who had not called on her, although they lived in the same town.

"Come and see me, do," said Mrs. B., the patron of art, as the other lady was taking her leave.

"Thank you very much," was the noncommittal reply.

"We've got a new picture too. That ought to tempt you to come, if I can't."

"I should be very glad indeed to see it."

"Such a lovely picture! Sometimes it seems to me I could look at it all day long."

"What is the subject of your picture, Mrs. B.?" inquired the hostess.

"Jupiter and Ten," was the reply.

It was "Jupiter and Io."

Poison In Finger Nails.

Biting the nails is an exceedingly dangerous practice, as the biter never knows when to stop and at any moment is liable to bite into "the quick" and cause blood poisoning. Even when the utmost care is taken of the teeth a poisonous secretion is apt to collect on them, and the entrance of a minute portion of this into the circulation may prove as certainly fatal as the pus on a surgeon's scalpel.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George W. Doherty, otherwise known as George Doherty, in his own right, and also in right of his wife; and Bridget Doherty, his wife, in her own right, to Nellie S. Shaw dated October 21, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2693, Page 373, which mortgage has been duly assigned by said Nellie S. Shaw to John G. Maguire by deed of assignment dated July 9, 1901, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2902, Page 81, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described on

Saturday, the third day of August, A. D., 1901,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on the northerly side of John street containing about sixty-eight hundred (6800) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said John street and at land now or formerly of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker; from thence the line runs northerly on and by land last named one hundred (100) feet to land now or late of Ebenezer N. Blake; thence turning the line runs easterly by said land now or late of said Blake sixty-eight (68) feet to other land now or late of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker; thence turning the line runs southerly by said other land of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker one hundred (100) feet to said John street; thence turning the line runs westerly on and by said John street sixty-eight (68) feet to the point of beginning. For title of said George Doherty see deed of Hannah M. Parker et al. dated April 15, 1887, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 1793, Page 435; and also deed of John G. Maguire dated May 24, 1887, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1800, Page 577; and for title of said Bridget Doherty see deed of John G. Maguire dated April 15, 1891, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2041, Page 370.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, assessments and betterments if any exist therein.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, July 10, 1901.

BEST TRIPS
BAY LINE.
BEST BOATS

The Magnificent New Steamer
CAPE COD for PLYMOUTH.
The New, Sea-Going Steamer
Martinique for Provincetown.
Music by Bay Line Band and Orchestra.

From Bay Line Wharf, 410 430 Atlantic ave. Boston, daily (weather permitting), at 10 A. M. Fare—Plymouth Excursion, $1.00; Provincetown, Daily Excursion, $1.00; stop-over tickets, $1.50. Children half fare. Staterooms, Refreshments. Tel. 2216 Main.

J. B. BACON,
General Manager.

Portland Steamers
DELIGHTFUL SEA-COAST LINE.
The Superb New Steel Steamship, "Gov. Dingley," and the Staunch and Palatial Steamer "Bay State"
En-Route to Old Orchard Beach, White Mountains, Booth Bay and other Sea-Coast points, also Interior Resorts of the State of Maine.

Largest, finest and most powerful steamers on the New England Coast, and their unsurpassed accommodations make travel a rest and pleasure.

Leave India Wharf, Boston, and Portland every evening, at 7 o'clock. Connections made at Portland with the earliest trains and steamers to all points East.

LOCAL FARE, $1.00. Through excursion rates *lower than any other route*. Send for circular.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Manager, Portland.
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HIGHEST GRADE of instruction in book-keeping, shorthand and all business studies. Both sexes; best of modern methods and teachers; positions for graduates; special 3 months' course; 61st year opens Sept. 3d. Send for Year Book, free.

666 Washington St., corner Beach, Boston.

OFFICE HELP SUPPLIED.

HAY
FOR SALE.

A few tons, nice quality, crop of 1900. Apply 71 Wyman St.
E. C. COLMAN.

To Let.
THE DR. CONWAY RESIDENCE,

No. 19 Winn street, Woburn, late home of Dr. James H. Conway, for rent on reasonable terms. It is a desirable location for a Doctor. In perfect order.

Apply to MRS. ANNIE CONWAY,
on the premises.

FOR SALE.

5 acres of land on Montvale Avenue and Holden Place, Woburn, and in the rear thereof, in lots to suit, for sale cheap and on easy terms. Close to the electrics.

C. D. ADAMS, Trustee,
915 Main Street, North Woburn,
or 23 Court Street, Boston.

She Didn't Wear A Mask.

But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished as will all Eruptions, Fever Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles and Felons from its use. Infallible for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Scalds and Piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

The quartz extracted from Australian and California gold mines would be enough to build 150 pyramids of Cheops, but all the gold could be put in a room 40 feet by 15 feet.

A Poor Millionaire

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

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Rubber Hose at All Prices.

The "National Blue Flame" Oil Stove is the Best.

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WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

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To Let.

105-107 Pleasant St.

Low rent to good tenants, with all modern conveniences. See JAMES McDONALD, No. 6 Broad street, Woburn, or E. J. GREGORY, 7 Water St., Boston.

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FRESH DAILY.

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"Steal Sealins."
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(A few choice extracts from our mail.) They al mean one thing, and that is that

STEEL CEILING

is the only practical remedy for old and broken plaster. Not necessary to take down the old plaster ceiling. Send for catalogue.

Inexpensive—Decorative—Durable.

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LINES.

General Agent for New England. Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

The Truth

Is told by most people. If it were not, the whole commercial and social fabric would fall to pieces. There are thousands upon thousands of people who testify to the cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. They are representative people in their communities. You would believe their word on any question of knowledge. They speak the simple truth when they testify that Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia, "weak" stomach and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures when all other remedial means have failed. It cures perfectly and permanently.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery" it is free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is nothing "just as good."

"I was a total wreck—could not eat or sleep," writes Mr. J. O. Beers, of Berryman, Crawford Co., Mo. "For two years I tried medicine from doctors, but received very little benefit. I lost flesh and strength, was not able to do a good day's work. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and when I had taken one bottle I could sleep, and my appetite was wonderfully improved. I have taken five bottles and am still improving."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, paper-covered, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIGHTS OUT.

How often in our little boat
On summer evenings we would float,
Careless of time, of east and west,
Ceasing from idle talk and jest,
As o'er the waters' restless flow,
Drifted in cadence sweet and low,
That plaintive bugle call—
"Lights out!"

How through the old fort it would ring,
Strange echoes from the casemates bring,
While we would wait, our oars at rest
Upon the river's peaceful breast,
And watch the yellow lamp gleams die
At the silvery warning sigh
Of that plaintive bugle call—
"Lights out!"

• • • • • • • •

From faroff camp, from land of fears,
O'er wastes of distance, parting, tears,
Comes the familiar sound of old,
Our life in darkness to enfold.
Alone, upon life's troubled sea,
The fateful message comes to me,
Of that plaintive bugle call—
"Lights out!"

—Gertrude F. Lynch in Chap Book.

$50,000 IN GOLD.

A perfect stranger walked into the Sidcup branch of the London and Miscellaneous bank and asked to see the manager.

"Excuse my troubling you," he said, "but you may be interested to know that there is a scheme on foot for the burgling of this bank. As I happened to be passing, I thought I'd look in and tell you."

The manager, Mr. Julian Foster, expressed his skepticism with appropriate pomposity.

"My dear sir, a burglary at the London and Miscellaneous bank! You must be dreaming!"

"I hope I am," replied the other. "And, if so, I owe you an apology. Anyhow, I'm not rounding on any pals, and I'm not asking money for the information. Fact is, I overheard a conversation that wasn't meant for me in a public house—at least I overheard scraps of it—and I'm very much mistaken if the burglary of your bank wasn't the leading idea of the dialogue."

Mr. Julian Foster, while expressing his gratitude, poohpoohed the warning. "Still, as I said," the manager continued, "I'm very much obliged to you, and, supposing it should turn out that you have been well informed, the directors would naturally be very glad"—

"Never mind about that. I'm not on the make. I only came and told you because I thought you'd like to know. By by! Load up the shotgun and look out!"

He shook hands and hurried off without even troubling to mention his name and address, and Mr. Julian Foster leaned back in his chair and turned the matter over in his mind.

"Hum!" he soliloquized. "I wonder."

The Sidcup branch was certainly easier to rob than most. It was situated in a new house, the lease of which had been bought cheap from a stationer whose business had been unsuccessful. The safe, which stood in the back parlor, was of a very simple and ordinary kind.

On the other hand, the branch was not, as a rule, worth robbing. It did very little business, existing mainly for the purpose of raking in deposits, and very little in the way of cash or other negotiable securities was ever kept there.

On the following Wednesday, however, the branch would, for the first time in its history, be in a position to repay any burglar for his trouble. To meet the views of a particular depositor in the company promoting business, who had given notice of withdrawal, there would be $50,000 in the safe.

Mr. Julian Foster, like most bank managers, was good at arithmetic, and he put two and two together.

"Burglars," he reflected, "like policemen, usually act upon information received, though heaven only knows where they get it from! If there's any idea of breaking into this bank, I think we may take it that the attempt will be made while that money is on the premises."

That very afternoon he began his preparations for giving the intruders a warm reception. As soon as banking hours were over he went up to town and bought a revolver. It was a weapon he was used to, and he practiced sufficiently to satisfy himself that he retained a considerable skill with it. Then, by degrees, his plan of campaign developed itself.

"The simplest way, I suppose," he meditated, "would be to get the police to keep an extra lookout on Wednesday, or I might get a special plain clothes officer down from headquarters. But where should I come in? The bank wouldn't give me a service of plate, with promotion to follow, for that, and I should look a pretty fool if it turned out to be a false alarm."

So he took no one into his confidence, but thought out a scheme.

Wednesday came, and with it came the messenger from Lothbury with the gold—$50,000—tied up securely in ten leather bags. He helped Mr. Foster to lock them away in the safe, on the inadequacy of which he commented over a glass of sherry and a cigarette.

"I'm glad you noticed it," the manager replied. "You'll support my application for a better one. In the meantime, however, I've got this."

He brought the six shooter out of the drawer of the desk and showed that it was loaded.

Mr. Foster meditated till dinner time. He meditated over his chop and bread and cheese. He went on meditating over his whisky and water afterward.

"Gold—yes, there is enough gold there to stir any man's cupidity—the more especially as gold can't be traced. If any burglar knows about those sovereigns, that burglar will turn up tonight.

"Accidents will happen. Burglars aren't over scrupulous. Sometimes they work with six shooters, sometimes with chloroform pads. They might happen to overpower me, and then they would not have much difficulty with the safe. Perhaps for the moment the safe isn't really the best place to keep those bags of gold in."

He thought that matter out. The problem was a delicate one. Supposing the gold to be stolen, then, if by any accident it could be proved that it had been stolen from any place except the safe, clearly it would be a very serious matter for him.

So midnight arrived before Mr. Foster, who had in the meantime been to his bedroom to put on his dressing gown and slippers, made up his mind what to do.

"By Jove! I have it!" he exclaimed at last. "Hanged if those beautiful jerry builders haven't left a plank loose in the floor! The very thing!"

Working as quietly as if he had been a burglar himself, he stripped back a bit of the felting, lifted the loose plank and slipped the ten bags underneath it, one after the other; then by judiciously driving in little wedges which he cut from the firewood he made the plank tighter than it had been before and once more fastened the felting neatly over it.

"Now, Mr. Burglar," he said, "everything's ready. I'll retire to my hiding place and wait for you."

As the front of the bank faced the street, there was no probability of burglars entering that way. They would come, if they came, over the garden wall and through the kitchen. So Mr. Foster withdrew into the bank itself and watched developments in the bank parlor through a peephole which he had bored in the door with a gimlet.

The hours dragged on, trying his patience sorely. It must have been between 3 and 4 in the morning when a slight noise, which obviously was neither the rattling of a window nor the snoring of the housekeeper, arrested his attention. The door by which the bank parlor communicated with the private part of the house was being tried.

In a minute or two the lock was forced and two men entered. Both of them were masked, and one of them carried a little bag of tools.

It was too dark for him to observe their methods with exactitude. So far as he could judge, they forced the lock gradually by driving in filmy plates of steel to act as wedges until at last the jimmy could be inserted and the proper leverage brought to bear.

The process took about 40 minutes. At the end of that time the door of the strong box was open, and the thieves were pulling all sorts of papers out of it in their eager quest for bags of gold. The psychological moment had arrived.

"What in thunder!" Mr. Foster exclaimed and burst in upon them, firing as he came.

One of the men fired back at him, and for ten seconds or so there was a quick exchange of shots in the half light. When it had ceased and Mary's screams from the top windows had brought the constables, one of the burglars lay stretched out with a broken leg before the violated safe. The other had escaped over the garden wall, leaving a trail of blood behind him, while the bank manager himself had a grazed cheek and a nasty flesh wound in the shoulder.

A doctor, following hard on the heels of the policeman, dressed his wounds and assured him that they were not serious. He pulled himself together and gave his version of the story.

"I was too late—too late; the other chap got away. He's carried off $50,000. It's all the bank's fault for having such a silly safe."

"Ah, well," said the doctor philosophically, "$50,000 won't break the London and Miscellaneous! In fact, speaking as a shareholder, I shouldn't wonder if the directors found they'd got a bit over to do something for you. They ought to, anyhow."

And they did. They paid Mr. Foster's doctor's bill, and they gave him the service of plate which he had promised himself, and then expressed the greatest regret when, a few months afterward, he announced his intention of retiring from their employment on the ground that "a fortunate speculation had released him from the necessity of working for his living."—London Answers.

The Minutest of Shells.

Among the minute existences upon the face of the globe that have been elevated by means of the microscope into an honored position of independence are the foraminifera, mostly marine atoms inhabiting many chambered cells. At one time they were considred mollusca, at another they were ranked among the infusoria and eventually they were settled comfortably in the subkingdom protozoa. The calcareous shells have in the past formed vast deposits of chalk. They are often today congregated as realms of sand.

These animals are not always minute, but generally they are subjects imperatively demanding the lens. An ounce of sand has been known to contain 6,000 of their shells, and in the West Indies the figure once ran into millions. Your object under the naked eye seems to be merely a pinch of brown sand; under the microscope you have a great variety of the loveliest lilliputian shells, representing every variety of form known to the conchologist.

The Footsteps In the Sand.

We toiled on for life—bare life. Then imagine our amazement when on the long surface of a dune we perceived human footsteps imprinted in the sand! Down we went on our knees and examined them. There was no doubt of it. They were the footprints of human beings. Surely we could not be very far off from the river now. In an instant we were wide awake. We followed up the trail till we came to the top of a dune, where the sand was driven together in a hard, compact mass, and the footprints could be more distinctly made out. Kasim dropped on his knees, then cried in a scarcely audible voice, "They are our own footsteps!"—"Through Asia," by Sven Hedin.

Red Heads Don't Go Mad.

The reason why dark haired and dark skinned people are more inclined to mental disorder than the lighter haired and complexioned has never, so far as our recollection serves, been accounted for by the wise in such matters. It may perhaps be consoling to the fair skinned to hear that in one madhouse out of 200 patients only four have light hair and complexions and one red hair.—Health.

DWELLERS IN FLATS.

A NEW YORK REAL ESTATE AGENT ON THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

Peculiar Lines Which, According to His Experience, People of Different Nationalities Take In Causing Trouble to the Owners.

The first question put by the renting agent was, "What nationality, please?" and the woman in the blue hat replied by asking, "Why do you want to know?"

"I meant no offense," said the agent. "I only thought that by finding out your nationality I could refer you at once to certain buildings on my list which would be apt to please you." The woman in the blue hat had half a notion to get angry.

"I don't see what my nationality has to do with finding a suitable flat," she said.

"It has a good deal to do with it," said the agent. "Now, I can see straight off that you are an American, born and bred. This is a delicate question that you have plunged me into, but since I am in it I mean to flounder around a little while longer and tell you a few facts pertaining to the merits and demerits of different nationalities considered in the light of flathouse tenants.

"First of all, I want to speak from the standpoint of prompt payment. If my success in business depended upon each tenant paying his rent exactly when it was due, I would try to fill all my houses with Scotchmen. Never have I lost a penny on a Scot, and seldom have I had to wait.

"I am not making the rash assertion that it is impossible for a Scotchman to be dishonest while everybody else is trying his best to cheat me out of my very eyeteeth. The point I wish to make is that personally I have never suffered loss at the hands of a Scot. But they give trouble in other ways. They are fearfully quarrelsome and raise so many rows with the other tenants through the dumb waiter shaft that it keeps the janitor busy straightening out domestic snarls. In all my buildings where Scotchmen reside I select a janitor with a view to his even disposition and diplomatic gifts. It doesn't matter so much about his ability for scrubbing and keeping the furnace going. Utilitarian accomplishments are a secondary consideration so long as he is endowed with the blessed qualities of a peacemaker.

"Taken all in all, the most peaceable people I get in my houses hail from Sweden. You never hear a peep out of a Swede. He doesn't bother his neighbors and he doesn't bother me unless the provocation is extreme. As a rule, he is good pay too. The only fault I have to find with him is his fondness for moving. A lease is a dead letter in his eye, and he has no more compunction about moving without a day's notice than he has about going to bed when he is sleepy."

The woman in the blue hat asked what were the chief characteristics of Americans as tenants.

"Their supreme selfishness," said the agent. "They have not a spark of consideration for a landlord. They want the earth. They never get through asking for improvements. They are not content to get the walls tinted and the woodwork painted and the plumbing fixed once or twice a year. They want new decorations every month, and all the trimmings must be first class too. American tenants pay big prices for their flats, but there isn't really so much profit in catering to them as to other nationalities, for the simple reason that I have to pay out nearly all my income in trying to keep up the building in the style they demand. On the other hand, the people who ask for the least are the Italians and the French. They take most any old thing I feel like giving them, the French meekly providing their own decorations and the Italians going without.

"I like German tenants pretty well, too, but they are terribly hard on flats. I never could understand how they manage to inflict so much damage on walls and floors. Judging by the looks of an apartment just vacated by a large German family, one would think that their star piece of furniture was a battering ram.

"The czar's former subjects also have an abnormally developed bump of destructiveness, although they run to glass instead of plastering. I have one house down town that is occupied by ten Russian families, and if they were not compelled to repair their own damages it would keep me poor putting in new windows and buying new gas globes.

"I also rent to colored people. I have three houses full of them at present, and I must say that I have never had better tenants. But when you come down to facts, all my tenants are nice people, only I thought it might not be amiss while on the subject of nationality to mention a few of the peculiarities of each."—New York Sun.

Homemade Stoves.

In many parts of Spain the stove in general use is made from an empty petroleum oil can by cutting a hole near the bottom on one of the sides to make a draft, the can being lined with gypsum to the pleasure of the constructor, giving the fire space accordingly. The stove thus made, primitive as it is in its appearance, is effective in purpose and costs the equivalent of but a few cents of our money.

Peterboro, in New Hampshire, established the first free public library in the United States in 1833, and as early as 1849 a general law authorizing taxation for library purposes was passed.

One of the most destructive earthquakes in the world's history was that which occurred in Tokyo in the year 1703, when 190,000 people were killed.

The Englishman and His Order.

An Englishman at a Chicago hotel ordered a trap. He ordered it of an intelligent looking key clerk behind the desk. Then he went up stairs to his room to prepare himself for the drive. He waited half an hour for the announcement that the vehicle was below. He began to wonder if this was an example of the American hustle whose reputation had crossed the Atlantic.

Presently came a knock on the door. "Come in," bade the Englishman.

Entered a mechanical looking man in his shirt sleeves.

"Where's the hole?" was his question.

"Hole?" queried the Englishman. "I wanted a trap."

"Here it is," said the toiler, "and it'll catch that mouse sure."

The Englishman's mouth opened in astonishment. "Mouse! What do you mean? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm the hotel carpenter, sir, and I've brought up the trap you ordered!"

The Englishman glared. Then it penetrated his Saxon wits, and he roared. He gave the carpenter half a dollar and swore the joke for once was on America.

The Drones In a Beehive.

To the drones nature has certainly been very bountiful. They are very large and strong, have a helmet made of enormous black pearls, two lofty quivering plumes, a doublet of iridescent, yellowish velvet, a heroic tuft and a fourfold mantle, translucent and rigid.

While the workers have 12,000 facets to their eyes, the drones are gifted with 26,000; while the workers have 5,000 olfactory cavities in their antennæ, the drones have over 60,000. While the workers are laboring for the benefit of the community the drones sail off every bright morning into space, irresistible, glorious, and tranquilly make for the nearest flowers, where they sleep till the afternoon freshness awakes them.

Then, with the same majestic pomp and still overflowing with magnificent schemes, they return to the hive, go straight to the cells, plunge their heads to the neck in the vats of honey and fill themselves tight as a drum to repair their exhausted strength, whereupon, with heavy steps, they go forth to meet the good, dreamless and careless slumber that shall fold them in its embrace till the time for the next repast.—Maeterlinck's "Life of a Bee."

Bullfighters Afraid of Cows.

It will probably not surprise our readers to hear that most Spanish bullfighters object to fighting cows. The real reason may, however, astonish them. A sportsmanlike objection to persecuting a female animal has nothing whatever to do with it. The fact is that the average toreador is sincerely afraid of a cow.

And he has good reason. The cows of the half wild breed used for the arena are much quicker in their movements than are the bulls. Their horns are more pointed and more formidable. They do not lower their heads to the ground, shut their eyes and charge like a locomotive upon the rails, but are alert and ready to follow every movement of their persecutors. Their warlike tactics have been adapted not to blind, bovine frontal attacks, but to the strategy of active and cunning beasts of prey, of which the human bullfighter is only a feeble mimic. If these cheap idols of the Spanish populace would face young and active wild cows which had just been robbed of their calves, they might perhaps forestall the butcher, but they would, at any rate, do something to earn their laurels.—Pearson's.

An Editor and a Golden Hair.

"One beautiful spring morning an editor found a golden hair lying between the pages of a manuscript," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The moment he reached the page it gracefully fluttered out. Flushed with excitement, the editor caught it. It was not his hair, he argued, therefore it was not his property. Then, again, he thought, the owner probably lost it and might need it. So he put it back. He was a methodical man, and he replaced it exactly as he had found it. He was not many days older when he received a letter proving by the very hair he had so dexterously caught and conscientiously replaced that he never had read or even opened the manuscript of the writer. Could anything have been a clearer case against the editor? Most certainly not. It was conclusive and final, don't you see?"

A Little Drama.

In the morning a workman kissed his wife and children and went to help a hundred others tear down a building.

During the day he slipped and fell.

Then came an ambulance and a hospital and then a bit of black crape on an obscure door.

His children went on without their father.

His wife, whose life had been bound up in that of her husband, grew pale and died.

Helplessness killed the little ones.

Yet in speaking of the accident men said:

"It was not so bad. Only one man was killed."—Chicago Journal.

Frogs as Scavengers.

Frogs are fine scavengers, destroying great quantities of decaying animal substance in springs and brooks and keeping the water pure, thus proving themselves most worthy of kind treatment and preservation. They devour, too, great numbers of insects, including flies and mosquitoes. In spite of their queer shape, they are remarkably expert jumpers and swimmers, and many a boy has learned from them both how to play leapfrog and how to swim.

Displaying His Caution.

"I notice he was unusually formal and circumspect in his behavior," she told her dearest friend, "and I thought at first I had offended him in some way."

"Had you?"

"Oh, no. As soon as Brother Willie came in and got the phonograph he had inadvertently left on the table everything was all right again."—Chicago Post.

His Repairs.

Landlord—But the agreement was that you should make your own repairs.

Tenant—That's all right, but I expect you to make the repairs of the house.—Boston Transcript.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 21.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. viii, 1-22. Memory Verses, 20-22—Golden Text, Gen. vi, 8—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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As next week's lesson will take us to Abram, we may be said to have but one lesson on the first 2,000 years of the world's history, for the previous two lessons kept us at the beginning of the story. Cain and Abel represent the two great lines leading on to antichrist and to Christ, Cain being of the devil and Abel of God (I John iii, 12). The Bible does not give us any record of Adam's numerous posterity, but just the two lines of the righteous and the unrighteous, mentioning some prominent men in each, Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noah being among the righteous of these first 2,000 years. The tendency in all ages since sin entered is away from God, not toward God, and after the first 16 centuries the testimony of God was that all flesh had corrupted his way on earth and that the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of man was only evil continually (chapter vi, 5-12). He instructed Noah to build an ark for the preservation of himself and his family and some of all living creatures from the impending judgment, revealing to Noah His determination to destroy all others, both man and beast, from off the face of the earth. Noah did just as he was told, and probably during the space of 120 years (vi, 2), with no signs of a coming storm, continued to build his vessel far from any sea and doubtless amid the scoffs and jeers of an ungodly world. We have the manner of their speech recorded in Job xxii, 15-17; Jude, 14-16. In due time the ark was finished just as God had commanded and therefore perfectly fitted for that which God intended. The limit of His mercy was reached, the time of judgment come. He called Noah and his family unto Him into the ark and then brought in unto Noah all the creatures He intended to save alive and shut him in, and after seven days the storm began.

1-9. This brings us to the beginning of the chapter assigned for our lesson, and in the fourth verse we read that the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat just five months after the flood began. After this the waters decreased continually until on the first day of the tenth month the tops of the mountains were seen, and 40 days later, which would be the tenth day of the eleventh month, Noah sent forth a raven and afterward a dove. The raven, being an unclean bird (Lev. xi, 13-15), could rest on any floating dead carcass, and therefore returned not to the ark; the dove, a clean bird, finding no resting place, returned to the ark and makes us think of the Holy Spirit as a dove, finding His first perfect resting place on Christ at His baptism. Have you the spirit of the raven or the dove?

10-12. Seven days later he sent forth the dove again, and in the evening she returned with an olive leaf in her mouth; so Noah knew that the waters were abated. That would be on the seventeenth day of the eleventh month, or just nine months after the waters began to come upon the earth. He waited yet other seven days and sent forth the dove for the third time, and she returned no more.

13, 14. One month and more did Noah still wait before the surface of the earth was dry and nearly two months longer before the earth was dry enough to have him leave the ark. On the twenty-seventh day of the second month of the six hundred and first year of Noah's life was the earth dried, so that, counting the seven days that Noah was in the ark before the rain began (chapter vii, 10), he was in the ark altogether one year and 17 days, or seven months after the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat. What faith and patience he had opportunity to display! What quiet waiting with God! The Lord had said, "Come thou into the ark" (vii, 1); so the Lord was the first to enter the ark, and He was with Noah in the ark. Happy are those who find their joy in God and in His presence and are glad to abide with Him anywhere and as long as He pleases! What matters it whether we are going or staying, shut up in the ark or roaming the earth, if only we are where He wills?

15-17. At the command of God Noah builded the ark, at the command of God he entered the ark and not until God commanded did he leave the ark. He and all the living creatures with him are brought forth upon the new earth that they might be fruitful and multiply. It is a new beginning, for in II Pet. iii, 6, we read, "The world that then was being overflowed with water perished." The people had perished, but Noah came forth upon the same earth, perhaps changed as to its configuration.

18-20. "And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord." His first act was one of worship in God's appointed way—by sacrifice; not the way of Cain, but of Abel. God had commanded him to take into the ark two of every kind of living creature to keep them alive upon the earth (vi, 19, 20), but Jehovah (God in relation to man as his Saviour and righteousness) had said that he should by sevens take of all clean beasts and birds (vii, 1-3), and thus he had abundance for sacrifice. The thought of sacrifice takes us back for a moment to chapter vi, 14, where we read that the ark which preserved Noah and all creatures was covered within and without with pitch, this, of course, to make it to float safely and preserve all in it. But the word translated "pitch" and only here so translated is the very word elsewhere translated "atonement" or "reconciliation" and is surely suggestive of the great truth that there is no safety from coming judgment but by the great sacrifice of Christ.

21, 22. "And the Lord smelled a sweet savour" (margin, "a savour of rest"). In the next chapter we have a full statement of the everlasting covenant with Noah and his seed and all creatures, of which brief mention is made in these two verses, and also of the token of the covenant, the bow in the cloud. When we see the bow, we should remember that God looks upon it, too (ix, 16), and will never again bring a flood upon the earth. But see II Pet. iii, 7-13, and say if you believe these things or are you, like the people of Noah's time, among the scoffers? The many who helped Noah to build the ark and could have told all about it perished because they were not in it. You may understand fully God's plan of redemption and be able to tell it and teach it and perhaps be active in some kind of so called church work, but if you are not in Christ by His blood you are lost.

Shrewd Thievery.

"Americans who go abroad must expect to be robbed right and left," said a young man who recently returned from a brief European tour. "One expects to be held up for all sorts of tips, but when the beggars follow you home you can't help feeling a sort of admiration for their ingenuity.

"I went over on one of the Red Star line boats, and the first thing I did on landing at Antwerp was to go to the cable office and send a message to my mother announcing my safe arrival. I paid the toll and thought no more about it until I got home, when among my mail I found a letter from the Antwerp operator, addressed in care of my mother, saying that through an error he had not charged me enough for my cablegram sent on such and such a date, that he had been obliged to pay the difference out of his own pocket, and as his salary was very small and he had a large family and all that sort of thing he felt sure I would reimburse him.

"The amount was a trifling one, and I did send him a foreign money order. I have since learned from experienced travelers that I had been made the victim of a systematic form of robbery and that scarcely a cablegram is sent from the other side unless it is of a business nature that is not followed by some such plea from the European operator."

Hold the Fort.

In October, 1864, Allatoona pass, a defile in the mountains of Georgia, was guarded by General Corse, with 1,500 men. It was a strong, strategic point, and, moreover, 1,500,000 rations were stored there. French, the southern general, with 6,000 men, attacked the garrison and drove the defenders into a small fort on the crest of the hill. The battle was fierce. The northern soldiers fell in such numbers that further fighting seemed folly.

But one of Corse's officers caught sight of a white signal flag fluttering in the breeze on the top of the Kenesaw mountain, across the valley, 15 miles away. The signal was answered, and then came the inspiring message from mountain to mountain: "Hold the fort. I am coming.—W. T. Sherman."

Cheer after cheer went up, and, though hopelessly reduced in numbers, they did hold the fort for hours until the advance guard of Sherman's army came to their relief. Six years later P. P. Bliss, the evangelist, heard the story in all its vivid detail from a soldier friend and then wrote the words and music of his famous hymn.—Presbyterian.

Near the Popping Point.

"Mary," said her father, "you have been keeping company with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."

"Oh, father, how can you talk so? He is, oh, so sweet and nice!"

"Ah!" And the fond father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?"

"Well, father, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the drapery of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed; but, then, last evening when we were out walking we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I'm going to live in some day,' and I said, 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage, and—and I squeezed his hand!"

"Oh, ah, I see!" said her father. "Well, we'll try him another week or two."—London Answers.

Curious Vienna Law.

They have curious laws in Vienna and enforce them too. Recently Marie Friedl and Felix Kopstein, aged 15 and 13 years respectively, were walking along a street in the Austrian capital when they came across an old woman staggering along under the weight of a heavy package. Moved by pity, they offered to carry it for the old woman, a proposition to which she readily acceded. The kind hearted children had not gone far before they were arrested by a policeman for carrying parcels without a license. The children were taken to a police station, where the officer in charge lectured them upon the enormity of their offense. They were kept under arrest for six hours and then released with a warning.

It seems that there is a corps of "messengers" in Vienna to which a municipal statute grants the exclusive right of "carrying" inside the city. The boy and girl had violated the law by carrying the old woman's burden, and under such an interpretation of the statute a man who carries a package for a woman with whom he is walking may be "run in" by the first policeman who sees him.

The Way the Boy Put It.

Different sermons may be preached from the same text, and there may be more or less of truth in each of them.

"Here is an account," said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, "of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed in after him and succeeded in pulling him out."

"There," said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her 10-year-old son, "that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water!"

"Why, mother," said the boy in sorrowful astonishment, "I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe I'd be wherever I went if you'd only let him buy me a big dog!"

Mr. Morse coughed and became discreetly absorbed in the quotations of mining stocks.

Too Much.

"You say you think your boy has too great an appetite?" said the physician to an anxious mother. "Do you realize how much a growing boy can eat?"

"I should think I ought to if anybody does," returned the boy's parent. "I'll just put the case to you, doctor.

"Where we were, up in the mountains, the waitress would come in and say to my boy, 'We have fried fish, steak, liver and bacon, baked and fried potatoes, rye biscuit, muffins and dry toast.'

"And that boy Ned would say, 'I'll take it all, please—and some eggs.'"—Exchange.

Evolution of the Apple.

Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known, and we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and puckery—crab apples and nothing else. The crab apple was and is in its wildness nothing but a rosebush. Away back in time the wild rose, with its pretty blossoms that turn to little red balls, apple flavored, and the thorny crab had the same grandmother.

Awful Affliction.

Junior Partner—I received a note from our bookkeeper this morning saying that he wouldn't be able to come to work for several days.

Senior Partner—What's the matter with the man?

Junior Partner—His wife has been cutting his hair.—Town Topics.

The Case.

"Gentlemen of the jury," cried the council for the defendant, "if there ever was a case which in any case must be carefully compared with other cases this case is that case."

"Which case?" asked the puzzled judge.

Domestic Economy.

Madam—Poor Fido, he was such a nice dog! I am so sorry he died.

Bridget—So am I, mom. Many's the plate he saved me washing.—Baltimore World.

The Child at Play.

Play is the means whereby individual powers are acquired. It is the apprenticeship for the work of life. A little child at play is "at his lessons."—H. B. Drummond's "The Child."

FROM A FIRE OF APPLE WOOD.

Through wind swept sheets of driven rain
The ancient orchard shows forlorn,
Like brave old soldiery half slain
With gaps to tell the losses borne,

And fragments of the fallen trees
Burn on the hearth before me bright;
The fire their captive spirit frees;
Musing, I watch it take its flight.

How swift the flames of gold and blue
Up from the glowing logs aspire!
There yellow bird and bluebird flew
And oriole, each with wings of fire.

Now in the hearth light, on the trees,
Stirs something they and I have heard.
Ah, is it not the summer breeze
Come back to us with sun and bird?

Poor summers, born again—to die!
Quickly as they have come they go.
See, where the ashes smoldering lie,
The orchard floor is white with snow.

—M. A. DeWolfe Howe in Atlantic.

CARDLAND.

The Games That Were Played In the Eighteenth Century.

After the advent of the house of Hanover the favorite games at court were "quadrille," an improvement of "ombre," and "commerce." The gains and losses of the kings and queens were, as a rule, restricted to 100 guineas, but on Twelfth Night it was customary for thousands to change hands. On one occasion Lady Cowper, a lady in waiting, refused for the sake of her children to take part in the game, as none sat down to the table with less than £200.

About the year 1740 a rage for "whisk," or whist, set in, but at first it was considered too wise a game for ladies to join in. Hume, the historian, never went to bed without his whist, and even the great Johnson regretted that he had not learned to play cards. In 1742 "Horry" Walpole finds it absolutely necessary to learn "whisk," "having waited in vain for its being left off." We find him in another letter threatening to build an altar to "Pam" to commemorate the escape of his charming Duchess of Grafton, who, it appears, had been playing cards in Rome when she ought to have been at a cardinal's reception, where the floor fell in and all the monsignores were precipitated into the cellar!

Cards were so very much in evidence in his time that even invitations were frequently issued and notes written upon the backs of playing cards, which on that account were usually plain, without any design. The chevalier's famous order to retreat at Culloden was written on the back of the nine of hearts.

A fresh attempt was made in 1739 to remedy the state of gambling in England by passing an act which provided that "any person keeping a house or other place to game in forfeits £200, half to the prosecutor and half to the poor of the parish," whereupon two ladies of title, Mordington and Casselis, who keep open houses for gambling, claimed their privilege of peerage in order to intimidate the peace officers from doing their duty and suppressing the public gaming houses by them.—Longman's Magazine.

Greeley's Awful Writing.

It is interesting to recall the fact that Horace Greeley left behind him a very frank criticism of the legibility of his own chirography. Being up town in New York one day, and wishing to send a telegram and also to get shaved, he entered a hotel and sent his dispatch. Then, passing into the barber shop, he sat down in a chair and (according to custom) was soon sound asleep.

Meantime the telegram had created a decided sensation, Mr. Greeley having thrown it down hastily on the desk and neglected to translate it. Nobody, from the manager down, being able to supply a legible equivalent for the mysterious characters, a messenger was sent into the barber shop with the screed.

Waking with a start, and supposing that the boy had brought an answer to his dispatch, Mr. Greeley took the paper, scanned it for a moment, and then, with a look of deep disgust, piped out: "What blamed idiot wrote this?"

Diplomacy a Fine Art.

Diplomacy is a fine art, and in its successful practice much depends upon the observation of social conventions. Some of the most successful diplomats seem to spend most of their time at dinners and parties, apparently doing nothing but enjoying themselves, but in reality serving well their countries. In truth, the reputation of a country at a foreign court and ofttimes its welfare in important issues depend very largely upon the social abilities of its minister, for the man who is popular socially is very likely to drive a better international bargain than his unsociable brother. This is well understood at Washington, and the selection of a chief for one of our foreign embassies depends in no small part upon his social culture.—Edward Page Gaston in Woman's Home Companion.

Lessons In Love.

"I've noticed," said the observant girl, "that the big men are the most demonstrative in their lovemaking."

"Perhaps," remarked the wise girl; "but, after all, a girl should never judge a lover by his sighs."—Philadelphia Record.

A Successful Case.

First Lawyer—I just concluded a very successful case.

Second Lawyer—Your client won, eh?

First Lawyer—Oh, no, but I got my fees!—Ohio State Journal.

Every decade brings shorter hours to those who merely work, but for those who would succeed there is no time table.—Saturday Evening Post.

Adam de la Hale, a troubadour, wrote the world's first comic opera in 1240 A. D.

Playing It Down Low.

"I haven't much use for Blithersley," said the proud papa.

"Why?" asked the proud mamma.

"I listened to him for an hour today while he told me about what his baby had said or tried to say, and just as I was about to tell him about ours he left me, saying he had to catch a train."—Baltimore American.

The Important Thing.

"Do you think it makes much difference which planet a person is born under?"

"Not a bit, so long as he keeps on the earth."—Town and Country.

If a man is treated well at home, he would rather eat at home and sleep at home and loaf at home than anywhere else.—Atchison Globe.

About Right.

No man should ever make excuses to a woman who loves him. Let him say he is sorry and loves her, and she will make the excuses and accept them too.—New Lippincott.

A MOTHER'S ANGUISH

HER SON DIDN'T KNOW HER, AND HE WAS STARVING.

An Unexpected Meeting on the Street and the Skeleton In One Family Closet That It Brought Into the Full Light of Day.

She was a stately, comely old lady, but there was an unmistakable trace of sadness and melancholy upon her handsome features. She was well dressed, and within the ample folds of her black silk gown there were surely numbers of places where she might have found accommodation for a pocket, but in accordance with the custom of her sex she carried her well filled pocketbook in her hand, offering temptation to every thief or starving wretch that chanced to come along the dimly lighted streets. She was old enough to have known better.

As she turned down a side street, more gloomy than the avenue, a lank and ill clad youth suddenly darted out of a hallway, flashed at the old woman, and, without a word or look, snatched the purse which she so lightly held and ran at the top of his speed up the street.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" shouted the old lady, gesticulating wildly as she gathered up her skirts and attempted to follow in pursuit.

The cry was taken up by a crowd of newsboys and a few passersby, but, although the thief was never lost sight of, he was fleet of foot, and would probably have made good his escape had he not run right into the arms of a burly policeman at the corner of the next avenue.

The policeman shook the young fellow as a terrier might shake a rat and held him until the old lady came puffing up. She arrived at length, with her umbrella upraised with the evident intention of striking the man who had dared to take the pocketbook she had held so temptingly in her hand.

Suddenly and in that ridiculous attitude she paused and turned deathly pale. The crowd stared open mouthed. The policeman jerked the man by the collar, but that was not the sole reason that the fellow fell upon his knees. He turned as pale as the old lady as he shook himself free, and still kneeling, with hands uplifted, he gasped:

"Mother! I did not know you, and—and—I was starving!"

"John!" ejaculated the woman in accents of agony. "My boy! My poor son! This is the worst of all! Oh, this is horrible!"

The wretched man reached for her hands, but she drew them away and buried her face with them. While the crowd looked on in silence, the thief slowly reached down to his loose and tattered boot and, drawing out the pocketbook he had stolen, held it toward his mother.

"Come on!" said the policeman gruffly, gripping the man by the arm and at the same time seizing the purse. Then to the woman he added:

"You must come to the police station along of us, ma'am, and enter a complaint."

Instantly the old lady drew herself up indignantly and with haughty manner said:

"What do you mean? You have made a great mistake, officer. This is not the man who took my pocketbook. Kindly let him go."

"But—but 'e 'ad it! It's 'ere!" bawled the bewildered representative of the law, pushing the purse toward the dignified old lady.

"Nothing of the kind," said she. "I never saw it before in all my life. Why don't you let the poor man go?"

"Because I 'as my duty to perform," was the surly reply. "'E's your son, I guess, and you're a-screening of 'im."

"My son!" said the old lady, sadly and almost tenderly. The young man made a step forward.

"My son!" she echoed, with a fine assumption of scorn as she recoiled a foot or two. "My son! Absurd!"

Then, adjusting a pair of gold rimmed glasses on her nose, she stared the culprit calmly in the face and quietly said:

"I knew this man once as a bright, brave, manly boy. I knew him as a tender, loving little child. I knew him as an innocent, cooing baby."

A sob was heard, but it was not she who sobbed.

"I do not know him now," she continued. "Give him the purse and let him go."

When the stately old lady had sailed majestically away, the big policeman gave his prisoner one powerful, hearty shake, then flung him from him.

The newsboys hunted around for mud fitted for pelting purposes.

But the young man did not run and thus afford good sport. He stood like one dazed for a few moments. Then he hurriedly opened the pocketbook and scattered the contents into the street.

Those newsboys had a gala time, and when the scramble was over the thief, the starving scamp, the prodigal son, was nowhere to be seen.—New York Telegram.

Denmark's Navy Homemade.

An interesting feature of the Danish navy is that it is entirely homemade. Since the monitor Rolf Krake, built for them at Glasgow in the early sixties, the Danes have constructed all their own ships. They have done more than that—they have once at least led the way in the evolution of a type. Their Tordenskjold came before the Italian Lepanto and Italia and embodies exactly the same idea—the gun heavily protected, no side armor, but instead a protective deck. That idea is, however, very much exploded at the present day.—Engineer.

Worth It.

Mrs. Homespun (indignantly)—Here's an article says that in Formosa a wife costs $5.

Mr. Homespun (thoughtfully)—Waal, a good wife is wuth it.—Spare Moments.

Laugh Heartily, Live Long.

The discontented worries of a morose person may very likely shorten his days, and the general justice of nature's arrangement provides that his early departure should entail no long regrets, says a British medical journal. On the other hand, the man who can laugh keeps his health. To be perfectly healthy laughter comes often. Too commonly, though, as childhood is left behind, the habit fails, and a half smile is the best that visits the thoughtlined mouth of a modern man or woman. People become more and more burdened with the accumulations of knowledge and with the weighing responsibilities of life, but they should still spare time to laugh.

Why She Wanted It.

Mr. Bowers—I don't see why you want to spend money for a new thermometer when we have a half dozen already.

Mrs. Bowers—But this one has a barometer, and barometers are so handy. See, it says "rain," and just look how it is raining!—Puck.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.26, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.58, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15, 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

[illegible] Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 5.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 5.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

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Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street. near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.50 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

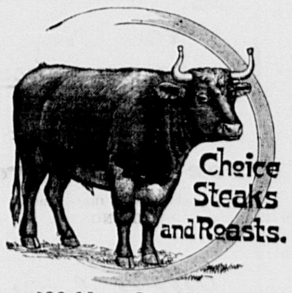
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



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Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

DR. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

"THESE IDLE DAYS."

I have read from the great book of nature
How the seasons unceasingly roll,
And where myriads of stars are unfolded
By night, on the heavens' wide scroll.
I have learned that their law is to labor;
Inaction would wreck the great plan
That holds worlds upon worlds in their orbits
And governs the frail life of man.

There is never a night in the summer
So still but the dew dripping air
Is keen with the singing of insects
At work in some cool, grassy lair,
And the day, rising bright eyed and rosy,
From the depths of the green eastern sea,
When it trails down the western horizon,
Will be morning on some distant lea.

When winter lies chilling around us,
Earth snowbound and skies sullen gray,
In the heart of the trees, gaunt and leafless,
There's a song of the sunshine of May,
And the flowers that drooped in the autumn
Are waiting to grow up anew
When the springtime shall smile a bright welcome
To brooklets and grasses and dew.

So these days that seem clouded by waiting
With listless and sad folded hands,
While all of life's brightest endeavor
Has fled with time's vanishing sands,
May be only some wise preparation
For a part in the infinite plan
That has governed the worlds since creation
And considers the brief life of man.

—Boston Globe.

MURILLO'S SLAVE

How He Turned His Talent to Account For His Father and Himself.

One beautiful summer morning, about the year 1630, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, at which they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations they entered the studio. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz angrily, "which of you remained behind in the studio last night?"

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova. "Don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest, gentlemen," answered Isturitz. "Last evening I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos. "Here is a small figure in the corner of my canvas, and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures sometimes on my canvas, sometimes on the walls. There was one yesterday on your easel, Ferdinand."

"It must be Isturitz," said Ferdinand.

"Gentlemen," replied Isturitz, "I protest"—

"You need not protest," replied Carlos. "We all know you are not capable of sketching such a figure as that."

"At least," answered Isturitz, "I have never made a sketch as bad as that of yours. One would think you had done it in jest."

"And my pencils are quite wet," said Gonzalo in his turn. "Truly, strange things go on here during the night."

"Do you not think, like the negro, Gomez, that it is the Zombi who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Isturitz.

"Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in different parts of the studio, "if the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner he would make a beautiful head of the Virgin in my 'Descent From the Cross.'"

With these words Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed in mute surprise on his canvas, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin. But the expression was so admirable, the lines were so clear, the contour was so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this? Who has painted this head, gentlemen?" asked Murillo eagerly. "Speak! Tell me! He who has sketched this Virgin will one day be the master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! What delicacy! What skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, senor," replied Mendez in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you, then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same reply as Mendez.

"It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo impatiently.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming. Indeed this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, senor," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without putting everything in order, cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes and arranging our easels, but when we return in the morning not only is everything in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, palettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches—beautiful sketches, to be sure, they are—sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen for yourself, senor."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant. Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy about 14 years old who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy, with timidity.

"And have you done so?"

"Yes, master."

"Speak, then. Who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I shall make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trousers without replying.

"Ah, you don't choose to answer?" said Murillo, pulling his ear.

"No one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian, with eagerness.

"That is false!" exclaimed Murillo.

"No one but me, I swear to you master!" cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who has sketched this head of the Virgin and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio. This night in place of going to bed you shall keep watch, and if by tomorrow you do not discover who the culprit is you shall have 25 strokes from the lash. You hear; I have said it. Now go and grind the colors, and, you, gentlemen, to work."

From the commencement till the termination of the hour of instruction Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared the pupils made ample amends for this restraint, and as the unknown painter occupied all their thoughts the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch for the culprit, but give me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez. You have made it yellow enough already. And as to the culprit, I have already told you that it is the Zombi."

"Are these negroes fools or asses with their Zombi?" said Gonzalo, laughing. "Pray, what is a Zombi?"

"Oh, an imaginary being, of course! But take care, Senor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian, with a mischievous glance at his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who has stretched the left arm of your St. John to such a length that if the right resembles it he will be able to untie his shoestrings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Isturitz as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just and much to the point?"

"Oh, they say that negroes have the face of an ape and the tongue of a parrot," rejoined Gonzalo in a tone of indifference.

"With this distinction," observed Ferdinand, "that the parrot repeats by rote, while Sebastian has judgment in his remarks."

"Like the parrot, by chance," returned Gonzalo.

"Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that from grinding the colors he may one day astonish us by showing he knows one from another?"

"To know one color from another and to know how to use them are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils. And the truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eye so correct, that many of them did not disdain to follow the advice he frequently gave them respecting their paintings. Although they sometimes amused themselves by teasing the little mulatto, he was a great favorite with them all, and this evening on quitting the studio each, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder, counseled him to keep a strict watch and catch the Zombi for fear of the lash.

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—this studio, which during the day was so cheerful and animated—was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leaned against an easel. Immovable and still, he was so deeply absorbed in his meditations that the door of the studio was opened by one who several times called him by name and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome negro.

"Why do you come here, father?" said he in a melancholy tone.

"To keep you company, Sebastian."

"There is no need, father. I can watch alone."

"But what if the Zombi should come?"

"I do not fear him," replied the boy, with a pensive smile.

"He may carry you away, my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery."

"Oh, how sad—how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy, weeping bitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

"God!" ejaculated Sebastian as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered. "God! I pray constantly to him, my father—and he will one day listen to me—that we may no longer be slaves. But go to bed, father; go, go, and I shall go to mine there in that corner, and I shall soon fall asleep. Good night, father; good night."

"Are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"My father, that is a superstition of our country. Father Eugenio has assured me that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on earth."

"Why, then, when the pupils asked you who sketched the figures they find here every morning did you say it was the Zombi?"

"To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh. That was all."

"Then good night, my son." And, having kissed the boy, the negro retired.

The moment Sebastian found himself alone he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then, suddenly checking himself, he said:

"Twenty-five lashes tomorrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!" And the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak. It was only 3 o'clock. Any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again. Not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian!" he exclaimed as he shook himself awake. "Three hours are thine—only three hours! Then profit by them. The rest belong to thy master, slave. Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. To begin these figures must be effaced." And seizing a brush he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Efface this!" he exclaimed. "Efface this! No; I will die first! Efface this! They dare not. Neither dare I. No—that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it and that I should be her murderer. No, no, no; rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel and was soon totally absorbed at his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time.

"Another touch!" he exclaimed. "A soft shade here; now the mouth. Yes, there! It opens those eyes. They pierce me through. What a forehead! What delicacy! Oh, my beautiful"—And Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld all the pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him.

Sebastian never once dreamed of justifying himself, and, with his palette in one hand and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed, for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a flagrant crime Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo, having with a gesture of the hand imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian and, concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the Virgin to the terrified slave who stood like a statue before him:

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing master?" said Murillo."

"You, senor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be. I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen. You have profited by them!" exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?"

At the word "punishment" Sebastian's heart beat quick. The word "reward" gave him a little courage; but, fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes toward his master.

"A reward, senor!" cried the pupils in a breath.

"That is well. But what shall it be?" Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats at least," said Mendez.

"Fifteen!" cried Ferdinand.

"No," said Gonzalo; "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move. "Are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for. I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then. Do not be afraid."

"Oh, master, if I dared"— And Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master.

It was easy to read in the half opened lips of the boy and his sparkling eyes some devouring thought within which timidity prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him each of the pupils suggested some favor for him to demand.

"Ask gold, Sebastian."

"Ask rich dresses, Sebastian."

"Ask to be received as pupil, Sebastian."

A faint smile passed over the countenance of the slave at the last words, but he hung down his head and remained silent.

"Ask for the best place in the studio," said Gonzalo, who from being the last come pupil had the worst light for his easel.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo gayly.

"The master is so kind today," said Ferdinand half aloud, "I would risk something. Ask your freedom, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and, raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed in a voice choked with sobs:

"The freedom of my father—the freedom of my father!"

"And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian and pressed him to his breast.

"Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil, but as my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also a St. Anne, admirably done, a holy Joseph which is extremely beautiful and others of the highest merit.

Trolley Riding For Insomnia.

"There is a great deal of sound sense in persons suffering from insomnia taking rides on the trolley car to make them sleep, as I know from constant experience," said a conductor on an Overbrook night car. "Men who ride only occasionally after midnight and get on the car quite chipper after Eighth street are sound asleep before they reach the Schuylkill river. It is only men who are accustomed to work after midnight that can keep awake for a long ride. It is a common thing for me to see 20 men in a late car all asleep. If I know where they want to go, I wake them up, but they don't always tell me.

"The other night a man who lives near Fifty-second and Jefferson streets boarded a down town car after midnight, saying that he could not sleep and he thought a trolley ride would do him good. He kept awake all right until we got to the ferry, but on the up trip, after 1 o'clock, he fell asleep with the rest of the men in the car. I forgot all about him when we reached his street and carried him to Overbrook. Well, what's stranger, I forgot him again on the down trip, and he slept all the way to the ferry. He made an awful row. On the up trip he slept all the way again, but it was daylight when he got to Fifty-second street. The policeman on that corner was waiting for the car. The man's wife had been out to look for him."—Philadelphia Times.

Iceland.

Iceland was discovered by the Scandinavians about 860 and settled in 874. In 930 the soil was tilled by Irish, Swedes and Danes. Slavery formed part of the social system, and it was by Irish slaves that Christianity was introduced. In fact, according to the sagas, the first Norse settlers found the Irish already in the island and proceeded at once to dislodge them. The Irish monks, or "papas," as they were called, seem to have retired so precipitately that they left behind them sundry books, bells and staffs, articles of great value at the time, which they would not have voluntarily abandoned.

Missionaries began to visit the island about 981, and Christianity was established in 1000. Letters were introduced, and, while the sagas still recited the warlike deeds of their pagan ancestors, a Christian literature also arose, beginning with lives of the saints. There were schools, two Benedictine and four Augustinian monasteries and two convents for Benedictine sisters. A line of bishops held the see up to 1580, when Jonas VI Arassen suffered martyrdom at the hands of the reformers. Such was the land whence came the early settlers to Greenland and the early explorers of our New England coast.—Catholic World.

Is Punishment Beneficial?

This question was asked of a large number of persons, What punishments or rewards have you ever had that did you good or harm?

The majority claimed to be benefited by punishment. The boys thought the effects of a good plain talk were salutary, and none had a complaint to make against a good "dressing down." Many were grateful for having had punishment in due season. There is a time in many a boy's life when he thinks he is lord of everything, and it would seem that a good whipping is often the best way to cure this defect. Tenderness is excellent for most children, but there are certain natures on whom it is wasted because they simply abuse it.

Conscience does not seem to be very powerful in children before the age of 9. Preaching or advice unsought for does not seem to do much good, while suggestion does. As to the influence of companions, it is greatest between the ages of 10 and 15. This influence is next to that of home.—Everybody's Magazine.

He Didn't Scare.

A story is told of a shrewish Scotchwoman who tried to wean her husband from the dramshop by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home.

"Who are you?" asked the farmer as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush.

"I am auld Nick," was the reply.

"Are you really?" exclaimed the old reprobate, with much satisfaction instead of terror. "Mon, come awa'. Gie's a shake o' your hand; I am married to a sister o' yours!"

His Choice.

Kind Lady—Do you like flowers, little boy?

Little Boy—Yes'm.

Kind Lady—I am glad to hear it. Your love of flowers indicates a refined nature. What kind of flowers do you like most?

Little Boy—Boiled cabbage.—Ohio State Journal.

The biggest pumps ever used were made to pump out Lake Haarlem, in Holland. They pumped 400,000 tons daily for 11 years.

When some people cast their bread upon the waters, they expect it to return spread with butter and jam.—Chicago News.

Excusable Ignorance.

When will employers learn not to expect unreasonable things of their servants?

A New York man was put out of patience by some blunder of his new groom.

"Look here!" he cried in his anger. "I won't have things done in this way! Do you think I'm a fool?"

"Shure, sorr," said the groom, "Oi can't say, sorr. I only came here yesterday."—Exchange.

AN EXCITING BATTLE

STORY OF A FIERCE FIGHT WITH AN INDIAN PANTHER.

A Clinch With the Man Eating Brute That Would Have Been Fatal to the Hunter but For a Timely Shot From a Rescue Party.

An exciting story of a fight with a panther is given by a writer in The Asian. The incident occurred while three sportsmen were shooting small game in the Western Ghats, a range of mountains in southern India. Listening intently, B. fancied that he caught the word "bagh," but it was impossible to distinguish sounds clearly in the pandemonium that was going on, and it seemed almost incredible that anything in the way of big game could have remained in the beat so late. So, putting the fancy concerning the word he had heard down to imagination or else the possibility of a small wildcat—for natives call everything of the cat species "bagh"—he did not change his small shot cartridges.

Three minutes afterward there was a stealthy rustle in the tangled grass and bushes to his front, and, expecting a hare or a jungle fowl, he threw his gun forward just as the bushes parted and the savage head of a huge panther rose into view about 25 yards away. Utterly staggered, B. lowered his gun again. To fire at a panther with small shot is wise only when you are anxious to obtain an express passage to the next world, and before he could change his cartridge the brute had seen him and had slunk silently back into the undergrowth, B. catching a glimpse of his heavy tawny body gliding laterally across the beat in the direction of F.'s station. Springing to his feet and shouting a hasty word of warning to F., which, it afterward appeared, the latter heard only imperfectly, B. replaced his shot cartridge with ball and attempted to follow the panther.

But the undergrowth was thick, and, his progress being necessarily slow, he had not proceeded more than a few yards when a shot rang out, quickly followed by another, and the next second F.'s voice reached him, vigorously shouting for assistance.

"B., H., for heaven's sake look sharp or I'm done for!" This was followed by muffled growls and snarls, coupled with reiterated but fainter shouts for help from F. Crashing blindly through the undergrowth toward the sounds, B. stumbled almost on his head into the comparative open jungle which fronted F.'s station. As he did so and vainly tried to steady his pulse and hand, H., from the opposite direction, also burst on the scene. And the sight they both saw was sufficiently fearful.

F., on one knee, holding the panther by the throat at arm's length with his left hand, while with his right he was making spasmodic efforts to draw his hunting knife. And such was the terrific power of his desperate grip that the panther's tongue was protruding and its eyes almost starting from its head. But, although F.'s immense physical strength, still further increased by the despair which redoubles one's forces, prevented the brute from closing and using its teeth, yet it was kicking with its hind claws exactly as a cat does when its stomach is tickled, and the bone of F.'s left arm was stripped almost bare of the skin and flesh, which was hanging in gory festoons nearly up to the shoulder. Sick at the sight, the whole scene for the moment swam before B.'s eyes; but, recalled to his manlier self by a piteous entreaty from poor F., who was weakening rapidly, to chance shooting him, B. braced up and ran toward the scene of the terrible conflict. H., however, would have been before him but that a root caught his foot as he ran and sent him sprawling. The next second B. had run up close and blown the savage brute's brains out just as F. fell in a heap with the dead panther on the top of him.

An improvised litter and a rapid removal to the nearest small station, about 12 miles, followed, and for many a week F. kept his bed. When he eventually recovered, his arm was like a withered limb and has been of little use to him since.

It afterward was learned that F. had heard imperfectly B.'s warning shout and, after hesitating, had decided not to change his cartridges. The panther had shrunk silently across his front, and, hastily cramming in a ball cartridge, F. had taken a snap shot at him just as he was disappearing. This had taken effect much too far back, inflicting only a flesh wound, and the brute had at once turned and charged straight at F. The left barrel, loaded only with small shot and possibly fired with a certain amount of trepidation, had aggravated him still further, and it was undoubtedly only his magnificent physique which saved F. from losing his life on the spot.

What Are the Bounds of Creation?

It may occur to some persons that we cannot conceive of an end of space, and it is hardly likely that infinite space would exist without matter and hence that the universe necessarily is infinite, says T. J. J. See in The Atlantic. This argument proceeds upon the supposition that we can conceive all things which exist, an admission hardly warranted by experience, for, as we can conceive of many things which do not exist, so also there may exist many things of which we can have no clear conception—as, for example, a fourth dimension to space or a boundary to the universe.

Thus while our senses conceive space to be endless it does not follow that the universe is in reality of infinite extent. Much less can the absence of an empyrean prove that the cosmos is finite even to our experience, for this effect may be due to dust in space or the uniform absorption of light by the ether. In the exploration of the sidereal heavens it is found that the more powerful the telescope the more stars are disclosed, and hence the practical indications are that in most directions the sidereal system extends on indefinitely. But the possible uniform extinction of light due to the imperfect elasticity of the luminiferous ether and the undoubted absorption of light by dark bodies widely diffused in space seem to forever preclude a definite answer to the question of the bounds of creation.

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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1901.

REV. DR. MARCH'S EIGHTY-FIFTH.

The ancient First church of this city held a grand Jubilee meeting last Sunday. It was away ahead of anything of the kind that has been seen there since the great 250th celebration of the incorporation of the town, held in 1892.

The occasion of last Sunday's festival was the observance of the 85th anniversary of the birthday of Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritus of the old church, and many years its active Pastor. Although the weather was oppressively hot the meetinghouse was well filled and a keen interest was manifested in the exercises. The pulpit was occupied by Rev. Dr. March, Rev. Dr. Scudder, Pastor, and pastors representing other churches.

The following programme was carried out, beginning at 10.30 in the fore noon:

Organ Prelude.
Doxology. Hymn 80. Tune, "Old Hundred."
Lord's Prayer. By the Congregation. Led by Rev. Ludwig Akeson, Pastor of the Scandinavian Evangelical Church.
Choir. Te Deum in B minor.
Scripture Reading by Rev. Austin Dodge, Pastor of the Burlington Congregational Church.
Pastoral Prayer by Rev. George H. Tilton, Pastor of the North Congregational Church.
Response. "O God, our Father, in compassion hear our prayer to Thee."
Greetings from the
Wilmington Congregational Church, Chester W. Clark
Winchester Congregational Church, E. B. Palmer
Arlington Congregational Church, Charles S. Parker
Choir Selection. "God is Love."
Greetings from Sister Churches in Woburn, Rev Henry C. Parker, Pastor of the Unitarian Church.
Greetings from Daughter Churches in Woburn, Rev. Wolcott Calkins, D. D., Pastor of the Montvale Congregational Church.
Congregational Hymn, 1010. Omit 3d stanza.
Offertory for the Parish.
Soprano Solo. "Jesus, lover of my soul."
The Children's Tribute. Stella Eames
Response by Rev. Dr. March, D. D.
Congregational Hymn 784.
Benediction.
Organ Postlude.

Rev. Mr. Tilton of the North Church sent a letter of regret, and through some error the Lexington Church was not represented. The greeting of daughter and other churches through their representatives, were cordial, heartfelt, and appropriate to the notable occasion.

The Children's Tribute consisted of 85 great roses, one each from 85 children who marched from the galleries and deposited their offering in a box in front of the pulpit, and were then gracefully presented to Dr. March by Stella Eames, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martin Eames. It was a beautiful spectacle.

The celebration really began on Saturday afternoon, July 20, when Mr. Frederic A. Flint and Deacon Oliver F. Bryant visited Rev. Dr. March at his study, or workshop, in the church, and presented him with $125 in gold, in behalf of 125 donors. The first plan was to collect 85 gold dollars from 85 of the Doctor's friends and admirers and present them to him, but the number of people who were eager to contribute was so large that the plan had to be modified and a limit fixed, with the above indicated result. The Doctor accepted the money offering gratefully and graciously—much more thankful, we dare say, for the spirit of love and gratitude that prompted it than for the value of the gift. He always has just the right words for the particular occasion in hand and he met with no difficulty in finding suitable ones in which to express his gratitude to the donors and their representatives, Messrs. Flint and Bryant, for their kindness

In his filicitous response to the kind things said about him by the speakers and the good things done the Doctor alluded to this presentation of gold coin, only he suspected the donors had made a mistake in adding 40 years to his age. This however did not trouble him any; he had the money safely laid away. The address was in his happiest vein. Marked attention was paid to it by the large audience.

Daniel March was born on a farm in Millbury, Mass., on July 21, 1816. At the close of an Acadamic course he entered Amherst College in 1834, but ill health compelled him to leave at the end of two years. Regaining his health he taught for a while in Chester Academy, Vermont, and then entered Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1840. After leaving Yale he served as Principal of the Academy at Fairfield, Conn., afterwards entered the Yale Theological School, and at the close of his studies there was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Cheshire, Conn. Subsequently he was settled over a church at Nashua, N.H., and in 1856 came to the First Congregational Church of Woburn. He resigned his charge here in 1862 and accepted a call from the Clinton Street Church in Philadelphia, where he remained 10 years. In 1876 he returned to his former pastorate in Woburn. Missionary labors called him to Florida, and it was not until 1879 that he was installed again at Woburn. In 1894 he resigned and was made Pastor Emeritus.

Dr. March has visited many foreign countries, including the Capital of every European State except Lisbon, Portugal, his last voyage being a journey around the world with Rev. Mr. Porter of Lexington, about 10 years ago, when China, Japan, and other missionary fields were visited by him. His son, William, now in this country, is a missionary in Turkey, and another son, Charles, fills a government office in Washington.

Dr. March has always been noted for his ability as a preacher, success as a pastor, and as a writer of high rank on Bible themes. Among his literary productions "Our Father's House," "The Days of the Son of Man," and "Night Scenes in the Bible," although published many years ago, are standard works and still very popular.

The anniversary celebration passed off to the entire satisfaction of all who participated in it. The venerable Doctor was as young and bright as a boy; Dr. Scudder was happy; Rev. H. C. Parker made an address that was brimful of true eloquence and good feeling; the music was splendid; the flowers beautiful; and everything was done just as everybody who loves and venerates Dr. March would have had it.

☞ Caucuses to select delegates to the State and other Republican conventions will be held on Sept. 25, according to the edict of the State Committee.

ANYTHING TO BEAT SENATOR WOODS.

In the Middlesex-Essex Senatorial District politicians are discussing E. J. Gihon of Wakefield as a candidate for Senator Woods's place. Major Gihon made a good soldier, but what kind of a Senator would he make? He is a Democrat, but that seems to make no difference with the Republican enemies of Senator Woods of Woburn.—*Winchester Star*.

Charles A. Dean of Wakefield has made his brags that he would be elected Senator this year in place of Mr. Wood. Now comes Gihon. He in turn will probably be dropped, and perhaps some one of the little knot of Woburn Ward politicians who hate Wood because he is honest will be taken up. Dean and Gihon are rank Democrats and neither of them stands any more chance of beating Wood than of being elected President.

A GOOD MAYOR.

Mayor Davis of Woburn is liked for his stiff-backed qualities. The citizens of Woburn know where to find him, so, too, do the spoils seekers and schemers. He has done a great deal toward placing his city in the front ranks of municipalities, and if the citizens are wise they will keep him in office as long as they possibly can.—*Winchester Star*.

Mayor Davis is worthy of the praise bestowed on him by our appreciative neighbor. He has done a great deal towards bringing Woburn up out of mud and mire and giving it a good start in a different and better direction.

It is said however that he will not be a candidate for a fourth term this fall.

☞ We were reminded of the flight of time this week by a call from Mr. Geo. M. Fowle who in 1850 established the Woburn JOURNAL, on which the senior did his first work as a printer. Though eighty years of age Mr. Fowle is as sprightly as the majority of men twenty years younger. Not a few of our readers know Mr. Fowle, as until recently he was the agent of Mass. Hortcultural Society and had the care of the building on Tremont street.—*Arlington Advocate*.

At the time of Woburn's 250th anniversary, October, 1892, Mr. Fowle exhibited, with pardonable pride, the first sheet of the JOURNAL taken from the old handpress. It was well printed, as clear and clean as when Mr. Fowle turned back the tympan and took it from the type.

☞ No business of importance was transacted at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening. It was expected that some preliminary steps would be taken towards securing a new High School building, but the whole matter was postponed to Sept. 5. The Council feel, and quite properly, that the Mayor, who has blocked the new schoolhouse scheme all the way through, must take the entire blame and not try to make the Council share it. There will be no new High School building, or any steps taken to get one, while Mayor Davis holds the reins of government in this city, say the Council and School Board, and these bodies mean that he shall have all the credit or odium for it.—The City Treasurer was authorized to borrow $80,000 in anticipation of taxes.

☞ It has been suggested that Mr. Leon L. Dorr would make a winning candidate and good Representative to the next Legislature. The suggestion is worthy of consideration by those who are casting about for a new man for the place.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. W. Brown—Lost.
City—Election Notice.
F. C. S. Bank—Officers.
C. W. Clark—Sheriff's Sale.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page

— The days have decreased in length 36 minutes.

— The vacancy in the Aldermanic Board will be filled on Sept. 5.

— The ladies of the M. E. church will hold a grand fair on Oct. 30, 31.

— The present July has been the hottest, taken all in all, for many years.

— Crawford, the confectioner and icecream boss, has had his hands full of business during the heated term.

— There was a fine rain Wednesday night after a terrible hot day. It was a great relief to suffering humanity.

— The reign of the Dog Star began yesterday and will continue until Sept. 5. This period is called Dog Days.

— A few days ago Harold Johnson took his father, Judge E. F. Johnson, to Intervale, N. H., for a season of rest and recreation.

— Mr. Alex Ellis is recovering from a billious attack which kept him indoors and abed last week. He will be lal right again very soon.

— Mr. Wood, the baggageman at the Railroad station in this city, has got over the worst of it and is recovering from a hard case of peritonitis.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— Miss Ianthe C. Preston brought us in a beautiful bouquet of sweet peas, blue forget-me-nots, and other flowers, the other day, for which we return thanks.

— Dr. Lewis, Dentist, 379 Main street, is ill at North Dighton, Mass., and it is doubtful if he is able to resume his dental duties until the middle of August.

— Ladies of Woburn Relief Corps No. 161, go on a trip to Salem Willows, Wednesday, July 31. Car leaves at 8.45 A. M., on Reading line. All invited with friends.

— The best way to spend a day and have a good ride and fine time is to patronize one of the Boston & Maine's excursions to Old Orchard. One can get more real enjoyment for his money in this way than in any other manner.

— [illegible] Applications for space on the billboards erected by the city from Church st. south should be made to the Highway Dep't at City Hall. As the boards are rough and full of knotholes the rest will be low.

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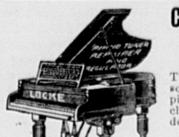

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Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

Huntley's Violet Ammonia.
A DELIGHTFUL TOILET REQUISITE.
Softens the water and imparts to the bath and the person the true delightful odor of the Wood Violet.
A Full Pint—25 Cents.
HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

— We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of a live New Hampshire newspaper from our old and esteemed friend, Mr. William Kimball of Wilton, that State. There are only a few days difference in the ages of Rev. Dr. March and Mr. Kimball.

— An interesting letter from Corporal W. E. Carleton, Co. G, 5th Regt. M. V. M., at Camp Framingham, came to hand too late for publication. The Corporal says "the boys are all in fine condition with few exceptions, and these are laid up with slight injuries."

— The State Railroad Commissioners gave a hearing on petition of Lexington & Boston and Woburn & Boston Street Railway Companies and the question of fares from Woburn to Arlington Heights last Tuesday. The matter was taken under advisement by the Board.

— Mr. Thomas Salmon is Agent for most of the big steamship lines between America and Europe on which he not only sells passenger tickets but issues letters of credit or draws drafts on London and other cities—in short, he furnishes the whole outfit for a European tour. Ask Mr. Michael Mulkeen about it.

— An excellent portrait of Mr. W. R. Cutter, Librarian of the Woburn Public Library, historian, antiquarian, genealogist, etc., accompanied by a biographical sketch, appeared last week in Mr. Abijah Thompson's "Town History" of Woburn and Winchester now running in the Winchester *Press*. The sketch and picture are worth preserving, a Woburn literateur and journalist says.

— Mesdames M. B. Cummings and Jennie H. Fisher, Miss Mamie Pick, G. P. and Mrs. Morrill, A. R. and Mrs. Lovis, and Miss Marian Lovis, of Dorchester, are occupying Postmaster Hill's residence. They were joined within the last few days by Masdames Blake and Place of Woburn, and altogather it is a most happily situated household. Miss Marian Lovis and Miss Margaret Purty, Postmaster Hill's niece, appears to be great chums, and may be frequently seen riding about together.—*Old Orchard Mirror*.

— The 80th anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. Hiram Whitford was observed in a quiet and modest manner at her home, No. 12 Auburn street, last Tuesday. She was visited by ten of her old friends and neighbors, who gave her kindly greetings, wished her "many returns of the same," and enjoyed her company and hospitality. She was, before her marriage to Hiram Whitford on March 31, 1842, Bethia Simonds, daughter of Zebedee Simonds, born in Bedford on July 23, 1821. Mr. Edward Simonds, born in January, 1820, the oldest City Messenger in Massachusetts, is her brother, and her only children are Mrs. James E. Fowle and Mr. Fred H. Whitford of Buffalo, N. Y. Her husband died only a few years ago.

— Rural policemen are funny things. A neighboring pastoral town has a pair of them, and they are the funniest of the lot. This brace of rustic officials find but little to do in the sleepy old community which they are hired, at a modest stipend, to watch over, and would have but scant opportunity to display their gilt buttons and authority if it were not for the occasional arrival of an evening carload of lively and musical Woburn girls and boys. The advent of these disturbs the monotony of the town, awakens the bucolic officers and puts them on their dignity at once. They have made several attempts to annoy the Woburn visitors by exhibitions of authority, but the visitors, knowing them to be harmless, pay no attention to their commands, but keep right on whistling, eating peanuts, and hunting up Revolutionary curios.

— About 30 business men held a meeting in Lyceum Hall last Tuesday evening to take action in relation to closing stores more evenings in the week than at present. Mr. Winthrop Hammond was elected Chairman. A strong sentiment in favor of closing Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening of each week was developed, and a majority would include Wednesday from 12 o'clock noon during the months of July and August. A committee, consisting of Edward Caldwell, Willis J. Buckman and F. P. Brooks were chosen to present an agreement to every business man in the city to close as above indicated and report progress. The movement for less hours of labor for proprietors, clerks and salesmen is in the line of the general drift of things, and is to be heartily commended. Less hours and more hustle while at work is the order of the day.

— For using profane and abscene language on a N. W. trolley car between Medford Square and Winchester Common last Saturday afternoon Judge Johnson fined an intoxicated Winchester man, in Court Monday morning, $50 for the profanity and $5 for the drunk. If everyone who conducts himself on the electrics as that Winchester man did last Saturday could be brought before Judge Johnson it wouldn't be long before the practice of abusing and disgusting decent passengers would be entirely broken up. Judge Johnson didn't punish that fellow a mite too severely, but, if anything, ought to have given him a little stronger dose; but for what he did do the community thank him. The only way to put a stop to these drunken scenes on the cars is to bring the offenders into the District Court of Woburn and give them all the law allows. In this way they will soon get sick of raising the Old Harry.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 68 at 3.35 last Friday afternoon was for a fire which partially destroyed a barn on the Simon Holden estate, Summer st. The alarm from box 46 at 3 05 last Sunday morning was for a fire which destroyed an unoccupied dwellinghouse on Montvale ave., Montvale, owned by James Kerr of Boston.

— The game of ball between the St. Josephs and the East End Social Club proved to be a onesided affair, the former winning by a score of 25 to 3 The Watts Bros., Beauchamp, and Carpenter, excelled for St. Josephs, while Connolly did well for the Social Club.

Heartburn.

When the quantity of food taken is too large or the quality too rich, heartburn is likely to follow, and especially so if the digestion has been weakened by constipation. Eat slowly and not too freely of easily digested food. Masticate the food thoroughly. Let six hours elapse between meals and when you feel a fullness and weight in the region of the stomach after eating, indicating that you have eaten too much, take one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the heartburn may be avoided. For sale by all druggists.

Egypt as Soudan has 12 provinces, with an area of 950,000 square miles, and 10,500,000 people.

Report

of Winthrop Hammond, Treas., 4th of July Celebration Committee.

RECEIPTS.	
E. E. Thompson, Treas. Cel. Committee of 1887,	$ 29 89
City of Woburn, appropriation,	400 00
Initon Canoe Club,	26 82
B. F. Kimball's Shop. No. Woburn,	12 00
American Hide & Leather Employees of Shop No I,	7 25
American Hide & Leather Employees of Shop No. E,	8 00
Fox's Upper Shop,	6 65
Fox's Lower Shop,	7 00
Russell Counter Co.,	7 50
Woburn Iron Foundry,	12 25
Foucar's Shop Employees, No. Woburn,	3 00
Robertson's Shop	20 00
206 Individual Subscriptions,	846 25
	$1386 61

PAYMENTS.

MILITARY.	
No. Woburn St. R. R. for Special Cars,	$13 00
Boston Elevated " " " " "	5 00
Capt. Lombard for Carfares,	2 15
Moving chairs and tables,	5 00
N. J. Hardy & Co., Caterers,	93 75
W. E. Doyle, Cigars,	5 60
	$124 50
SCOTT'S VOLUNTEER DRUM CORPS.	
Paid C. Goldstein, for Uniforms,	$45 00
BALLOON ASCENSION.	
Prof. C. C. Bonette, Contract,	$100 00
" " " " for damage of Balloon,	50 00
J. F. McGovern, Cash Pd. for roping off, clearing up field, etc.,	4 73
Barker Lumber Co., for stakes,	1 25
	$155 98
ANTIQUES.	
E. R. Williams, Treas. of Boys, 1st Prize,	$25 00
Charles T. Mahoney, 2d Prize,	15 00
E. E. Foss, 3rd Prize,	10 00
	$50 00
FIELD SPORTS.	
J. F. McGrath, Cash for Prizes,	$69 00
J. O'Donnell, Jobbing,	3 00
	$72 00
BASE BALL.	
St. Charles B. B. Club Prize,	$50 00
W. S. McKay, Umpire,	5 00
T. J. Weafer, "	5 00
Moore & Parker, Base-balls,	4 00
	$64 00
PARADE.	
G. F. Jones for Carriages and Barges,	$42 00
Caleb P. Buckman & Co. dec. GAR Barges,	12 00
J. R. Wood, for def. in am't collected on Horse Equipments, Badges, Batons, etc.,	25 22
	$79 22
PRINTING & ADVERTISING.	
S. H. Cutter, Posting & Distributing,	$6 75
J. Donnelly & Sons, Posting,	2 00
G. A. Hobbs, Printing,	5 00
Wallace & Andrews, 75 Badges, 10 M Programmes, 100 Posters, etc.,	41 75
	$55 50
BICYCLE RACES.	
A. W. Boutwell & Co. Jobbing,	2 00
Wallace & Andrews, Printing,	3 75
J. D. Haggerty,	2 50
For Prizes,	79 65
	$87 90
Less Cash rec'd from Entrance Fees,	9 00
	$78 90
CANOE REGATTA.	
Prizes & Engraving,	$58 25
Lanterns and Candles,	15 57
Boat for Starter,	2 00
Expressing, etc.,	1 00
	$76 82
BONFIRE.	
W. J. Buckman for Oil,	$ 1 70
Police Department, Watchman,	5 00
J. E. Boutwell, Carting,	16 50
C. L. Miller, "	15 25
	$38 45
FIRE-WORKS.	
Jacobs, Whitcomb & Co. Contract,	$200 00
C. M. Howe, Cash Pd. for Labor in preparing float; Boat Hire,	7 50
	$207 50
MUSIC.	
National Band,	$125 00
Woburn Brass Band,	125 00
	$250 00
RENT.	
Paid Lyceum Hall Ass'n, for Committee Rooms,	$20 00
	$20 00
SUNDRIES.	
Moore & Parker, Subscription Books,	$ 40
Envelopes & Stamps by Treas.	3 18
A. W. Whitcher, Sec. Stamps & Stationery,	10 18
	$13 76
	$1331 63
Balance Deposited in Woburn 5ct. Savings Bank,	54 98
	$1386 61

Respectfully submitted,
WINTHROP HAMMOND, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass, July 22, 1901.

By request of Treasurer Hammond I have examined his Cash Book, Check Book & Vouchers, and I find them to be correct.
FRANK E. WETHERELL,
Pres. 4th of July Celebration Committee.

NOTES.

Judge J. G. Maguire gave legal aid to the Committee and would accept no recompense.

Thanks were tendered the B. & M. RR. Co. for a generous contribution of material to the bonfire, and to the Am. H. & L. Co., for like favors.

It may be of interest to state that every subscription reported to the Committee has been paid with a single exception.

The largest individual subscription was $45, and the smallest 25c.

Receipts have been issued to every subscriber for the amount so subscribed.

The sum of $50 paid Prof. Bonette for damage to his balloon by the thoughtlessness of boys in setting fire to it, the Committee were under no legal ties to pay. The payment was a voluntary one as it was felt by the Committee that Mr. Bonette should not suffer the money loss after having done everything in reason to recover his balloon before dark.

BARGAINS!
in Women's and Children's Shoes. Some at less than cost.

If goods are not as we represent them send them back and get your money back.

Ladies' French Kid, $3.00 Boots, Goodyear Welt.			$1.50
Ladies' Vici Kid, $2.50 Boots,			$1.50
" Box Calf, $2.00 "			$1.50
" Vici Kid, $1.50 "			$1.25
" " " $1.25 "			.98
" " " $1.50 Oxford,			$1.00
" " " $1.00 "			.75
$1.00 "			.50
		That Were.	Now
Men's Shoes, Lace or Cong.,		$3 50	3 00
" " " "		3 00	2 75
" " " "		2 75	2 50
" " " "		2 50	2 00

These are hand sewed welts and Goodyear welts.

Pfister & Vogel Milwaukee Calf Skins and Velours Calf.

BLACK VICI AND TAN VICI KID.

The best stock made in America. This is a rich man's shoe at a poor man's price.

We have a line of Men's Calf Lace Shoes that sell everwhere for $3.00. OUR PRICE $2.50 These shoes are all up-to-date styles. All widths from 3 to 8 wide.

I saw there many Bargains,
I nailed some on the spot.
There may be others just as good,
But
I
guess
not.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., WOBURN

Bring Your Boy
to us when he needs
Clothing or Furnishings

We have a special department for boys, reached by a special elevator—entirely separate from the rest of the store.

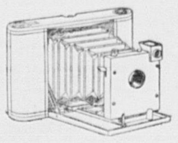
High Quality—Moderate Price.

Macullar Parker
COMPANY,
400—Washington Street, Boston, Mass.—400

Good Word for Woburn's Chief of Police.

We had the pleasure of an introduction to Chief McDermott of the Woburn police force last week at his office. The conditions were auspicious and no compulsion was used in bringing the introduction about, although we were accompanied by Judge George S. Littlefield. The Chief showed the Editor over the Court buildings—the Judge's, Court, and Counsel's rooms, the tramp's quarters and cells—and the conclusion reached was that the building is well adapted to its uses. An improvement over our station is that the cells for prisoners are separated from the room from to the tramps. This glaring defect in our station, where the tramps and cells are in one room and where conversation can be carried on uninterrupted. Chief McDermott is a very genial gentleman, and from conversation with him he is fully able to meet the many issues that are likely to arise through Woburn's becoming a no license city.—*Winchester Star*.

THE FAVORITE



THE EASTMAN

KODAK

THE SIGN OF THE BEST
IN PHOTOGRAPHY

YOU LIVE
THIS SUMMER
JUST THIS ONCE
FOR YOUR OUTING,
pocket one of those handy "FOLDINGS" at

Whitcher's
Kodak Agency,
Opp. R.R. Station,
WOBURN, MASS.

North Woburn.

The North End Tennis Club have a fine Court on Elm street which is managed by Carl Parks and Judson C. Dickerman. There are 40 members, and the Court was opened last Saturday. The plant consists of two dirt and one grass court, all of regulation size. There has been erected two tether ball poles and the necessary equipment, and there is a chance for 16 players at once. The Courts are well patronized. The members are all over 18 years of age, but in short time arrangements will be made for younger ones who will be restricted to play before 4 P. M. The Club membership is as follows: Misses Fanny Carter, Clara Tilton, Leila Tilton, Emily Perkins, Minnie Gamble, Ida M. Graham, Bessi Barker, Amy Thompson, Helen Rickey, Bessie Kendrick, Lillian Dutton, M. L. Dickerman, Lucy Cummings, Matilda Gamble, Stella Cummings, Mary Baldwin, Clara Baldwin, Lizzie Rollins, Annie Whidden, Viola Livingston, Mrs. Grace Poole, Mrs. John B. Hoag, Mrs. Irick Peters, Frank Carter, George Tilton, Arthur W. Walls, Roy Lewis, Harry Clark, Wallace Dearborn, Parker T. Poole, Walter Lewis, John B. Hoag, Edward Fickson, William Bixby, Irick Peters, Albert Blaisdell, Charles Cummings, Harry Jeeves, Charles Baldwin, J. C. Dickerman, Carl Parks.

She Didn't Wear A Mask.

But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished as will all Eruptions, Fever Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles and Felons from its use. Infallible for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Scalds and Piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on Thursday evening, July 18, President Blodgett presided.

The question of watering lower Main street was discussed by the Mayor, who was invited to address the Council on the subject, and members. The Mayor claimed that property owners of that section of the city should not be exempt from the water tax, and he was right. His arguments were unanswerable. Incidentally and inferentially he acknowledged that macadam is poor street building material. Drouth and wind will destroy it in short order. The matter was postponed.—On petition it was ordered that Burlington street be included in the watering district.—Petition for widening Walnut street was referred.

Ordered to second reading report of Finance Committee in favor of a loan of $3,000 for setting up a suitable Soldiers Memorial stone on the new lot in Woodbrook conditioned on a like amount being raised for the purpose by private subscription. Also, special committee report for $550 for sewer on Prospect street. Board of Public Works authorized to open pipe and culvert under Main street near Page Place. Slater's prayer is to be answered.

Finance Committee reported in favor of a new High School building.—Fowle street petitioners for exemption from street watering and tax given leave to withdraw by unanimous vote.

Prayer of Lowell & Boston Street Railway Co. for poles for feed wires on Morse, Reade, Foster and North Warren streets granted.

Voted to take a recess during the month of August.

The resignation of Alderman J. Grafton Murdock of Ward 4. The vacancy will be filled at a meeting of the Council to be held on Sept. 5. By special provision of the City Charter the Council are empowered to fill a vacancy that may occur in the Board.

The Flower Mission.

I wish to say a few words in regard to "helping along," those of you who live near Boston, especially. How many of you have visited the North End? I went there last summer with my husband simply to see what I could see, and I came home with an aching heart for all those little pale children cooped up in a hot, narrow street, fighting over a stray bit of lilac and a withered pansy blossom. Now, I ask every one who has a flower garden to givs freely to these little ones. Even if you can gather only wild flowers, send them, carry them any way only get them to the children. Go there yourselves and see with your own eyes and believe. I have quantities of flowers and I intend to give every one away. It was pitiful to see stuck up in one window a little branch of elm withered and dry. Make the children happy, they love flowers so, and who knows but it may brighten some poor, miserable woman and help her bear her heavy burden a bit easier. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these little ones", you know, "also a cup of cold water, given in my name," and so many more passages alike in sentiment. Try to make some other lives brighter and your own will lose half its sorrows.—*Brown E. in Boston Globe.*

A Poor Millionaire

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

"Sweeping Reduction Sale"
— OF —
25 Bicycle Suits Reduced from $6, $7 and $8 to
$3.00 per Suit!

We have "bunched" in one lot every Bicycle Suit in our store regardless of former price, and offer your choice at $3.00. You will find suits alike in the entire lot, but every size from 34 to 40 can be found. The coats alone are worth $4 and $5. This is our way of keeping free from "odds and ends."

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
Established 1851. Open Evenings except Wednesday.

MISS BANCROFT
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

The Variety of
Breakfast Foods
Is Constantly Increasing.

Below we give a list of some of the leading kinds and call attention to the low prices at which we are selling them.

	Per Package.
Cream of Wheat,	13c.
Germea,	13c.
Shredded Wheat Biscuit,	12c.
Wheat Germ,	12c.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,	13c.
Grape Nuts, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Malt Breakfast Food,	13c.
Flaked Rice,	13c.
Pillsbury's Vitos, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Pillsbury's Flaked Oats,	10c.
Mother's Oats,	9c.
Quaker Oats,	8c.
Self-rising Buckwheat, 10 and	15c.
Self-rising Pancake Flour,	10c.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Obituary.

At 1.10 Thursday morning, July 25, 1901, Mr. LUTHER A. GOULD passed peacefully away at his home, No. 16 Wyer's Court, after an illness of several weeks.

He was born in Antrim, N. H., on April 16, 1832, and has lived and done business in Woburn many years.

Mr. Gould was an honest, upright man, a quiet and orderly citizen, and commanded the respect of all who knew him.

He left a wife, an adopted son, and a sister, Mrs. Walter Widgery, to mourn their loss in the death of a loving and devoted husband, father and brother.

The funeral will be held at the late residence of the deceased at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, July 28. The burial is to be in Woodbrook cemetery.

Summer complaint is unusually prevalent among children this season. A well developed case in the writer's family was cured last week by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy—one of the best patent medicines manufactured and which is always kept on hand at the home of ye scribe. This is not intended as a free puff for the company, who do not advertise with us, but to benefit little sufferers who may not be within easy access of a physician. No family should be without a bottle of this medicine in the house, especially in summer-time.—Lansing, Iowa *Journal*. For sale by all druggists.

Notice.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 15, Chapter 317, Acts of the General Court for the year 1894, I hereby certify that at the annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, held July 5, 1901, the following persons were elected to the offices named and have been duly qualified.

President, Benjamin Hinckley.
Vice Presidents, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs.
Clerk and Treasurer, Charlie A. Jones.
Auditors, Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston.
Trustees, Benjamin Hinckley, Charlie A. Jones, John Winn, John R. Carter, John W. Johnson, Edward E. Thompson, L. Waldo Thompson, George E. Fowle, Gilman F. Jones, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs, Fred J. Brown, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Henry M. Aldrich, Winthrop Hammond, Elwyn G. Preston.
Committee of Investment, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, John R. Carter, L. Waldo Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond.

Attest:
CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, July 18, 1901.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—8th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Thinking on One's Ways." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Beauty of Holiness."

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—8th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Fake Prophets." Sunday School at 12 M. At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Spirit of Adoption." Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 11.45 A. M. Union Service with the Christian Endeavor Society at 7 P. M. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Midweek Service led by Mr. Frank B. Richardson who will tell of some features of the Pan American Exposition. Rev. D. Scudder, pastor.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 25, Luther A. Gould, aged 69 years, 3 mos.

A Cordial Invitation

is given our customers to look over our stock of

SHIRT WAISTS

in the New Styles and Colors. These goods have been carefully selected and we have a choice assortment of popular priced Waists.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

If you are exhausted by the Hot Weather or Hard Work

Tonc Appetizer

WILL HELP YOU.

Manufactured by

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

Personal.

Percy Strout goes to Northport next week.

Miss Louisa Foucar is visiting her mother.

Mrs. Freeman D. Blake is at Old Orchard.

Mrs. Charles H. Stevens is at Norwich, Vt.

Mrs. L. K. Tidd has been away on a vacation.

Mrs. Pingree (Hattie Blake) is at Wilton, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Warren are at Revere Beach.

Mrs. Abijah Thompson is critically ill in New Hampshire.

Clara M. Fox and Ina V. Austin are at Yarmouth, N. S.

Read in our business columns about the loss of an Angora kitten.

Mr. John H. Sweetser is taking his vacation on the European Plan.

Mrs. L. A. Sylvester and daughter Helen are at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Mr. Rufus Patterson and Elsie, his daughter, are at St. John, N. B.

Miss Irma G. Tay, the well-known piano teacher, is at York Beach.

Mrs. Charles Choate of Warren avenue is taking her ease at Clifton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Smith are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter.

Judge Maguire is holding Court this week in the absence of Judge Johnson.

Mr. Addison Thompson has been visiting Mrs. Vaughn at Framingham.

Judge E. F. Johnson of the District Court has been taking a short vacation.

T. Marvin Parker and his grandson, Norman Francis, have gone to Lebanon, Me.

Huntley, the famous prescriptionist, has a thrilling story in this issue of the JOURNAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith will leave soon for South West Harbor, Mt. Desert.

The Montvale Chapel Sunday School and Church will picnic at Revere Beach on July 31.

Benjamin H., Jr., son of ex-Ald. B. H. Nichols of Academy Hill, is at Hope, Maine.

Flossie Morse is meditating a summer outing. She is a writing clerk in a Boston office.

Mrs. C. M. Munroe, her sons Charles and Arthur, and sister's family, are at No. Wakefield, N. H.

J. C. N. Parker of the firm of Moore & Parker, book and periodical dealers, is visiting in New Hampshire.

Miss Ella Moore, late guest of Mrs. and Miss Hudson, has returned to her home ot Champlain, N. Y.

The summer camp of Edward Johnson and Wallace F. Williams is near Ticonic Falls, Waterville, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Dickinson, and Miss Etta Nichols, are at Pierce Island.

Michael E. Doherty, a divinity student at a College in Montreal, is spending his vacation at home in this city.

Mrs. George J. Munroe and family are at Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, of which Mr. Franc C. Nichols is the Patroon.

P. O. Inspector Hagerty, ex-P. M. of Woburn, goes to Connecticut and Rhode Island in a few days on official business.

A good many Woburn people are established at seaside resorts, but their number will be greatly increased by August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Abijah Thompson of Court street left here last Monday for Nashua, Lyneboro, and other places in New Hampshire.

Rev. Frederick Wood, D. D. pastor of the M. E. church in this city, preached at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, last Sunday.

Mr. Julian Dow is down among the lakes in St. John, New Brunswick.

Commissioner Preston and family are at home again on Academy Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bill of Redlands, California, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lewis, 2 Highland st.

Mr. F. M. Pushee brought the first new corn to market today. He had good roasting ears last Wednesday. The season is not backward.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Strout spent last Sunday at Harpswell, on the Maine coast, the old camping ground of Mr. Strout when he was a boy.

Mrs. John F. Towle of Peter Parley street, Jamaica Plain, was in this city a few days ago. She comes over quite often to visit her relatives and friends.

Mr. Gilman F. Jones visited his friend, Mr. William Ellard, at Lynn last Tuesday, and they went over to Bass Point, Nahant, and ate bluefish together.

Mrs. E. E. Thompson is a guest of relatives and friends at Nashua, N. H. After a short visit Mr. E. E. Thompson came home from there last Saturday evening.

Miss Ella Greenleaf of North Berwick, Maine, is a welcome guest at the hospitable home of the Taylors, 23 Pleasant street. Miss Greenleaf is a York county schoolmarm.

We met Albert E. Maguire, the Judge's oldest son, for the first time since his return from the South for a vacation visit. He declared, and appeared to be, healthy and happy.

Mr. D. W. Bond, the leather merchant, Mrs. Bond, Miss Grace E. Bond and Mr. A. Ralston, Jr., are at Lake St. John, up the famous Saguenay River, in the Province of Quebec.

Lawyer J. W. Murphy did not have typhoid fever nor did he go to the Mass. Gen. Hospital. It was found at the Malden Hospital that his trouble was an attack of malaria, and he is now at his home in Stoneham.

Joseph W. Buell, a well-known patent attorney, of Washington, D. C., is enjoying a vacation at Old Orchard and is stopping at "Ocean Rest" on Union avenue. Miss Mary K. Buel, of Woburn, is at the same cottage.—*Old Orchard Mirror*.

At the close of a pleasant visit with Mrs. Celia Callahan of No. 8 Auburn street, and her daughters, M. Grace and Elizabeth J., Dr. Albert Moser, Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Army, left a few days ago for his home at Lima, Ohio. He recently returned from China, having completed his term of professional services with the U. S. military forces there.

Clarence and Florence Stetson, Maud Littlefield and Walter Hartshorn have rented a cottage at Northport, Maine seashore, and will conduct a firstclass boarding house for Woburn guests during the month of August. They are to open the house next week. They have already secured as boarders Sybil Fox, Edith Smith, Helen and Agnes Cummings, and have the promise of many more.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

There is unquestioned triumph for the productions of operetta at Boston Music Hall, for nothing in a musical line that New England has ever seen can compare with these attractive presentations. It is not as if the company gave a garbled and distorted version of a cheap comic opera, for each piece is given in its entirety, and has the same effectiveness that one finds in reading a short story by a brilliant writer or in looking at a painting by a famous artist. For the third week of the Castle Square Operetta Company, under the skilled directorship of Max Hirschfeld, its offering will be "Charity begins at Home," a work that has been heard in Boston, but not in a long time, so that the charming musical numbers by the late Albert Cellier will be heard almost as novelties when sung by Grace Orr-Myers and others.

Our Neighbors in Travel.

The mercury played hide and seek among the nineties as if for very shame of climbing so high, on the evening of July 16, 1901, when a long train of cars creaked and groaned as they moved slowly out of the great Northern Terminus, Boston. The torrid wave laid its hand mercilessly upon many a face whose weary look said "I have come far and have still far to go, and I am glad the curtain of night is falling upon the scorching earth. Thank God for the light of stars and the rest of darkness."

The passenger in section five used eyes and ears in a friendly way to see if there were any in the crowded Pullman who needed companionship and were inclined to talk as the night air blew in with a refreshing coolness. A woman with a quiet, far away look occupied a section near by. "Are you going to St. John?" she asked. When the answer was given her voice lowered and she added, "there are three of us, we are going on a sad journey; our mother, so dear and good, died yesterday and we are going to lay her body away in her native place. I wish I were as happy as she is now; she was so good, so good;" and, observing that this quiet expression of sorrow rested the dear heart we listened fearing any answer might stop the sweet voice. The tears were kindly relieving the pain in the heart, blessed tears! "We are so tired," she went on, "and mother said the journey would be very hard and long, but it is the last thing we can do for her and she was tired many a time for us."

Nearer to section five sat a sweet faced young girl smiling at everybody, and we thought, what a blessed era of our world's history in which to be just looking out upon the realities of life: how lovely and bright she seemed, and how good and true rang out her clear voice! "I am going beyond St. John" said another, "are you? I live in —— and my name is ——," and so a simple story of domestic joys and sorrows was related in a sort of motherly way ending in a most friendly invitation to become better acquainted.

To our pleased surprise a good night's sleep refreshed the inmate of section five.

St. John looked out in all its ruggedness the next noon, but the blessed coolness of its summer air! Our coats went on, and we thought of the weary days now happily in the past. Bold, thriving, struggling metropolis of the Province, how its winds, tides, fogs and fires bring it still nearer the top in enterprise at every dip of its baptism of trial!

En route to St. John we had the usual friendly inspection of baggage. "What are you going to do with that piece of cloth?" asked the official representing the powers that be. "I am not going to sell it" we answered. "Well, you know we are here to enforce the laws in regard to duties." "Most surely," we replied, "that piece of innocent cloth, uncut contains about — yards it is worth about —" "Well, we must enforce the law" was again added, and we both laughed, it was all so ludicrous and the funny effort to scare ended in a good natured laugh. "How many hats have you?" was asked. "Only —." "Well, what do you call this?" holding up an innocent looking piece of neck wear. "That is not a hat," we laughingly answered. "You do not know much about women's hats do you?" "Women's hats!" he exclaimed, "this must be meant for a hat, they wear feathers on hats don't they?" and this time the laughing was prolonged, and our mental rejoinder was he would no more present the bill for that harmless piece of cloth than he would wear it himself; he is going through a form in which he has little faith. "We are here to enforce the law" was the last we heard, and we answered, "well go on, Barkis is willin'."

Pictou reposes by the quiet, beautiful sea, so much the same, except for the tearing up of the streets, crooked, and narrow as Boston's cow paths, for the introduction of an excellent supply of water; and now will surely come the multiplication of cases of malaria and throat discomfort unknown in the old place before, the gift of the opened earth's atmosphere.

Yours from the sunrise border, Pictou, Nova Scotia.

JENNIE ELIZABETH SKINNER.

Cure for Drunkards.

[Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch.]

LONDON, June 27.—Vegetarianism as a cure for drunkenness is the theory the International Vegetarian Congress, which opened tonight in London, will submit to the world's tipplers. The vegetarians assert that experiments made during the last three months at the Women's Inebriate Home at Torquay have demonstrated that a vegetable diet is an absolute destroyer of the liquor habit. Forty inmates of the institution, who entered confirmed drunkards, became total abstainers as a result of their daily fare, wherein flesh and fowl had no place.

Further testimony along the same line will be presented to the congress by Bramwell Booth, commander of the social branch of the Salvation Army. Mr. Booth says that inebriety among the London slum population has declined steadily and permanently wherever the people have been weaned from meat. The Salvationists will henceforth adopt vegetarianism as a fixed feature of their temperance work.

Reports will also be tendered the congress showing that vegetable diet is gaining favor in the world of athletes. Professor Eustace H. Miles, head of the physical culture department at Cambridge, and amateur tennis champion of Great Britain, will introduce statistics to prove that the stoutest brawn thrives on the products of the soil.

Dr. Kenneth Harris, a Scotch physician of 80 years, will describe a 400-mile tricycle ride that he has just completed from Land's End to Edinburgh without tasting meat.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Mich., will read a paper to the congress detailing the growth of the "health food" movement in the United States.

Arnold F. Hillis, the London millionaire, leader of the International Vegetarian Union, said: "Vegetarianism is attaining phenomenal proportions the world over. Such notables as Count Leo Tolstoi, Sarah Grand, Thomas Edison and Annie Besant are types of our adherents.

"The movement in America, like many other moral reform schemes in that country, is gradually falling into the hands of companies and syndicates. This is likely to be the result of the more general adoption of our principles by business people.

"Still the ethical side is flourishing, especially in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Philadelphia. We learn that the Cuban Agricultural Land Improvement Co. of New York intends to establish a vegetarian colony in the province of Havana. Our influence is also spreading to such remote parts as India, Syria, New Zealand and Austria."

The Best Liniment for Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the Merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by all druggists.

Literary Notices.

The opening article in the August MODERN CULTURE is Some Minor Painters and their Works and is finely illustrated. The morning Walk which adorns the first page has attracted much notice in the Pan-American Art gallery where it now hangs. A Camera Girl on The Midway by Millicent Olmstead is a breazy account of the experiences of two clever young women at large on the Midway, and is profusely illustrated with snap shots. The city of Detroit celebrates the bicentennial anniversary of its founding this month and is the theme of an article from the pen of Webster Sterling. The second installment of Lethe Mystery is as weird as the first and holds the reader spellbound. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart contributes a paper on Subordinate Territory and Supreme Court. The midsummer instalment of Wood-Notes is a prose poem full of the poetry of the woods. Church Music in Colonial Days is the title of an article full of curious information and quaint interest. In The High Note Canon Watson of Trinity Cathedral Cleveland, shows rare poetic fancy and unusal gift of expression. The Squire reached a high level of romantic interest. In Current Events the editor touches on America in letters, Art, and Science, on the late John Fiske, and on some recent phase of Christian Science, while in the Literary World he takes vigourous expection to recent laudatory criticism of the Crisis. OrlanDo J. Stevenson leads the readers in Pleasant Rambles By the River Bank and Alice E Hanscom deals with summer books in usual charming manner.

The Same Old Story.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and re-told by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Look out for house and horse thieves.

As a road builder Supt. Spates is a peach.

Price, the barber, has an increase of pension.

The McKay factory has a Fire Department.

The hens didn't lay very well during the hot spell.

Another house in this town is receiving a coat of paint.

Fishing is the chief occupation of some of our people.

One by one the police officers are taking their vacation.

Naturally marriages and births run "nip and tuck" in this town.

Our local papers are filled with notices of people going somewhere.

Take Dr. Gordon's Tablets for malaria. Dr. Church recommends them.

Judge Littlefield is a public benefactor. He organizes and bosses many trolley car excursions.

Miss Annie I. Barnard is engaged to be married to Mr. Will Stewart of Livermore Falls, Maine. In choosing a Maine man for a husband the fair Annie has made no mistake.

Our boatmen and others have got the notion into their heads that George S. Hudson, skipper and all hands of a fine St. Lawrence skiff, is the ablest fresh water sailor that navigates our beautiful Lakes, and they might add that he is equally at home on "the briny deep." The fact is, a firstclass newspaper man can make a success of anything he turns his hand to.

White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

CITY OF WOBURN.

IN CITY COUNCIL, July 18, 1901.

Ordered,—That in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 224, Acts of 1900, the clerk cause notice to be given, by publication in the Woburn *News* and Woburn JOURNAL, that it is the intention of the City Council to proceed to the election of an Alderman from Ward 4, to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of Alderman J. Grafton Murdock, at a meeting of the City Council to be held on **Thursday, September 5, 1901.**

Passed.

A true copy. Attest:

JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

ACTS OF 1900.

[CHAP. 224.]

AN ACT RELATIVE TO FILLING VACANCIES IN THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF WOBURN.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECTION 1. Any vacancy hereafter occurring in the City Council of the City of Woburn shall be filled for the unexpired term by election by the City Council. Only legal voters of the same political party, and in case the vacancy is that of Ward Alderman of the same ward as the late occupant of the vacant office, shall be eligible to fill the vacancy. Every such election by the City Council shall be by ballot, after notice of at least one week printed in at least one of the newspapers published in the city, and the vote of a majority of the members of the City Council shall be necessary for a choice.

SECTION 2. So much of Section five of chapter one hundred and seventy-two of the Acts of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven as conflicts with this act is hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. This Act shall take effect upon its passage. [*Approved, April 12, 1900.*

LOST.

A Black and White ANGORA KITTEN. The finder will receive reward on returning it to 23 Arlington Road.

To Let.

THE DR. CONWAY RESIDENCE,

No. 19 Winn street, Woburn, late home of Dr. James H. Conway, for rent on reasonable terms. It is a desirable location for a Doctor. In perfect order.

Apply to MRS. ANNIE CONWAY, on the premises.

ODD THINGS IN PAWN.

Eyes, Legs and Teeth Pledged to Raise Ready Cash.

"The pawnbroker business has its humorous as well as its pathetic side," said a money lender whose shop is not far from the city hall. "All manner of articles are brought to the pawnbroker, some of which are associated with tender memories, and others are almost too ludicrous to be believed. There used to be a bartender in a Clark street saloon who had a glass eye, and it was a regular thing for him to come here once a month and pledge the artificial optic. He used to call it his 'bum lamp.' He left Chicago some time ago and is now tending bar in a small town near Milwaukee, where there is no pawnshop. Last week we received a box by mail from him, and it contained the artificial eye. He was in hard luck, he wrote, and he wanted a loan of $3 on the eye. We sent him the money by return mail. If he lives, he will redeem the optic, because it is worth five times the amount of the loan, although it is worthless to us if he should fail to take it out. I venture to say that he has pawned the eye 20 times in the last three years. He is one of our best customers.

"Some years ago we had a restaurant man for a customer who would put his cork leg in pawn every time he got into straits. It was a high grade artificial limb, and he could get $25 on it at any pawnshop in the city. The last time we took it as a pledge the owner went out to South Chicago to see a friend, and while returning home he was killed by a locomotive. His widow refused to answer our letters, in which we offered her the limb at her own price.

"A year ago last holiday time a young woman came into the store one afternoon carrying a box. She was employed at a museum as a snake charmer, and in the box she had a collection of reptiles, which, she said, was the finest in the country. Her mother had died that day in Boston, and she had been notified by telegraph. She wanted to attend the funeral, but did not have the necessary money to buy some mourning garments and purchase a railroad ticket. Wouldn't we advance her $25 and take the snakes as security? The clerk who waited on her called me over, and after a short talk I decided to help her out. During the time she was away we had to feed and water the snakes. She was gone less than a week, and upon her return she gave me $30. Five of it was the interest money. I charged her 20 per cent a week for the loan, because we had to care for the snakes during her absence. That wasn't much, was it?

"In all my experience the strangest thing ever given to me in pawn was a set of false teeth. A man came into the place one night just as we were closing. He lived in Laporte, Ind., and was robbed of his pocketbook on a street car. He knew nobody to go to for a loan, and it was imperative that he catch a train for Laporte that night. I believe his wife or daughter was very sick, and he had come to Chicago to make arrangements with a hospital to bring the sick person here. He had no jewelry whatever—not even a ring—to pledge for the $2 that he needed to buy a railroad ticket. I sized him up at once as an honest man, and he had papers to show that he was a resident of Laporte. While he was talking he took the false teeth out of his mouth and begged me to loan him $2 on the set. I did so, and a day or two later, when he called to redeem the teeth, he was the most thankful man I ever met in this business. And yet some people say that the pawnbroker is a heartless man."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Fishes That Carry Batteries.

The "torpedo," or "cramp fish," has two complete electric batteries on either side of its head, constructed after the most approved scientific principles. Each of them consists of about 470 cells in the shape of six sided tubes placed side by side. The walls of these cells are lined with nerve tissue, and each one is filled with a clear, trembling jelly. Precisely how many volts this duplex galvanic apparatus is capable of administering has never been determined, but frequent experience has shown the power to be sufficient to knock down and temporarily paralyze a man.

Natives in Central America are said to make a practice of driving wild horses into water where cramp fish are in order that the latter may stun the frightened quadrupeds and make them easy to capture. So that a shock shall be administered, the object must be brought into contact at two points with the torpedo, thus completing the electric circuit.

Scientific men regard this as one of the most interesting of natural phenomena. Two other kinds of animals possess galvanic batteries—a catfish and an eel. The two latter have the storage cells situated in their tails. In all three cases the electricity is merely transformed nervous energy.

Not Ashamed of Him.

An Englishman named Crowe was a fine classical scholar and a distinguished orator. He made his own position in life, even at a time when classes were far more seriously regarded in England than they are at present.

His father was a carpenter working in the town of Winchester and on the most loving terms with his son. One day the son, then an eminent man, was standing near the cathedral door talking to the dean and warden when his father passed by.

The old man was in his working dress, with his rule sticking from his pocket, and was evidently willing to spare the son a salutation, but the young Crowe called out in good Hampshire dialect:

"Here, faythe! If thee baint ashamed of I, I baint ashamed of thee!"

MINERAL WAX MINES.

Where Miners Are Sometimes Entombed and Sealed Up Alive.

As flies are preserved in amber, so men who mine for ozocerite or mineral wax sometimes are overwhelmed in the soft mass forced out by the enormous pressure of the confined gases and are imbedded and sealed up alive in the sticky stuff, to be uncovered, perhaps, only in the lapse of ages, as new and interesting fossils, unless their comrades, with infinite labor, rescue their bodies.

Ozocerite is found in Canada and Mexico, as well as in Austria-Hungary, Russia, Roumania, Egypt and Algeria, usually in connection with rock salt and coal, but so far it has not been discovered anywhere in sufficient quantities to pay for the mining except in the district of Boryslaw, in the Austrian province of Galicia, and to a limited extent at Tchelekan, an island on the west coast of the Caspian sea.

America imports an inconsiderable quantity of crude ozocerite, only about 11 tons of the 6,000 exported yearly from Austria, but when refined and made into ceresin the product enters this country in the form of telegraphic cable wax, shoe polish and wax candles. In the latter manufacture it is mixed with beeswax, which not only increases the fusibility of the beeswax, but also makes the candles much whiter. Ceresin also is employed in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, in modeling, in galvano-plastic painting, in making shoemakers' wax and paraffin and in many other ways.

Mineral wax never is found pure, and such of the crude material as is intended for export is freed from earth, small stones, etc., near the mines. It is put into tanks, which are heated either by a direct fire or by steam. In the former case the furnace is so arranged that the flames strike the sides as well as the bottom of the tank, for otherwise the wax overheats, causing partial distillation.

At all the larger works in Boryslaw steam is used now for this process. In the beginning the steam must have the degree of heat necessary to melt the wax. Subsequently only sufficient heat need be maintained to keep the mass in a liquid state. This is continued until all earthy and other foreign matter has settled to the bottom. The wax is decanted into iron congealing vessels having the form of a truncated cone. These vessels are whitewashed on the inside to prevent the adhesion of the congealed blocks of wax. The blocks obtained are from 15 to 25 inches high, have a diameter of from 30 to 36 inches and weigh from 650 to 850 pounds.

By far the larger portion of the raw ozocerite used in Austria is manufactured into ceserin, there being in that country about 20 refineries. It is doubtful if the processes employed by any two of them are identical. In most of the refining works the wax is mixed with from 6 to 10 per cent of sulphuric acid, heated and filtered through bone, charcoal or spodium. This colors it light yellow. It is treated again with the sulphuric acid and finally with caustic soda until every particle of the acid is eliminated. Fairly successful experiments have also been made to avoid the use of sulphuric acid and to substitute benzole, in which case the dissolvent is eliminated by distillation.

In the filtering process coal of the size of small grain is placed between two sieves, which are inserted in each filter. Several filters are placed together in a frame and sufficiently heated by direct steam to keep the wax in a liquid state. Whenever the coal has lost its efficacy as a blanching agent it can, by proper treatment, be rendered fit again for use.

After the mass has been blanched sufficiently it is decanted into funnels provided with paper filters and having also a contrivance for being heated during the filtering process.

Norwegian Cheese.

There is a terrible kind of Norwegian cheese called "mysost," which is made of goat's milk. It is brown in color and served in the shape of bricks, done up in silver paper. The initiated shave this into thin films and make it into a sandwich with black bread and butter. This cheese is really made from the whey after proper cheese has been manufactured. All the water is then boiled out, and the remainder is compressed into these brown bricks, which taste sweet and gritty.

Love of this cheese would take some time to acquire. The opportunity is not lacking, for it appears at every meal, from breakfast onward. There are several native cheeses. Another terrible one, "pultost," is made with caraway seeds and always smells as if it had gone bad. Mysost has no smell, fortunately, only a terrible aspect and taste.

Dr. Julius Nicholyson sent a few Norwegian delicacies to a friend in Germany, and, among others, he put in a piece of the native mysost. His friend wrote and thanked him for the salmon, etc., and then continued, "The soap is very nice, but we find great difficulty in making the lather." This was the cheese!

She Had a Silent Sorrow.

They had had a little quarrel the night before, and George was ashamed of himself.

"When I think, dear," he said, clasping her fondly, "how like a brute I acted, I wonder if you will ever forgive me."

The girl made no response, but her frame shook with convulsive throbs.

"What is it, darling?" he went on. "Tears? Ah, look at your beloved and tell him he is entirely forgiven."

"Yes, George, dear," she sobbed, "you are for-forgiven free-freely, but it is not our foo-foolish little quarrel that troubles me tonight."

"What is it, then, darling?" he asked passionately.

"It is the toothache."—Exchange.

Ambition causes a fool to jump at the moon and fall in the mud.—Chicago News.

Hon. J. B. Holden for Congress.

Hon. J. B. Holden announces that he is a candidate for Congress from the new Boston District. He has many friends in Winchester and Woburn, and at one time cast alluring glances at the seat of Congressman McCall in the old Eighth District. The new field has given him a clear road for his ambition. He would make a good Congressman as he is possessed of ability and the right kind of training. His friends here hope for his nomination.—*Winchester Star.*

It Dazzles The World.

No discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Huntley & Co., druggists, who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

COMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

HIGHEST GRADE of instruction in bookkeeping, shorthand and all business studies. Both sexes; best of modern methods and teachers; positions for graduates; special 3 months' course; 61st year opens Sept. 3d. Send for Year Book, free.

666 Washington St., corner Beach, Boston.

OFFICE HELP SUPPLIED.

FOR SALE.

5 acres of land on Montvale Avenue and Holden Place, Woburn, and in the rear thereof, in lots to suit, for sale cheap and on easy terms. Close to the electrics.

C. D. ADAMS, Trustee,
915 Main Street, North Woburn,
or 23 Court Street, Boston.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George W. Doherty, otherwise known as George Doherty, in his own right, and also in right of his wife; and Bridget Doherty, his wife, in her own right, to Nellie S. Shaw dated October 21, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2680, Page 575, which mortgage has been duly assigned by said Nellie S. Shaw to John G. Maguire by deed of assignment dated July 9, 1901, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2902, Page 81, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described on

Saturday, the third day of August, A. D., 1901,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on the northerly side of John street containing about sixty-eight hundred (6800) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the south-westerly corner of the premises on said John street and at land now or formerly of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker; from thence the line runs northerly on and by land last named one hundred (100) feet to land now or late of Ebenezer N. Blake; thence turning the line runs easterly by said land now or late of said Blake sixty-eight (68) feet to other land now or late of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker; thence turning the line runs southerly by said other land of R. B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker one hundred (100) feet to said John street; thence turning the line runs westerly on and by said John street sixty-eight (68) feet to the point of beginning. For title of said George Donerty see deed of Hannah M. Parker et al. dated April 15, 1887, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 1793, Page 435; and also deed of John G. Maguire dated May 24, 1887, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1800, Page 577; and for title of said Bridget Doherty see deed of John G. Maguire dated April 15, 1891, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2041, Page 370.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, assessments and betterments if any exist therein.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, July 10, 1901.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX SS.

MALDEN, July 18th, 1901.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on **Saturday, the 31st day of August, A. D., 1901**, at 9 o'clock A. M., at my office, No. 17 Howard street, in said Malden, all the right, title and interest that Horace S. Buck of Reading, formerly of Wilmington, in said County had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the 22nd day of March, A. D., 1901, at 1.15 o'clock P. M., that being the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described real estate, to wit: A certain lot or parcel of land, and the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeast corner of said lot at a stake and stones at Woburn street; thence running westerly by land of the heirs of Isaiah Baker, as the fence now stands, to the wall at land formerly of Melcher Kramer's heirs, but now of Henry L. Carter; thence southerly by said land of said Carter, as the fence now stands, to the corner of the ditch in the meadow; thence easterly and southerly by land of Nathan B. Eames and land now or formerly of Joshua Gowing, by the ditch, to the corner of the wall at land now, or formerly, of Joshua Gowing aforesaid; thence easterly by the last mentioned land to land formerly of Jonathan Buck 2nd, but now of Charles Buck; thence northerly by land last mentioned to a stake and stones; thence easterly by said land last mentioned to said Woburn street; thence northerly by said Woburn street to the bound first mentioned; containing eighteen acres, more or less; being the premises described in a deed from Otis C. Buck to Nathan E. Buck, dated May 12, 1855, and recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds in Book 2, Page 285.

ALSO ANOTHER parcel of land situated in the easterly part of said Wilmington containing two and ninety-two hundredths acres, and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stake on the northerly side of Concord street, distant about sixty-three feet from land of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and at land of Henry L. Carter; thence easterly one hundred and forty-seven feet; thence southeasterly three hundred and thirty feet; thence northerly two hundred and thirty-one feet to a stake at Lubber Brook; the three last boundaries being on land of said Carter; thence in a generally easterly course nine hundred and seventy feet, more or less, by said brook to said Concord street; thence northwesterly by said street eleven hundred and fifteen feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises described in a deed from L. H. Eames and H. M. Eames to said Nathan E. Buck, dated December 23, 1896, and recorded in said Registry in Book 282, Page 378.

Intending to include in both the above descriptions all the land in Wilmington of which the said Nathan E. Buck died seized, however otherwise the same may be bounded or described. The interest of the defendant therein is supposed to be one undivided tenth thereof which came to him by descent from his ancestor, the said Nathan E. Buck, subject to the inchoate right of dower of the defendant's wife, the whole estate being subject to an estate of dower unassigned, to which the widow of the said Nathan E. Buck is entitled.

LYMAN H. RICHARDS,
Deputy Sheriff.

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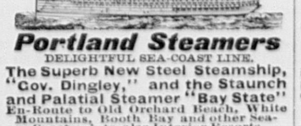

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LOOKING BACK

To the time when she was plucked from the very grasp of death, the natural impulse of the womanly heart is thankfulness for the means which saved her, and a desire to help other women in like case. Those are the motives which prompted Mrs. Eva Burnett to write the accompanying testimonial to the curative power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is only one cure out of thousands. No one would dare say that the average woman was not as truthful as she is good. And it is the truthful testimony of the average woman that "Favorite Prescription" cures womanly diseases when all other means and medicines absolutely fail. It establishes regularity,

dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves, restores the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I have intended for some time to write to you," says Mrs. Eva Burnett, of Russellville, Logan Co., Ky., "and give a testimonial in regard to what your medicine has done for me. My baby came in July, 1889, and I had congestive chills, and lay at death's door for ten long weeks. I was in a dreadful condition and had six of the best doctors of the city. After everything had been done and I had been given up to die I asked my husband to get me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. He had no faith in it, but he got it, and when I had taken it two weeks I was able to walk to the dining room to my meals, and by the time I had taken three bottles I was able to cook for my family of four. I can never praise Dr. Pierce and his medicine enough."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

LOVE'S WISDOM.

I have seen what the seraphs have seen
As they gaze through the limitless air,
Through the wind and the clouds to the lean
Pale face of the moon and the bare
Bright flame of the sun. Unaware
I have seen what the seraphs have seen.

Through the limitless spaces of air
The brave mists that waver and wane
Are pallid and patient and fair.
I have fathomed the pride and the pain
Of the snows and compassionate rain
Through the limitless spaces of air.

I have known them—the brave mists that wane
And the glory and peace of the skies
Where all strife and impatience are vain
And a-hush are all passionate sighs,
For I gazed in the deep of love's eyes,
And I know what no seraphs shall gain.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

BEN'S DIPLOMACY.

She stood on the back veranda making up the butter. The sleeves of her blue print gown were rolled up past her elbows, and her hands were yet swollen and red from the scalding and chilling process.

Suddenly there came a sharp knocking at the hall door, and a tall, stern featured woman thrust her head through the bathroom window, which looked out on the back veranda.

"There's some one at the door, Bessie," she said, and her whisper could have reached to the house front.

The girl hurried along the narrow passage, unrolling her right sleeve as she went, which was the one to be presented when the door should be opened.

"Good morning," she said as serenely as could be expected from one whose hopes had been raised by a shadow on a frosted pane and shattered by the opening of the door.

"Good morning," said the man at the doorstep, and his eyes smiled crookedwise at the knocker, which was the exact spot where her face was, according to his focus. "Good morning. I—I thought maybe you'd like some peas. They're quite young and fresh, and I've just pulled them."

"We've just got some," said the girl. "John always comes on a Saturday."

"I thought maybe you'd have them," said the young man to the knocker, "but p'raps you'd rather have flowers."

The door was jerked back, and another face appeared above the girl's shoulder. The young man moved his eyes to a hole that had been made for a latchkey.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stuart," he said eagerly. "I—I just looked round to see if Miss Bessie wouldn't like some fresh young peas. I had a good crop of 'em this time."

"Why, of course Bessie will," said Mrs. Stuart, "and she's very much obliged to you for 'em. Aren't you Bessie?"

"Yes, mother," she said, but the words seemed to come from behind shut teeth.

"What are you going to do with yourself on Sunday, Ben?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"I reckon I'm just going to stay at home by myself," said the young man, but an anxious shading stole into his smile.

"You might as well drop in and take a cup of tea with us. Bessie and I will be alone," said Mrs. Stuart, her natural grimness climbing over her blandness.

"Thanks," he said, with alacrity; "I don't mind if I do."

When the hall door was closed, the two women took their way to the back veranda.

"I don't want his peas," Bessie said. "I hate them."

"No, you don't," said her stepmother in her clear cut voice. "You want 'em, and you're going to take 'em, and you're going to behave civil to him when he comes on Sunday."

"I'm not," said the girl, but weakness streaked her voice.

"Don't be a ninny," said her mother. "You'll have him when you're asked. And young Macalister's gone to Western Australia."

Sunday was ushered in with the singing of locusts. A cloudless blue sky dropped down from the heights to the horizon, and a hillside of grim gums stood stark, as if benumbed by the multitude of voices filling the air.

Bessie put on a white muslin gown and walked with her mother to church. Her hat was broad brimmed and deep down over her face, the lace touches of her gown and headgear seeming to belong to her as the petals do to a rose.

Ben Stevens watched her through the service, his eyes hiding the secret of his truancy that his half turned head would have revealed.

He walked down the road with them afterward—that little cold girl separated from him by Mrs. Stuart and a whole wide world of indifference.

He sat through a tea meal by her side and talked to her mother about a weed which spoiled the milk, and he had eaten of soda bread and currant buns.

And now he was watching the moon come up through the trees, while a sort of uncouth bliss was surging in his heart.

"Wouldn't you rather go to church?" asked Bessie.

"No," he answered and let his eyes begin his story.

"I believe I left the canary on the dairy wall," she said and stood up.

"Never mind," said Ben, rising to tower above her.

"But the mosquitoes," she faltered.

"Never mind," he said again, and dropped his head to her level, blurting out a passionate love word into her ear.

"No—no—no!" she said.

"You're shy!" he said. "Now, aren't you? Oh, Bessie, I do love you so!"

A tall form emerged from the doorway.

"Shyness soon wears off," said Mrs. Stuart. "I suppose, Ben Stevens, you mean stealing my girl, hanging over her like this?"

"I love her," said the young man.

"When did you think of getting married?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"Soon's ever Bessie likes," said Ben.

"The end of the month 'ud be a good time," said Mrs. Stuart. "Wouldn't it, Bessie?"

The girl's face was in her hands. A muttered word came from between the fingers.

"Then the end of the month," said Mrs. Stuart, "and now you'd better say good night. The girl's a bit overcome with the heat. Good night, Ben. Come again tomorrow."

Ben strode beyond her.

"Will you marry me, Bessie?" he asked sharply. "Let's hear you say it."

Mrs. Stuart smiled triumphantly in the darkness.

"Yes," faltered Bessie, with a roaming look.

And he snatched her in his arms and kissed her.

In the morning Ben was at work among his cabbages and peas, and the remembrance of that kiss was on him as he worked.

That evening there was a glorious dusk with a south wind. Ben, sawing wood, paused with the crosscut saw half through a piece of timber and drew his horny hand across his forehead.

He was so far away that he quite started to hear a light footfall close beside him. He looked around, and there dawned an astounded expression and then a rapturous glow on his face.

"Bessie!" he exclaimed. "Bessie!"

He put out his arms. What more perfectly natural than that she should slip into them?

But she only smiled and shook her head.

"I've come to have a bit of a talk to you, Ben," she said, and a new consciousness of her power over this big, hulking fellow armed her with a strength which was only born for the occasion and which would have brought a smile to her stepmother's face.

"I don't quite know how to begin," she said, "but—but I don't believe you care extra much for me yet, do you, Ben? Not astonishingly much?"

"Don't I, though!" he burst out. "Look here, Bess, would you believe it, I've thought of you every moment of this blessed day. My word!"

She set her mouth. "Then if you care for me that much I can ask you to do something for me."

"Any mortal thing, my girl."

"You could give me up, couldn't you? Couldn't you? Couldn't you? Oh, Ben, I'm that miserable till you give me up and go and tell my mother that your don't want me! But, oh, Ben, don't let her know I told you! There's lots of other girls, and you don't want me, do you? Say you don't. Just say, 'I don't want you, Bessie.'"

He said it after her mechanically, watching her hands twitching nervously at his shirt sleeve.

"I don't want you, Bessie," he said, "and, by heavens, I won't have you if it's agen your will!"

She stooped her head and her warm lips pressed a grateful kiss on his earth soiled wrist.

He told her mother about it, his eyes roaming restlessly about the parlor of Bessie's home.

On Sunday Bessie went to church and wore her big lace hat and sat beside her mother.

Ben was on the opposite side of the aisle and farther down the church, but he could have looked at her if he had wished. He never once turned his head and Bessie watched him, even at prayers.

When the service was over, he stood up, head and shoulders above every one, and it appeared to Bessie his eyes were certainly on the door.

He raised his hat and passed on, holding his head high—an unconscious diplomatist. Presently she saw him striding down the road as though it all belonged to him as well as the home on its side.

Two months went by. Ben took up his measure of days and dealt with them as well as he was able, but the evenings, when the cabbages and the peas were carrying on their lives without him, when his washing up was done and the wind was stealing in the darkness around his home, then he staid to wonder how he was ever going to take tomorrow into his hands.

He always took it, however, and it was always coming.

"We'd have had a fire of an evening," he said two months after he had given her up.

There seemed a tremendous amount of irony in cutting firewood, to his simple mind.

A light footstep sounded behind him. He started, and there dawned an astounded expression, then a rapturous glow on his face.

"Bessie!" he exclaimed. "Bessie!"

She tried to smile, but her face was white and afraid, and her lips quivered.

"I've come—I've come to see you, Ben," she said and was so unconscious of her power over him that she trembled.

"I suppose—I suppose that you don't care about me yet, Ben. Do you? You don't care a bit, do you, Ben?"

"What do you want plaguing me for?" he burst out. "Can't you let me alone? Are you wanting me to lie over again?"

"I want the truth, Ben," she whispered.—London Telegraph.

Getting an Opening.

A man had a story about a gun which he delivered himself of upon all occasions.

At a dinner party one evening he writhed in his chair for over an hour, waiting for a chance to introduce his story, but no opportunity presented itself. Finally he slipped a coin into the hand of a waiter and whispered:

"When you leave the room again, slam the door."

The waiter slammed the door as directed, and the man sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"What's that noise—a gun?"

"Oh, no!" resumed his host. "It was only the door."

"Ah, I see! Well, speaking of guns reminds me of a little story," etc.—Liverpool Mercury.

In its native habitat the shell of the oyster is always a little open, and microscopic waving hairs set up currents which carry the food plants to its mouth, where they are engulfed and afterward digested.

The first European book that ever appeared in the Japanese language was a translation from the German of Heine's songs.

What is Ovaritis?

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex

Mrs. Anna Aston.

holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory is at Lynn, Mass. Write a letter there telling all your symptoms and get the benefit of the greatest experience in treating female ills.

"I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—Mrs. Anna Aston, Troy, Mo.

ANIMAL IMPOSTORS.

CREATURES WHOSE EVERY APPEARANCE IS AN AFFRONT TO TRUTH.

Form and Even Coloring Are Changed In the Attempt to Imitate Their Environment—Perfection of Insect and Spider Disguises.

The Shakespearean conception of the human world as a stage may be expanded to include the animal world as well. Like ourselves, animals enter on the struggle for existence with a modicum of equipment in figure, complexion, voice and demeanor and with the assignment of a definite role to play in the melodrama of life. Hence we are not surprised to find that many of our four, six and eight footed competitors have, figuratively speaking, attained to some proficiency in the art of imposition while endeavoring to gain a foothold in the world—i. e., the opportunity of feeding, mating and leaving offspring to repeat the same performance continuously.

It must have been some such reflection as this which led Henry Drummond to remark that "Carlyle in his blackest visions of 'shams and humbugs' among humankind never saw anything so finished in hypocrisy as the naturalist now finds in every tropical forest. There are to be seen creatures, not singly, but in tens of thousands, whose every appearance, down to the minutest spot and wrinkle, is an affront to truth, whose every attitude is a pose for a purpose and whose life is a sustained lie. Before these masterpieces of deception the most ingenious of human impositions are vulgar and transparent. Fraud is not only the great rule of life in a tropical forest, but the one condition of it."

Drummond's statements are perhaps a little misleading without some qualification, for animals are not impostors in the ordinary sense of the term, since they are, of course, perfectly unaware of appearing under a deceptive disguise. Moreover, what is true of animal life in the tropics is also in great measure true of animal life in other regions of the globe.

In the development of deceptive disguises—disguises which affect the form, attitude and color, but largely the color, of animals—nature appears to have proceeded along two different paths, one of which is direct and relatively easy, the other circuitous and much more difficult. The easy path, which may be considered first, is that of protective resemblance pure and simple—i. e., an approach in the animal's form, color and attitude to some object in the surroundings. Such an approximation can hardly fail to be of the greatest advantage, since the animal thereby merges so completely with its environment as to pass unobserved by its enemies or by its prey. This alternative has led in two directions—to a defensive and an aggressive form of resemblance.

Every sportsman has been deceived by the close resemblance of birds and other animals to the soil and vegetation. It would be easy, moreover, to show that many of the lower animals exhibit similar adaptations. It is also well known that some of these creatures, like the chameleons, many tree frogs, cuttlefishes and shrimps, can actually change their colors to make them harmonize with the exact tints of the vegetation or soil on which they are living. But no animal can compare with the insects and spiders in the detailed perfection of their protective disguises or in the frequency of adopting this method of eluding enemies or of stealthily approaching prey. This is true notwithstanding the fact that active color changes like those of the chameleon are scarcely known to occur among insects.

Many of the most striking examples of protective resemblance among insects are the result of the very intimate association of these animals with the flora of our planet. Especially is this true of insects which live exposed on the vegetation. There is really no portion of the plant excepting its roots and fruits which is not copied by some insect, often with the most astonishing faithfulness to details. Hosts of moths copy the rough lichen mottled bark of trees, the walking sticks and looping caterpillars copy the twigs, the green leaves are imitated by the katydids and the marvelous leaf insects (phyllium) of the East Indies, while the dead leaves are portrayed by many moths and butterflies, a form of resemblance culminating in the famous kallima butterflies of southern Asia. Striking resemblances to thorns and knots are to be found among spiders and leaf hoppers (membracidæ), while even the flowers may be copied, as in the case of the pink orchidlike mantis (hymenopus) of India and several other species.

The roots of plants are not copied because they are not exposed to view and an attempt to resemble the exposed seed or fruit would be only an invitation to birds to destroy any species that might be so bold as to vary in this direction.—Professor William Morton Wheeler in Century.

They All Charge.

He kissed devoutly the hand that passed him the autograph album and wrote therein: "I would write my name upon this page. Would that I could inscribe it upon the purer scroll of your heart in that invisible ink which shall only appear as the thing upon which it is written is warmed at the fires of a love which takes no note of time."

That was a year ago. They are married now, and when she asks him for his autograph, in the shape of a pretty heavy check to liquidate her millinery bill, he grasps that album, or a larger sized book if handy, preferably the latter, and threatens to fling it at her head.

Agoraphobia.

Builders, with their stone and mortar, brick and lime, water and sand, have left little puddles on a stretch of upper Broadway. An irregular string of pedestrians flung itself past the place, ignoring for the most part the slight inconvenience of stepping over the miniature lakes. But one man, when he was confronted with the situation, started back with an exclamation of vexation and passed around the pools.

"That chap has agoraphobia," said one of two men who had noted the movement.

"Has what?" asked the other.

"Agoraphobia. It means simply an abhorrence of open spaces, and it has a great many victims. Specialists in this sort of nervousness say it takes various forms, some of its subjects having an insurmountable dread of crossing from one side of the street to the other, while others have a disinclination to go more than a few blocks from their home.

"Some dread to step across a puddle of water, like the man we just saw. Others dread descending into a well beyond a certain depth, and still others have a fear of getting too high in a building or an elevator. As a rule, these persons are acutely intellectual, so it is no mental disgrace to be a victim of agoraphobia, simply a misfortune that is commoner than most persons suppose."—New York Telegram.

A Celebrated Roman Eater.

Touching the matter of eating, the stories told by the old chroniclers and historians of the abnormal appetites of certain Roman and oriental men of note fairly stagger belief. Gibbon tells of Soliman, a caliph in the eighth century, who died of indigestion in his camp near Chalcis, in Syria, just as he was about to lead an army of Arabs against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs, which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was finished with marrow and sugar. In a pilgrimage to Mecca the same caliph had eaten with impunity at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, 6 fowls and a huge quantity of the grapes of Tayef.

Such a statement would defy belief were not others of a similar character well avouched. Louis XIV could hardly boast of an appetite as ravenous as Soliman's, but he would eat at a sitting four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry and finish with fruit and sweetmeats.

Fulfilling the Wishes of the Dead.

Old Lord Forglen, the Scotch judge, died in 1727. Dr. Clerk, who attended his lordship to the last, calling on his patient the day he died, was admitted by the judge's old servant and clerk, David Reed. "How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor. "I houp he's weel," responded the old man, whose voice and manner at once explained his meaning. With tears streaming down his face he conducted Dr. Clerk into a room where there were two dozen bottles of wine underneath the table.

Other gentlemen presently arrived, and, having partaken of a glass or two of wine while they listened to David's account of his master's last hours, they all rose to depart. "No, no, gentlemen; not so," said the old factotum. "It was the expressed wish of the deceased that I should fill ye a' fou, and I maun fulfill the will o' the dead." Dr. Clerk used to add when relating the story, "And indeed he did fulfill the will o' the dead, for before the end o't there was na ane of us able to bite his ain thoomb!"

Neat Ways of Cooking Eggs.

One time when I was poaching eggs for an invalid a plan came to me. I put in the pan a couple of muffin rings, first rubbing some butter on them, then dropped my eggs each inside of a ring. When the eggs were cooked, I lifted off the ring and had the satisfaction of taking up something that looked very nice.

I tried the same plan when frying eggs and was equally pleased with the result. Like all novices, I did not think water boiled unless it boiled violently, and my eggs were torn by the tossing. To poach eggs the water should not boil violently.—Exchange.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 28.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xii, 1-9. Memory Verses, 1-3—Golden Text, Gen. xii, 2—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In chapter x we have 70 descendants of Noah among whom the earth was divided, and Deut. xxxii, 8, says that God set the bounds of the people with reference to the number of the children of Israel, although such people were not then in existence except before God. From before the world was made both the church and Israel were real to God, and He clearly saw the end when through them He would rule the world in righteousness (Isa. xlvi, 9, 10). Chapter xi tells of man's degeneracy and union against God to make them a name. This is the beginning of the story of Babylon, the end of which is found in Rev. xvii and xviii, and the great feature of which is self glorification. "Let us make us a name." Here we have the beginning of languages because of this rebellion. Then follow the ten generations from Shem to Abram inclusive. In chapter v we had the ten generations from Adam to Noah inclusive, these 20 generations being on the line of the righteous and leading on to Christ. Man apart from God ever degenerates. Sin turned Adam and Eve from Eden, sin brought the deluge and destroyed all except those in the ark, sin brought the confusion of tongues, and now after 2,000 years sin again prevails, and from the idol worshipers beyond the river the Lord takes Abram that He may bless him and make him a blessing to all people on earth (Joshua xxiv, 2, 3).

1-3. I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing, and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed. These are some of the words of the Lord to Abram while yet in Ur of the Chaldees, by which He would draw him from country and kindred and perform through him all His pleasure by separating him unto Himself and placing him in a land which He would in due time give him as an inheritance. Stephen said in his discourse that the God of glory appeared to Abram, and it is evident from another record that something more than the earthly inheritance was set before him, for he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God (Acts vii, 2; Heb. xi, 10). Notice in these opening verses of our lesson the fourfold "I will" of the Lord—"I will shew," "I will make" and the double "I will bless." The promises and assurances are all from God. Abram hears, believes, obeys. He died in faith, not having received the promise, for God gave him none inheritance in it, yet He promised that He would (Heb. xi, 13; Acts vii, 5).

4, 5. "Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran." In chapter xi, 31, 32, we read that his father, Terah, who served other gods (Joshua xxiv, 2), accompanied him so far as Haran. Abram tarried there until his father died, and then, taking with him Lot, his brother's son, they came into Canaan. Did Terah hinder Abram? Might he have gone on into Canaan if he had been willing? These are not as important questions as such personal ones as the following: Am I by a lack of faith or by an unwillingness to be separate from this present evil world, hindering any dear one whose heart is longing for a closer walk with God? Am I a Terah, saying that Haran is far enough?

6, 7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land, and there builded he an altar unto the Lord who appeared unto him." We do not read of any appearance of the Lord to Abram at Haran, for the first verse of our lesson refers to the Lord's appearance and message in Mesopotamia (Acts vii, 2, 3), but now, Abram having obeyed fully, the Lord appears to him a second time and confirms His promise. Until we obey fully up to the light we have we cannot expect further light or revelation. This is Abram's first altar in the land. By sacrifice he worships God in His appointed way. At this place Jacob afterward bought a piece of ground. There Joshua gathered Israel for his farewell address. There he buried the body of Joseph, and there Jesus talked with the woman at the well (Gen. xxxiii, Joshua xxiv, John iv). The land was already occupied by the Canaanites, and Abram must be content with his tent and altar and to be a pilgrim and a stranger until God's time should come to give him the land.

8. "There he builded an altar unto the Lord and called upon the name of the Lord." This is his second altar in the land, and it is between Bethel and Hai. The margin says the Ai of Joshua vii, 2. Bethel suggests Gen. xxviii, 19, and the story of God's gracious loving kindness to Jacob. But the principal truth and practical lesson are associated with the altar and the sacrifice. Happy is the man who, whatever be his home or dwelling place or surroundings, if it be a hut or a palace, in some heathen wilderness or in some great city, never fails to have his altar unto the Lord! Redemption by the blood of Christ and constant communion with Him—these are the two greatest things that any mortal can have, and they are possible to all who have ever heard of Christ and of His redemption. He is calling all who have heard His voice to separate themselves from this present world and live wholly for Him.

9. "And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south." It is good to be always going on in the way of the Lord. We read of David that he went on and grew great (margin, going and growing), and the Lord God of hosts was with him (II Sam. v, 10). An enlarging and a winding about is not out of place, if it be "still upward, still upward, still upward, by the midst" (Ezek. xli, 7). Peter would call it growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (II Pet. iii, 18). But while on this present earth we are in an enemy's country, for even our Lord said that the devil is the prince of this world (John xiv, 30), and we need to watch and pray lest we fall into temptation. If there is one thing that the devil seems to hate specially it is to see a believer wholly separated unto God and walking humbly with God, living for and relying upon Him alone. The rest of this chapter tells of some sad wandering and stumbling on the part of Abram, even a compact between himself and his wife to lie in order to save his life, and a consequent rebuke from a heathen king. Abram's faith was a matter of growth, and it had not at this time reached to that implicit trust in God of later years.

High Class Suicide.

In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a mandarin is guilty of misconduct, he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank and entitled to wear the peacock feather, he is privileged to choke himself to death with gold leaf.

This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button, he must be content with strangling himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste.

The first anthracite coal known to be such was discovered at Mauch Chunk, Pa., in 1791. The Lehigh Coal Mining company began business in the same year, making a commodity of the recent discovery.

Athletes are short lived, and giants seldom live out the allotted time of threescore years and ten. They expend too much vitality.

LOVE'S GEOGRAPHY.

Wise men delight in globes and maps. They trace
Each kindly wrinkle in the old earth's face,
Phrenologize on mountain peaks and thrust
States, towns, aside as mere external dust,

But I, an humbler student, when I con
Such maps, with little freckled towns thereon,
Love takes my hand and, pointing, whispers clear,
"Here lives a friend—and here—and here—and here!"

So small the dots, so cheap and pink the chart,
I close my eyes. The world is in my heart!
But Love still points, "O World, so strangely dear,
Here lives a friend who loves me—here—and here!"

—Youth's Companion.

A Ghost And a Hanging

BY M. QUAD.

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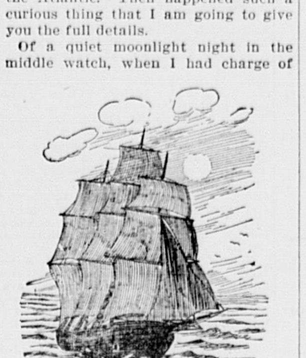
The firm of Swan & Arkell, Liverpool, were extensive traders and shipowners, and each and every one of their ships was launched on the 13th of the month. Each one started out on her first voyage on Friday, and when it came to the fifth ship she was launched on a Friday, the 13th, named Friday and began her voyage on a Friday. Though the other ships had all been lucky, there were people and newspapers that thought the firm were carrying things a little too far with the last ship. This did not prevent her from getting a cargo and crew for Valparaiso, however, and I had the good fortune to secure the berth of mate. We had a willing crew, a smart ship and favoring winds, and not a Jack Tar aboard had a word to say about ill luck or ghosts until we were half way across the Atlantic. Then happened such a curious thing that I am going to give you the full details.

Of a quiet moonlight night in the middle watch, when I had charge of



A QUIET MOONLIGHT NIGHT IN THE MIDDLE WATCH.

the ship, two of the seven men on deck came hurrying aft and informed me that a strange man was skulking about forward. The men were not overexcited, and on my part I took it that we had a stowaway on board. I told them to secure him and bring him aft, and my watch had almost expired when it was reported that the stranger could not be found. When I came on duty again, I reported the matter to the captain, and he had the fore hatch cover removed and sent a man down to investigate. We were almost full up with cargo, and it did not take long to ascertain that no one was hiding in the two or three open spaces. Had a stowaway been secreted below decks it would have been impossible for him to come up, but the hatch was removed to convince the sailors that they had been deceived by a shadow.

The next night at the same hour the stranger reappeared. The second mate had the watch, and as soon as the affair was reported to him he had me called. The incident had been talked over during the day, of course, but these new men had not seen the spook. Indeed they had poked and guyed the other watch for a lot of old women. One man at the wheel and another on lookout and the other five were standing about waiting for a call when the stranger suddenly appeared among them. He was in his shirt sleeves and had an apron and a paper cap. In the apron were a lot of nails, which jingled as he walked. This man came from aft and walked forward on the port side, and, though two or three men shouted after him, he did not pause. The sailors did not take it for a ghost, but yet were unwilling to follow. However, when the carpenter reappeared after about five minutes and was passing aft one of the men stepped out to seize him and said:

"Look here, matey, stop a minute and let us know how you came aboard of this hooker and whose watch you are in."

The sailor's hand clutched the air instead of flesh and blood, and the thing continued aft and disappeared. When I was called, I went down on the main deck among the excited men and heard their yarn, and then we took lanterns and made a thorough search of the decks. I also sent men aloft to the tops. We made no discovery. It was useless to say to a dozen men that their eyes had deceived them. They were sailors above the average in intelligence, and the captain was sensible enough to take a sensible view of the matter. We talked it over at breakfast, and shortly afterward all hands were called aft. They were told that it must be some trickery and were asked to give their assistance in solving the mystery. The ship was searched from stem to stern, but no stowaway was found. Then the captain did that which no other captain would have done. When night and the middle watch came around again, he took the second mate and went forward among the men. He scattered them about and gave them instructions, and promptly to the minute the carpenter appeared. This time he showed up forward and walked aft, and at a word from the captain all rushed upon him. They found no substance. As they knocked together and some of them fell to the deck the thing disappeared aft, as if going down into the cabin.

Now, here was a situation. That there was a ghost aboard even the captain could not doubt. He owned right up to the men that it was a ghost, but at the same time kept the creeps away by stating that the spook showed no desire to harm any one.

There was no scare among the men. There was never a night of the rest of the voyage that the ghost did not show up, and by the time we reached port it had come to be looked upon as almost one of the crew. Here was a chance for the superstitious to talk about Friday and No. 13 and all that, but there was no such talk among us. I believe that a crowd of lawyers, doctors or merchants would have exhibited more nervousness than did our crew of sailors. It got so that they finally threw their caps at the specter and asked for a light for their pipes.

The solution of the mystery was not less curious. We had not yet discharged all our cargo when a fearful odor became plain, and when the last barrel and box went out we traced the source and ripped off some of the flooring. Between two of the ribs we found the decaying corpse of a ship carpenter, whose skull had been smashed in by a blow from a hammer. The ghastly thing was taken ashore and an inquest held. There were initials on the clothing, and a true description was taken, and no one doubted that a murder had been committed. On the run back to Liverpool there was no ghost. The finding of the body had laid it. The case was placed in the hands of the police, and you may remember what happened. The name of the murdered man was John Walpole, and a fellow workman named Charles Saunders was arrested for the crime. He confessed at once. As the two had knocked off for luncheon they fell into a dispute about a woman, and, driven to desperation by taunts of the other, Saunders seized his hammer and gave him a fatal blow. As the two were alone in the bows of the ship, then about ready for launching, he shoved the body over against a rib and nailed on flooring enough to cover it. Walpole was missed by the foreman, but was supposed to have gone off on a spree. That was the confession, and it brought about Saunders' death on the gallows, and no ghost was ever seen aboard of the Friday afterward. You won't believe that we saw a ghost, but as the discovery of the remains of the murdered man and the hanging of Saunders were matters of public record you can't very well get around them.

Tame Crow's Pranks.

He was a fat, helpless baby crow. We named him Tom, and he grew like the proverbial weed. His prankish propensities came more and more into evidence as the summer wore by. Some bright objects, such as teaspoons, thimbles and the scalloped tins called patty pans, had to be jealously guarded. But despite the noisy protests of the cook the patty pans continued to disappear.

At last I found the new use to which Master Tom had put these coveted articles. I had been awakened several mornings at an untimely hour by a slight tinkling, jingling noise, proceeding apparently from the tin covered veranda roof just outside my window.

On one occasion I fancied I heard Tom's peculiar low chuckle of amusement. Stealing noiselessly to the window, I peeped out. Sure enough, there were Tom and the patty pans. Seizing one in his beak, he would fly up about five or six feet, then drop it. The glitter of the tin as it fell through the bright sunshine and its clatter as it struck the roof seemed to afford him the most exquisite amusement, for he repeated the performance a dozen times or more, ending, as he heard the housemaid open the front door, by neatly packing his shining toys into an angle of the roof, where they had heretofore escaped notice.—Laides' Home Journal.

Reading Character by the Nose.

"You can almost tell a person's character from the nose alone," remarked a scientist. "All great men have great noses. The Greek nose, which has no protuberance, but is straight, argues great sense of æsthetics, of beauty, but no character and no power of contention.

"Large nostrils show courage. People of fearless disposition breathe fully and freely. All the fiercer animals have dilated nostrils. The drooping nostril shows histrionic talent. If the nose also droops, it denotes a tragic power, and if only the nostril capacity is marked for the interpretation of comedy.

"Where the nose is thin at the bridge it shows generosity, while a nose that is thick at the bridge argues acquisitiveness. When it is tiptilted, like the petal of a flower, the person is inquisitive. A projecting nose argues a disposition to investigate. It is ahead of the person, as it were, and wants to scent out things."

The Theater.

Sir Squire Bancroft, in a lecture on the stage in London, said that when he was a boy he scraped up many a shilling to go into the pit to see Phelps act at Sadler's Wells theater and Charles Kean at the Princess, with both of whom he subsequently played as a young country actor. These stolen visits he regarded as not the least part of his education, and therefore his advice to all was, "Go and see Shakespeare acted whenever you get the chance."

What Douglas' Gaze Yielded.

In the presidential campaign of 1856 the Democrats in the west made an effective point by contrasting Mr. Buchanan's long public career as a senator, secretary of state and minister to England with General Fremont's limited experience, consisting of a service of 21 days in the United States senate.

In the great campaign of 1860 they tried the same tactics, which had proved so successful, to disparage Mr. Lincoln. He had served but a single term in congress, while Senator Douglas had for many years enjoyed a national reputation.

This point was urged in a heated discussion overheard between an ardent supporter of Senator Douglas and a German voter who favored Mr. Lincoln. The former finally thought to overwhelm his opponent by saying:

"Who is this Lincoln, anyhow? Nobody ever heard of him until Senator Douglas brought him into notice by holding joint debates with him. Senator Douglas, on the other hand, is a great statesman. Why, he has had his eye on the presidential chair for the last ten years."

"Vot is dot you say?" was the reply. "You say Meester Douglas have had his eye on the president chair for the last ten years?"

"Yes; that is just what I said."

"Vell, you shoost tell Meester Douglas eef he keep hees eye on dot chair shoost a leedle vile longer he vill see old Abe Lincoln sitting down in it."

That closed the debate amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Useful Cement.

A useful cement for mending earthen or stone jars, stopping leaks in the seams of tin pans or iron kettles or tightening loose joints of iron or wood is made by mixing litharge and glycerin to a thick cream. This will resist acids, heat and cold if the article is not used until the cement has hardened.

The Bill All Right.

"My dear sir, it strikes me that this is a pretty round bill."

"Yes, I have sent it around often enough to make it appear so, and now I hope to get it squared."—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

THE STORY OF THE KNIGHT WITH THE WHITE FEATHER.

Heroic Alexander Hume and His Still More Heroic Fellow Warrior and Protector—The Sad Sequel to the Battle That Was Lost.

The heraldic arms of the Scotch town of Selkirk show a woman seated on a tomb, on which is also placed the Scottish lion. The legend told about the arms is this: King James IV of Scotland, who was about to invade England, needed recruits for his enterprise. The town clerk of Selkirk, William Brydone, tried his best to aid his king by persuading his fellow countrymen to enlist in the royal cause. So earnest was he that he is said to have moved over a hundred lusty Scots to join his standard. Among these was one of the name of Alexander Hume. This man was a shoemaker of the town of Selkirk. He was strong, stalwart, bold and an excellent workman. Brydone was very glad to welcome him, as he reckoned him quite the best man of the hundred, and his comrades, who were also brave men and true, cheered him as he appeared among them, such confidence had they in his wisdom, prudence, valor and strength.

Hume's wife, Margaret, was a fine young woman and very fond and proud of her brave, strong husband. Now, Margaret did not at all like this proposed invasion of England. She felt that it would mean great trouble to the Scotch people, who would certainly be vanquished by their strong enemy, and the thought came to her that her own brave husband might perhaps lose his life in the struggle. She therefore used all her best efforts to keep him at home. She pleaded in vain; Alexander was firm. At last she held up to his face their little 5-month-old daughter and asked who would look after the child if he should die and who would keep her from misery and misfortune.

Hume loved his wife and child, and these appeals brought the tears to his eyes, but they did not break down his resolution which he had girt about him as armor. Nothing could move him to become untrue to his king and country.

Finding that no entreaties could move him, Margaret at last gave way to anger and told him that his eager desire to be thought the bravest man of Selkirk would not supply the child he was bound to work for with a bite of bread. She said even more than this. Her tones grew higher, and one word led to another, as you know it will, until the couple parted in anger, he to the field of battle and she to remain at home.

Alexander had not gone far before it flashed across the mind of his wife that perhaps she might never see him alive again. Unable to control herself, she flung the child into its crib and rushed out of the house. She must see her husband again and get from him one parting glance or word of reconciliation. She hurried through the town, she sought everywhere for him, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had gone off with his comrades. The poor wife wept bitterly. Her grief was deep.

Hume and his fellows were soon engaged in battle. He displayed the greatest bravery. Wherever he went numbers of the enemy fell. In every direction upon the field of battle he was seen. His companions kept well up to him, and in particular one man who had lately joined the party. This man fought with a courage equal to that of Hume himself, keeping continually beside him and defending him in many perils. Once when an Englishman from behind drew very near to the Scot this soldier struck the cowardly fellow to the earth just as he was inserting his spear between the clasps of Hume's armor. Hume called to the brave fellow and demanded his name, even in the midst of the fight, but the stranger said that that was no matter.

This generous soldier wore a leathern jacket and an iron helmet, in which there was placed a small white feather. Wherever Hume fought on the battlefield there might be seen beside him the iron helmet and the white feather.

At last the battle ended in defeat for the Scotch, who scattered in all directions. Hume, who, with other soldiers, was obliged to lie concealed in the forest for some time, took the first opportunity of inquiring after his faithful attendant. But all his inquiries were without avail; he could not trace him. Nothing could he learn of him, but that he had disappeared when the fight was over.

Alexander Hume hurried to his cottage. He was anxious to see again his beloved wife and bestow upon her the kiss of reconciliation. When he reached it, he listened at the door, and his heart beat fast. He had kind words to say to her from whom he had parted in anger, and his deep wounds needed dressing. He lifted the latch and walked in. All was still. No wife came to meet him, no child's cry met his ear. On looking round the room he saw seated in an armchair the knight who had fought so bravely beside him in the battle, wearing the same leather jacket, iron helmet and white feather. That person was Margaret Hume. She was dead and clasped in her dead arms the little child.

Drinking and Smoking In Korea.

The Koreans are inveterate smokers of green tobacco, which they use in pipes with tiny bowls and stems two or three feet long. They stick their pipes down the back of the neck when not using them.

There is a deal of drinking, too, though they have many proverbs against it—"Heaven and earth are too small for a drunken man," "White whisky makes a red face," "There is no bottom to the appetite for drink."

Which of Your Eyes Cries?

It seems a positively absurd question to ask, "Which of your eyes cries?"

In an everyday, common or garden cry it is well known that salt tears make their appearance and rush away down the face seemingly as fast from one as from the other, whichever the "other" may be, but if careful note is made, more especially with emotional people, it will be found that one of the eyes has a special emotional tendency and often opens the tear valve before its companion has decided upon the unhappy event.

Probably the best method of discovering the emotional eye is to attend a pathetic stage play and when the weeping period comes along look out for tear No. 1.

The writer attended such a piece recently and was somewhat astonished to find that all his grief came from the right eye.

Whether the solution to the problem is to be found in the fact that he was leaning on his right arm must and can only be decided by an expert.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement. In effect June 24, 1901. Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.35, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 6.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 5.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Boston & Northern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 8.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET — AND — PEACH CREAM MADE FROM NEW FRUIT.
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377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
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The Wise Man
Does not wait until he sees a storm coming before he sets about mending his leaky roof. Neither does he await the approach of another Winter to repair or replace his defective heating apparatus. Prices are lower now than for several years, with a rise in prospect.
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Telephone 28-2.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street. near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

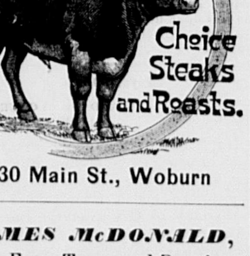
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



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Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

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(Successor to L. Thompson
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Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

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DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

RELIGION.

Creeds change.
All outward forms
Recast themselves.
Sacred groves, temples and churches
Rise and rot and fall.
Races and nations
And the various tongues of men
Come and go and are
Recorded, numbered
And forgotten in the repetition
And the dust
Of many ages.
All outward circumstances
May be different,
But there lives no man—
Nor ever lived one
Who, in the silence of his heart
Feeling his need,
Has not cried out
Some shaping prayer
To the unchanging God.
—Paul Kester in McClure's Magazine.

A Very Natural Mistake

A New England Village Story.

By MARY BOLTON PECK.

Copyright, 1901, by Mary Bolton Peck.

Miss Deborah Markham stood at her kitchen sink one morning washing a bottle. It was one that had held an acid preparation for removing fruit stains. Almost any other woman would have thrown it on the ash pile as soon as it was emptied, but to Miss Deborah the natural thing was to clean it and store it away on a shelf in her wood shed cupboard with an army of other bottles, large and small.

No article ever seemed to Miss Markham to have outlived its usefulness; there was always a possibility that "it might come in handy some time," and it was treasured for the expected need. The ell of the great white house on the main street of East Elmore which had come into the possession of Miss Deborah at the death of her father more than 20 years ago was a veritable junk shop, but it differed in one essential from ordinary repositories of wornout and worthless odds and ends. Miss Deborah's storerooms were scrupulously clean and well ordered, they furnished no retreat for moths or cobwebs, and the floors and windows compared favorably with any kitchen in the village in their freedom from dust.

People might by turns feel amused and exasperated by Miss Deborah's exaggerated love of economy, but their comments upon her always ended with, "After all, she's dreadful good hearted, there's nobody in the whole town more ready to lend a hand than Deborah Markham and if she takes any comfort in being so saving that's her own affair. She can afford to be overparticular." For she had the finest house and the largest income in East Elmore.

"It would be a pity not to keep this bottle," she commented, holding it against the light, "it's such a convenient size and the glass is so clear. I wonder what sort of glue that label was stuck on with; after all the hot water it's been in it hasn't started a mite. I've a good mind not to scrape it off, but keep the bottle just as it is. Like as not I shall want a bottle sometime for holding poison, and then this one will be all labeled and ready."

Not long afterward Miss Deborah decided that she must have the advice of the village doctor. All summer she had been tormented by nervous headaches and sleepless nights. She had doctored herself and had tried one kind of diet after another without relief, and her one servant, an old woman who had been kitchenmaid in the house since the days when Miss Deborah had been little Debby Markham, had experimented upon her mistress with all the potent mixtures she knew how to compound, but she, too, had failed to work a cure.

Accordingly Dr. Bascom was summoned. The result of this professional visit was a slip of paper that Miss Deborah twisted between her fingers as she watched the doctor climb into his high buggy before her gate. She noticed that Mrs. Prescott also was watching from her side piazza, where she sat sewing, and the shutters in one window of Mrs. Treadway's vaultlike parlor were rolled open, a sure indication that the lady herself was sitting behind them.

"The neighbors will be running in to see what is the matter over here, so I shall have to send Hannah to the drug store for the medicine," thought Miss Deborah, realizing that for a few hours she was to be the most interesting person in the village. Her prediction was a true one. Within half an hour both Mrs. Treadway and Mrs. Prescott were established in comfortable chairs in her sitting room making anxious inquiries about her health and going over the last bits of neighborhood gossip. Other ladies followed them, for the doctor's team hitched before the house had advertised to every one the fact that either Miss Deborah or Hannah was ill, and the last callers did not leave until Hannah's clatter over the tea table informed them that the old woman considered it time they were well out of the way and her mistress at supper.

It was after sunset when she found herself at liberty to prepare the medicine for use. Dr. Bascom had informed her that it was a preparation of bromide which would come in the form of a white powder and would require solution. "To be dissolved in eight ounces of water," she read on the slip of instructions.

"Then the first thing I want is an eight ounce bottle," she thought, "and that ought to be very easy to find in the shed cupboard."

The twilight was almost darkness in the shed, but she did not take a light, and her hands groped about among the bottles in search of one that the sense of touch should tell her was of the required size. In the very front row she came upon one that she judged would answer the purpose. The kitchen was very dimly lighted by its north windows, but Miss Deborah did not stop to light a lamp before sifting the powder through a little funnel into the bottle and filling it with cold water. Not until she was ready to take the first dose of the new remedy did she discover that there was a small white label pasted across one side of the bottle—a skull above two crossbones and the word "Poison" ornamented the label.

It was a startling occurrence, but her sense of humor came to the rescue. "I've no doubt it fits well enough," she remarked grimly. "Most drugs are poison. I shall have to show Dr. Bascom the name I have given to what he calls 'a harmless remedy.'"

She found the "poison so efficacious that a week later when Hannah came down in the morning with white face and dull eyes, complaining of a sick headache, her first thought was of the medicine that had helped her own headache.

"Go and lie down on the sitting room lounge," she commanded. "I'll give you a spoonful of bromide, and you needn't give a thought to the breakfast, for I'll see to that myself."

Hannah gladly allowed herself to be tucked up on the big lounge that was, in fact, a couch, and she swallowed the medicine obediently, then lay waiting impatiently for the pain to abate, but the headache was not to be routed so easily. When Miss Deborah peeped in through the kitchen door after she had finished her breakfast, expecting to see the old woman asleep, she saw instead Hannah's wide open eyes gazing at her from a confused pile of pillows and shawls.

"One dose doesn't appear to be enough; you must take another," was her decision, "and if you don't feel much better in an hour I shall give you a third spoonful."

When Miss Deborah returned to the kitchen, she found a barefooted boy standing on the doorstep. The severe expression on his freckled face showed that he considered his errand one of importance, and the weight of responsibility upon him gave great gravity to his voice as he said, "Good morning, Miss Markham."

"Why, Joseph, what's the matter?" she exclaimed. "Is your mother sick? Has anything happened to my dress?" For the boy's mother was the village dressmaker, and she had a new black silk for Miss Deborah under way in her workroom.

"No'm, mother isn't sick, but my sister Julia is, and mother's going to Sharon to see her. She's going to start before dinner, and she says please to come down right away and have your dress fitted, so's she can take it with her to work on, 'cause she may be gone three or four days."

This was a message to be obeyed at once. Miss Deborah hastened to change her wrapper for a more suitable dress for the street and then looked into the sitting room to see how Hannah was feeling.

"Mrs. Pratt has sent for me," she said. "She's going out of town this morning and wants to fit my dress before she goes. I shan't be away long, and you must lie still till I get back. If anybody comes to the house, let them rap till they give it up. You are not to stir. Your headache isn't much better yet, is it? But it's too soon to give you any more medicine. I'll leave the bottle and spoon here on the stand at the head of the lounge, and you can see the clock without moving. When it's 9 o'clock, take another spoonful unless you get rid of the pain before then."

By this time Hannah's opinion of her mistress' much lauded medicine was not a flattering one.

"Nothing in the world but salt and water!" she grumbled, rolling her head restlessly on the pillow in search of a cool spot. "I guess I'm not the sort of person to work faith cures on."

But at 9 o'clock she decided to give the drug one more trial. She sat up on the edge of the lounge and reached for the bottle. The motion made her head whirl, and she sat with closed eyes for a minute to steady herself before trying to pour out the liquid. When she ventured to open her eyes, she noticed at once the white label on the bottle.

"That tells how much to take, I suppose," she muttered. "I don't believe Miss Deborah gave me half enough for a dose." And she brought the bit of paper close to her eyes to read for herself the directions. The next instant she was standing in the middle of the room, the bottle on the floor and her headache entirely forgotten.

"Poison!" she gasped. "No wonder I felt worse and worse all the time!"

She ran to the window which looked into Mrs. Prescott's yard and called wildly: "Help! Help!" And when a startled face appeared at an opposite window added: "Send for the doctor! I'm poisoned!"

Mrs. Pratt lived at the far end of the village, ten minutes' walk from the Markham house. Miss Deborah lost no time on the way, and the business was transacted without delay. Both women were anxious to get it done that they might be free for other matters. Mrs. Pratt had a long ride before her, and Miss Deborah did not like to leave Hannah alone longer than was necessary.

After she left the dressmaker she stepped briskly along the street on her way home. There was no one in sight except a man scurrying along far in front of her. He disappeared through some gateway not far from her own, but the shrubs leaning over dooryard fences and the flicker of lights and shadows on the narrow sidewalk obscured the view and deceived the vision so that she could not be sure which house had been his destination.

"I wonder if that was Ezra Greene. Maybe Mrs. Greene is having one of her bad spells and has sent for Mrs. Prescott. If I wasn't in such a hurry, I'd stop and see," she thought as she passed the Greene house. There was no sign of excitement about the place, however, and she had no time for further speculations on Ezra Greene's reasons for haste, for she saw the doctor's team turn into the village street from one of the crossroads leading out into the farming districts. Dr. Bascom was on his way home, but in answer to a call from behind him he stopped his horse and turned about on the seat of his buggy to listen to the shouted summons. Then he backed his horse around and drove up to the side of the road where a man came out to take charge of his team while he himself vanished as Ezra Greene had done.

"There's trouble at the Prescotts'," thought Miss Deborah, and she began to run, but she stopped short when she came in sight of the Prescott house and her own, for her neighbor's premises were deserted, while in her own yard several men were gathered about the door talking earnestly, and it was to her hitching post the doctor's horse was tied.

Her pause of astonishment was a brief one. Then she dashed into the yard, through the group of men and into the kitchen. A woman was stirring something over the fire, and a hum of voices came from the sitting room. Miss Deborah did not stop to question the occupant of the kitchen, who was so interested in the contents of her stewpan that she did not notice Miss Markham's entrance.

Mrs. Prescott was standing over the lounge, with an empty bowl in her hands. "There, if it was an acid you've been taking there's a chance that the soapsuds will save you," she announced cheerfully, "and the sweet oil ought to help you whatever the stuff was. Don't you feel any better yet, Hannah?"

A feeble groan was the only reply. Dr. Bascom was at a window examining the contents of a bottle. Suddenly the look of perplexity on his face changed to a broad smile. Looking up, he saw Miss Deborah in the kitchen door.

"This tastes like the bromide I prescribed for you a few days ago, Deborah. How did you happen to ticket it this way? You've frightened Hannah out of a year's growth and furnished the whole neighborhood with a most welcome excitement."

"Oh, Miss Deborah, it was all a mistake, wasn't it?" cried Hannah, catching sight of her mistress above the ring of the frightened and bewildered faces surrounding her. "You didn't try to poison me on purpose, did you?"

Miss Deborah looked about her with sparkling eyes. The doctor's words had explained the situation to her.

"Mistake!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Have you all lost your wits? Do you think I shall have to poison you when I want to get rid of you, Hannah? I've a good mind to set you packing this instant, but nothing short of an insane asylum would take you in, I'm afraid. If your morning's work isn't further along than mine is, ladies, perhaps you had better go where you can attend to it!" And she turned and walked out into the back regions of the house, shutting several doors sharply behind her.

Dr. Bascom watched her retreat with liveliest enjoyment; the stern faced old man could enjoy a good joke heartily. Then he turned to the astonished group in the sitting room.

"I think, Hannah, that if you have swallowed everything these impromptu physicians have been ordering you may consider yourself thoroughly poisoned, and now, neighbors, shall we leave her to make her peace with Deborah?"

The Elephant's Revenge.

In the autobiography of Mr. Lindley Murray a passage occurs from which it appears that one of the clearest heads that ever engaged in the business of analysis was well nigh cracked by a simple agent for a small offense. In the year 1771 he visited the elephants at the Queen's palace and, from whatever motive, ventured to withdraw a portion of the hay which one of them had been collecting with his proboscis on the floor.

The little affront offended the sagacious animal highly. The keeper remarked that he would never forget, and it was obvious from the rapid convolutions of his trunk that he only wanted an opportunity to avenge the misappropriation of his property on the spot.

The grammarian, however, kept out of his way, probably thought no more of the matter, until he chanced to revisit the same place after an interval of several weeks. On this occasion a number of other persons were present, but of the whole the elephant singled out his enemy and aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, fortunately, neither proved fatal nor took effect.

Natural Thread Grown In Mexico.

In southern Arizona and northern Mexico there grows a plant from which rope and twine that will almost never wear out can be made. It is the mescal plant. It is like a cabbage, and on a large stalk that grows up alongside the head are long stemmed leaves with sharp, hard pointed ends. The soft part of the leaf can be removed and the stem stretched out to four or five feet, it is so elastic. You let this dry in the sun, and you have an eyeless needle already threaded.

The natives of the country use nothing but the mescal thread needle, as they call it, to sew their garments. You can make as fine a thread as needed. If you desire a fine thread, pull the stem and it will grow smaller in the same way that rubber will. The thread is as strong as wire. Ropes and heavy twine can be made from the plant that will be almost as strong as a steel wire cable. The big stems of the leaves can be used, and there are about 50 leaves to each head that can be utilized.

Crushed the Diamond.

Among historic diamonds one, the "Piggott," has gone out of existence. The story of its destruction is a tragical one. It was said to be worth $200,000. The diamond came into the possession of Ali Pasha, who always wore it in a green silk purse attached to his girdle.

He was wearing it when he was wounded by Reshid Pasha. Knowing that his wound was mortal, he immediately retired to his divan, gave orders that his favorite wife should be poisoned and then delivered the diamond to Captain D'Anglas with the order that it should be crushed to powder in his presence. His command was obeyed, and the beautiful gem was utterly destroyed.

ODD LOOKING TREES.

TWISTED AND DISTORTED BY GALES FROM THE OCEAN.

A Grove on the Jersey Coast Which Presents a Curious Scene of Fantastic Confusion — Trees Tortured Into the Form of Letters.

In Japan large salaries are paid to skilled gardeners who can twist and torture trees from their normal forms of growth into the likeness of animals, boats, houses and other designs. Of late years the custom has been imported to this country and with it the oriental tree twisters. Not the most skillful of them, however, can beat nature's distorters of vegetation, the persistent winds, and the Japanese experts could learn lessons in the surprising and fantastic form of a grove of trees on the Jersey coast.

The place is aptly called Wildwood. It forms a part of an island cut off from the mainland by a narrow arm of the ocean. For centuries the gales have wrought their fierce will upon the vegetation. Although the soil seems to be largely composed of white sand, it is fertile; otherwise there would not be on the island, in the face of the almost constant winds, the luxuriant growth both of trees and lower forms of vegetable life with which it is covered.

Wild grapes are abundant, and vines are seen which are fully 8 to 12 inches thick and have in some cases so completely covered the trees that the arboreal foliage can scarcely be seen. Extending along the ground and up the trunks into the branches some of the vines look like huge snakes, and many an unsuspecting visitor has had a shock by coming into contact with their swaying sinuosities in the shady nooks of the place.

The trees themselves have assumed some very odd forms. For instance, there are two which are very similar to the letter "W" and have been called "W" trees by the natives.

In the middle of this curious grove is a lagoon or pond, on the banks of which is one of the oddest formations of the grove. This is a pine tree, which is still growing, in spite of disadvantages. The trunk has been twisted around so as to form the figure 8 from one point of view and the letter O looking at it from another point, while one of the branches or arms at the left forms the head of a snake, including the curve in the neck. The front view of the snake is startlingly realistic, the head being of the true flat topped, venomous type and the posture characteristically viperine. The tree is evidently very old, as indicated by the trunk, and will probably be dead in a few years, as its foliage is scant and confined to a few small, irregular boughs. The mystery is why it did not die before, distorted as it is.

In the center of Wildwood is a pavilion where refreshments are served to visitors. The principal support of this pavilion is formed by a tree which passes through the center and out of the roof. Its branches form an excellent protection from the sun in summer, while the roof girders are fastened into it in place of the usual posts.

All these freak trees are located about a mile from the highway on the banks of what is known as Grassy sound. They form a grove about a mile long and a half mile in width. In the entire lot scarcely one can be found which grows like an ordinary tree. The various species include holly, birch, pine, cherry, ash and cedar. Some of the cedars still giving out leaves have not a particle of bark upon their trunks from the ground to the first branches. The winter gales have stripped the covering.

Experts who have examined them say that many of the trees are undoubtedly several centuries old. The action of the wind upon the branches has twisted them into every conceivable fashion, so that it is hard to tell where one branch begins and another ends. In several parts of the grove different kinds of trees have grown together, such as fir and holly and cherry and ash. The growth is generally formed by a limb from one being bent against the other, as shown in the case of the N tree remaining in that place while it gradually made a cleft for itself.

It is quite common for two trees of the same variety to grow together, but the joining of the different varieties, as shown here, is a problem which the experts have not yet been able to solve, especially where some of the limbs grow from one tree directly into the trunk of another and have not been forced against the outside. A number of examples of this form of growth are also to be seen.

The owner of the grove has cut out some of the most striking distortions of the trees which have died. One represents a harp without strings, while another is in the form of a triangle, and another seems to be modeled from a water pitcher.—Washington Star.

Don't Be Selfish.

It is a great satisfaction at the close of life to be able to look back on the years that are past and to feel that you have lived not for yourself alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured also that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow creatures to you and you to them, it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.—Selected.

Porcupine Quills.

About 2,000,000 porcupine quills are imported yearly into England from India, with a few from Spain, the quills upon each "spike pig" being worth $2.50. The quills are used for penholders, floats for anglers, fans, ornamental screens and many other fancy articles.

Cries of Animals.

The roar of a lion can be heard farther than the sound of any other living creature. Next comes the cry of a hyena, and then the hoot of the owl. After these the panther and the jackal. The donkey can be heard 50 times farther than the horse and the cat ten times farther than the dog. Strange as it may seem, the cry of a hare can be heard farther than that of either the cat or the dog.

STANDARD TIME.

To Ascertain and Promulgate It Is a Costly Task.

"What time is it?" Few questions are more common than this, and yet each day the United States government goes to a great expense in giving it an official answer. To ascertain the instant when it is noon on the seventy-fifth meridian and to send that information all over the country is a great and a costly task. The astronomical observatory in Washington computes the true time, which is thence transmitted by electricity to every important city and town.

About five minutes before the Washington noon the telegraph companies cut off all their regular business except on lines where they have more than one wire. They then connect all important points, from which there may be numberless ramifications, with an electric wire going into the great clock in the observatory so that all over the country its tickings may be heard. For the ten seconds just before 12 o'clock there is silence, which is broken by the "noon beat." Regular business is then resumed.

In some cities the wires connect with a time ball which drops with the noon beat. The time ball in Washington over the state, war and navy department building is three feet in diameter and can be seen from all parts of the city. Crowds frequently gather about to see it fall, a distance of 21 feet, high in the air. The man whom some of the spectators suppose to be dropping the ball is merely there to hoist it again to its place.

In the building beneath are 23 clocks which are each day automatically corrected by it. An electrical device "sets" them, placing hour, minute and second hands exactly vertical at the instant the ball drops. The hands that are too fast are pushed back, and those that are slow are thrust forward.

Although Washington is on the seventy-seventh meridian, the noon hour is for convenience computed for the seventy-fifth, the time standard for the eastern part of the United States. In the central belt, which is governed by the ninetieth meridian, the signal from Washington means 11 o'clock, in the Rocky mountain belt it is 10 o'clock, and on the Pacific coast line it is 9.—Youth's Companion.

FEASTED ON SPARROWS.

A Diet That Did Not Agree With the Crane.

"Some time ago I had occasion to observe an interesting change in the habits and temperament of a crane which had been picked up in the swamps of Arkansas," said a gentleman from one of the towns on the Mississippi river, "and the change was startling too. The crane was placed in a small park which was literally filled with English sparrows. These pests did not like the visitor from the lowlands, and they made daily assaults on the poor bird. The crane was a pretty fowl, long, slender, pure white and with the stately stride of a tragedian. The sparrows would systematically swoop down on the crane in droves, and the attacks were fierce and vicious.

The crane stood the assaults with indifference for awhile, but finally the fowl from the swamps figured out a method of retaliation, and it was effectual. In some way the crane learned that sparrow was a pretty sweet morsel. From the time she learned it she feasted on sparrows. She would slip up cautiously on these pesky twitterers and throw her yellow beak out like a gig. She never missed the mark. She always landed a sparrow, and a singular part of the thing is that she would swallow them whole, feathers and all. But the crane would always dampen the bird by dipping it in one of the water basins of the park.

"The diet evidently did not agree with the crane, and she became a trifle droopy and showed signs of indisposition. She finally died, and the keeper of the park believes that the crane's death was caused by a severe case of indigestion brought on by eating sparrows."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Saved the Dog.

Some time ago there was a shipwreck at St. Margaret's bay, England, and the life line brought sailor after sailor to shore amid the cheers of the rescuers. At last only the captain remained on board. The line was ready, the signal was given, but the answering jerk did not come. Again and again for a quarter of an hour the question passed along the rope without reply. At last, when hope was nearly dead, the signal came, and the captain was hauled dripping ashore. He picked himself up, drew a small, wet, quivering dog from his breast pocket and set it tenderly down. Then he looked round and said in simple apology, "I couldn't find the little brute anywhere!"

Parson Brownlow.

Parson Brownlow, the famous preacher, editor and patriot, is described by Dr. William E. Barton, author of "A Hero In Homespun," as the very incarnation of east Tennessee's rudeness, strength and exalted love of country and of right. "Ef hit warn't that he's a preacher," says one of the characters, "you wouldn't know sometimes w'ether he's a-prayin or a-quotin Scripter chapter an varse or jus' plain everyday sorter cussin." Brownlow wrote to Secretary Benjamin at Richmond: "Just give me my passports and I will do for your Confederacy more than the devil has ever done. I will quit the country."

Out of an average annual loss to the world's shipping of 2,172 vessels 94 are completely missing and never heard of again.

When the Atlantic Was Bridged.

According to the distinguished French anthropologists Gabriel and Adrien de Mortillet there was a junction between Europe and America by way of the British isles, the Faroes, Iceland and Greenland in what is known as the Chellean epoch, which is supposed to have ended 150,000 or 160,000 years ago.—Baltimore Sun.

Replaced Them.

Mistress—Why, Bridget, what on earth are you doing with all the broken dishes on the shelf?

Bridget—Sure, mum, yez towld me Oi wur to replace every one Oi broke.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG 2, 1901.

☞ Representative Walter S. Keene of Stoneham announces himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for State Senator in the Essex-Middlesex District, now represented by Senator Wood of Woburn. During the recent progress of Wakefield water legislation at the State House members of the Town Water Committee threatened Senator Wood with political annihilation for his opposition to the Committee's bill. Is Mr. Keene to be the instrument of the Town Water Committee to teach Senator Wood that it was a mistake to act contrary to its dictation?—*Wakefield Citizen & Banner.*

Representative Keene has not only not announced himself a candidate for State Senator but in no contingency that is likely to happen will he allow his name to be used in connection with the nomination. His neighbors give Representative Keene the credit of being an honorable man; that he means what he says; and he has said within a week that he certainly would not be a candidate against Senator Wood. A few disgruntled Wakefield politicians, encouraged by a less number in Woburn who are actuated by unworthy motives, would be glad to defeat Senator Wood this fall, but they are sure to meet with signal failure. Representative Keene having refused to be a catspaw to rake their chestnuts from the fire who will the plotters light on next?

☞ Last Monday morning's issue of the Boston *Herald* contained nearly a whole page article on Woburn, past, present and future, the most entertaining part of which was what Mayor Davis said in an interview which the writer had with him. Everything he said was so "childlike and bland!" The article was beautifully embellished with the picture of a Woburn street scene on a Saturday evening which was enough to make almost anybody fall dead in love with our fair city on sight. Woburn's three great men of the past, Count Rumford, Charles Goodyear, and Loammi Baldwin, were especially treated in the story and made intensely interesting reading. The production of the article was a great journalistic feat.

☞ We are in receipt of a copy of the decision of the Board of Gas and Electric Light Commissioners on the petition of the inhabitants of Winchester, kindly furnished us by the Clerk, Mr. R. G. Tobey, and have tried very hard to find out what it means. It does not endorse or reject Supt. Wallis's new plan of charging for electricity furnished customers by the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Company seemingly on account of its uncertainty in action. On the whole, however, the decision is favorable to both parties, but there is to be no change in the old way of charging for electricity until time and experiments evolve a better one. That is the way we understand the Board's words.

☞ Hon. W. S. Knox, M. C., was in this city one afternoon late last week and met a few of his many good friends here. There was no politics in his call. He will represent this Congressional District until March 4, 1903, on which date he and Woburn Republicans come to a parting of the ways, and thereafter the latter will be obliged to forego the pleasure of future voting for him, as they have faithfully and cordially done at the last three Congressional elections. Woburn is no longer in the Fifth District. Mr. Knox said the newspaper rumor that connected him with the Lieutenant Governorship was without the least particle of foundation, and its origin was a puzzle to him.

☞ The Lynn & Boston Street Railway Company gives way to the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company, a great combination that has absorbed nearly all the trolley lines in Massachusetts north of Boston. The passing of the L. & B. took place last week and the large system of roads that the late Amos Breed originated, largely owned, and took so much pride in, will be known no more. Mr. Sullivan of Lowell is President, and Mr. Foster of Lynn Vice-President, of the new Company, both able men, long connected with street railways.

☞ If successful labor and real merit count for anything, Representative Roberts of this District deserves another election to the Legislature and will get it next November. He was reconized as one of the hardest and most efficient workers in the last session, and the record shows that nearly every measure introduced and engineered by him went through the mill and became law.

☞ And now it is the Elm Leaf Beetle. From their Bulletin No. 76 it appears that the Massachusetts Agricultural College has entered the lists against these destructive insects, and as sure as fate their name is Dennis. What with the Gipsy and Bluetail Moths, an endless variety of bugs and caterpillers, and now the Elm Leaf Beetle, our College at Amherst must have a pretty busy time of it.

☞ Portland's celebration of Maine's Old Home Week will be held on August 15. Rockland's will extend from Aug 10 to August 17. Great preparations are underweigh for the Week all over the State, and by Massachusetts sons and daughters of Maine.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Prof. Gowing—Practice.
Mrs. Conway—For Sale.
P. O. Box 179—Pasturage.
Col. S. B. Co.—Ocean Trips.
Mr. Jackson—Mineral Water.
Journal—To Let.

— Labor Day falls due on Sept. 3.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page

— Aug. 2, '01. Wind W.; clear; temp. 70.

— Work of repairing schoolhouses in this city goes on apace.

— The South End Club will give a lawn party next Tuesday, Aug. 6.

— Attention is directed to the ad. "To Let" by Gregory, the auctioneer.

— Prof. Gowing, the Magnetic Healer, has a fine field of practice in Maine.

— The Woburn & Boston (Lexington) street railroad is doing a landoffice business.

— A Ward 5 resident pays Mayor Davis a glowing compliment in this issue of the JOURNAL.

— The Congregational and Baptist meetinghouses are soon to be subjected to coats of fresh paint. Good enough!

— Michael Bryan, who was lately killed at Hudson, was a resident of this city and has a brother living at Montvale.

—In two or three weeks Mrs. Mary Ella Putney of Georgia will be happily domiciled at 37 Arlington Road. Good enough.

— During the vacation of the Rector of Trinity Episcopal, morning Services will be conducted by Mr. Frank P. Johnson.

— The Salvationists of Montvale avenue find soul-saving uphill work in vacation time but they keep right at it all the time.

— We are prepared to testify in any Court that Whitcher's ice cream sandwiches are all they are cracked up to be and more to.

— On the Fourth of July the North Woburn Street Railway Company carried the total of 10,500 passengers. —*Medford Mercury.*

— On Monday real comfort demanded a furnace fire; on Tuesday afternoon it was hot enough to roast eggs—90 in the shade.

— Treasurer Charlie A. Jones is having some needed changes and improvements made in the interior of the Five Cents Savings Bank.

— A leading Boston daily makes the astonishing announcement, in all seriousness, that Supt. Emerson of this city is at North Conway, N. H.!

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— About 100 Sunday School teachers and Church Debt Collectors and the Choir of St. Charles church had a merry time at Nantasket last Wednesday.

— Attention is asked for the card of "The Crawford" in this paper. It is the most popular icecream and confectionery resort in Woburn and deserves to be.

— In little less than a month seaside resorts will be abandoned by pleasure seekers and the mountains will be full of them. "Thus go we on from day to day" etc.

— Quite a good many of our Woburn people are patronizing the Boston & Maine Railroad's Old Orchard excursions. They are cheap and exceedingly pleasant.

— Mr. John C. N. Parker, of the firm of newsdealers Moore & Parker, returned a few days ago from a pleasant outing and is doing business at the old stand again.

— An intelligent and reliable Billerica gentleman informs the JOURNAL that the Lowell & Boston trolley road will not be completed to Billerica before Oct. 1. Too bad!

— There is some prospect that the N. W. St. Ry. extension to Tewksbury will be finished as far as Wilmington in the course of 10 days. Which is devoutly to be hoped.

— Do you know that Silver Seal Spring Water will cure your Stomach Troubles and at the same time furnish one of the finest table waters? J. Marshall Jackson, 92 Nashua street.

— Prof. Gowing, Magnetic Specialist, Acute, Nervous and Organic diseases successfully treated. Consultation free. Call or address No. 6 Wyers Court, Woburn, Mass.—4t.

— Chief Engineer Littlefield was not so seriously overcome by heat at the Lawrence street fire Monday night as to interfere with his daily duties. He was around the next day all right.

— Rev. Dr. March, Pastor Emeritus of the Congregational church, like the sensible man that he is, never indulges in the folly of a summer vacation. Neither does the Editor of the JOURNAL.

— Mrs. Rufus F. Poole of Pearl street, N. W., sailed for Europe last Wednesday to visit her only brother, a resident of Scotland, where Mrs. Poole was born, who she has not seen for 43 years.

— Last Sunday was a day for comfort. It was cloudy, gentle showers fell at intervals, the east wind was a boon, and a heavy thunder storm late at night with a plenty of rain, finished things up in fine style.

— The Winchester *Star* says the reason why all the bugs and moths head for Malden as soon as they land in Boston is because the Headquarters of the Gypsy Moth Commission were located there. Pretty good!

— The Lynn Yacht Club, of which our Mr. William H. Russell of the Russell Counter Company, is Commodore, took their annual moonlight excursion on the steamer O. E. Lewis to the Boston Light Ship last Tuesday evening.

— Italians won't work on street railroad building unless the employers furnish beer. A whole gang of them refused to go to work on the N. W. and Tewsbury line last week because the contractors had not supplied the shanties with it.

— It is now said that cars on the Lowell & Boston street railway for Burlington start from the terminus of the track near the B. & M. Pleasant street crossing and not from North Warren street as heretofore. This will be the rule hereafter unless there occurs another hitch.

— Gage & Co. are keeping step to the musical ditty of "quick sales and small profits." Beginning last Monday morning, they are slashing prices right and left and anybody seeking a suit of clothes must get right up, hustle, and jump aboard while the Ark is passing by.

— The fact is, the JOURNAL establishment has been suffering for a bulletin-board all the spring but has failed to see its way clear to getting one until now. Its long felt want is at last supplied, and it is able to boast of the largest and most conspicuously located board in the city. It has been put up on the second story of a building adjoining the JOURNAL Block, but that doesn't make any difference—it is there, and everybody can see it.

Our business was established in 1817. During all the succeeding years we have steadily increased our trade by those legitimate methods comprised in the expressive phrase, "right storekeeping."

Our assortment of

CARPETS

is now, and has been for years, altogether the largest in Boston, and our prices are *always* moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
658 Washington St., (Opposite Boylston St.) BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.
AT LIGHT WEIGHT PRICES.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.
Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable. Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.
Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

Fagged Out?
Better sip a wineglassful of
HUNTLEY'S MALT EXTRACT
at meal times. It is non-alcoholic and is full of nutriment.
15c. per Bottle. $1.65 per Dozen.
Delivered—anywhere—anytime.
HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

Pasturage for Cows
AT BILLERICA, MASS.
6 miles from Woburn. Plenty of grass, water and shade.
TERMS: 50 Cents per Week.
Address: Box 179, Billerica, Mass.

Dr. Robert Chalmers will join his family at the seaside soon. He expected to leave this week but critical cases of illness prevented.

— A painstaking citizen informs us that in the interview with the Mayor, reported in last Monday's *Herald*, the personal pronoun I occurs only 33 times!

— There is really no telling when the street car line from North Woburn to Tewksbury will be completed. There have been all sorts of hitches and halts in the work and as likely as not there are more to follow. The contractors are not to blame for the delays, but somebody is. It may be Sept. 1 before the cars are running.

— FIRES.—The alarm from box 66 at 12.50 last Tuesday morning was for a fire which almost destroyed the dwellinghouse of Edward F. Brady, 24 Lawrence street. The alarm from box 53 at 8.40 last Wednesday morning was for a fire in a house on South street owned by Edward Fountain and occupied by Mrs. L. J. Cullen.

— Speaking of our crack Regiment the Boston *Journal* said last Saturday: The Fifth has some dead shots with the revolver. Capt. McCarthy of Company G, of Woburn, yesterday made five consecutive bull's eyes and his sixth shot lacked less than an inch of making another, thus barely missing a perfect score. His mark was 29 as it stood.

— Dr. Morton Everett Cummings succeeds Dr. W. W. Hartwell as house physician at the Malden Hospital. Dr. Hartwell severed his connection to take up private practice in Malden. He came to that city a year ago and received his appointment at the hospital. —*Medford Mercury.* Dr. Hartwell is the son of Mr. Fred A. Hartwell of this city.

— Next Wednesday, August 7, has been fixed on by the business men of this city for their annual mid-summer outing, called Merchants Day. Signs to that effect are seen in all the store windows. It is not known that the merchants will hold a general picnic, or flock together anywhere, or go off in a body. They'll have a good time, all the same.

— How flourish the Band concerts that something was said about a couple of weeks ago? Was it a flash in the pan? Hard to get money, eh? Down at Winchester openair concerts are opposed. It is claimed that they disturb the repose of the people, rob them of sleep, but above all, bring an undesirable class of men and women to town once a week. The inhabitants of Winchester are very particular about the character of their visitors.

— Farmers and gardeners have had no reason to complain of a lack of "growing weather" in the last two or three weeks. Frequent showers of rain, mostly coming at night to give the laborers a chance to rest, and a plenty of sunshine by day, have produced the very best kind of conditions for the rapid growth of vegetation and they have been improved. Fields and pastures are clothed in living green and the farming crops are all right.

— Gertrude L. Wood of this city and Edith F. Warren of Winchester leave Saturday, August 3, for two weeks at The Burkhaven, Lake Sunapee, Sunapee, N. H.

— By calling at this office any person wanting to hire one of the best residence places in Woburn can learn all the particulars which are not included in a card in this paper. It is a fine place, centrally located, and the rent is reasonable.

— Billerica is the bluegrass region of this part of Middlesex county, the Promised Land for cows. Succulent grasses cover the hills and vales of that old historic town; pure water gushes from living springs in the hillsides; umbrageous groves give shade and comfort to the gentle bovine; and further particulars may be learned by the perusal of an ad in this paper headed "Pasturage for Cows," or addressing P. O. Box 179, Billerica, Mass.

— Five of our Woburn last June High School graduates, Adams, Gage, Fowle, Lane and Johnson, are to enter Harvard University this fall. The group secured in their examinations sixteen honors. Only one condition was received, but the boy who received it captured five of the 16 honors, which was a fine showing. The examinations were highly creditable to the young gentlemen and also to Principal Owen and his Assistants of the High School.

— Mr. Fred E Cottle's new factory is completed and turning out leather at the rate of 1,000 sides a day. The building has been enlarged, new machinery of the latest pattern put in, and it is now one of the best and largest leather plants in the city. Like his father Ex-Ald. E. C. Cottle, Mr. Fred E. Cottle is a thorough-going manufacturer, has personal knowledge of the business, plenty of money, and will, no doubt, make a big success of the enterprise.

— On a day when the Dog Star tries his best to make people uncomfortable and succeeds nothing is so pleasant to the corporeal system, nothing so comfortable and nice, as a steamboat trip along the North or South Shore of Massachusetts Bay, and there is no better way to enjoy it than to take the staunch and commodious steamer New Brunswick at Union Wharf, Boston, cast care to the dogs, and abandon oneself to the happiness of the hour. It makes one feel that life is worth living.

— Mr. Edward L. Shea and Maggie, the spouse, with their flock of chicks; Ben. Mathews and "Mame" and the little ones of Winchester; and James Doherty and wife Sue and the youngsters of Somerville; making a good sized colony; have rented the Winship cottage on the shores of Nutter Pond in Billerica for a term of six weeks and took possession last Sunday. The cottage is situated on a gentle incline running up from the water's edge; in the midst of shady groves, with grassy lawns, and is a choice place for romping children and rest for old folks. They will have a great time up there in the woods.

— Miss Mildred Knapp's doll party yesterday was a splendid success.

— Newspaper clippings from Miss Mary Hoover thankfully received.

— Mr. George Cutler who married Bertha Nute has come back here to live.

— Mr. Alvah Buckman walks from his home to the store and back nearly every day and stands it in good shape.

— The wife of Mr. Abijah Thompson, who underwent a surgical operation 10 days ago at Nashua, N. H., is rapidly improving.

— By private letter to a gentleman in this city Capt. L. E. Hanson says he expects his examination for the Regular Army will be held in San Francisco in a few days, soon after which his appearance Woburn may be expected.

— Mrs. Conway, Administratrix of the estate of the late Dr. James H. Conway, advertises for sale the contents of the Doctor's stable consisting of horses, carriages, harnesses, and all the accessories of a first-class stable outfit for a physician. Every piece of property is in perfect order, and will be sold at a fair price.

Mrs. Benjamin H. Nichols of Warren Avenue, wife of Ex-Ald. B. H. Nichols, went to Hope, Maine, last Tuesday to join her son, Benjamin H., Jr., who is having a splendid visit there. She will remain a week or two and when ready to return the head of the family will go down and accompany them home.

— The traders of Malden, Melrose, Wakefield and Reading are to go on their annual excursion to Hampton Beach, N. H., on Thursday, August 8. They invited the Woburn people to accompany them. A special train will leave Reading on the morning of the excursion at 8.30 which will accommodate the Woburn party. The train will be run to Exeter, N. H., where trolley cars will be in waiting to take the party to the beach. The fare for the round trip is only $1.50, children 75 cents. It is hoped that a large number of Woburn people will avail themselves of the opportunity to go on this excursion. Hampton Beach is the Coney Island of New England.

— Last Tuesday we received a copy of the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Commercial* of July 29 which contained the report of a sermon preached by Rev. John A. Jayne, Pastor of the Observatory Hill Christian church, Alleghany, Pa., on the Sunday evening before, and also a good likeness of him. His theme was "The Kind of a Church I'd like to Join." liberal extracts from which were given by the *Commercial*. Rev. John A. is the son of Capt. C. P. Jayne of this city and was raised here where many of his schoolmates and friends still reside. He is pastor of one of the largest churches in Western Pennsylvania, and is said to be able and popular divine.

— Miss L. Mertena Bancroft passes this August at New London, N. H., a popular summer resort near Lake Sunapee at which she has tarried with pleasure and profit in summers before this. Sensibly she takes her annual vacation for rest, for she is a hard worker in her profession, and finds New London the ideal spot for it. It has attractions for her besides its wealth of ozone, elevated position, and charming scenery, for here, and in the identical house she makes her delightful summer residence, her grandfather Messer was born. It is the old home of the Messer family, members of which still live there. This naturally increases Miss Bancroft's interest in the fair New Hampshire town, and so it is with especial pleasure that she hies herself thither when the Dog Star begins his reign. She will return to her piano teaching in Boston and Woburn early in September.

— The movement for closing stores more evenings in a week is far from being in a prosperous state. The consensus of opinion among merchants is that it is a failure. Mr. Willis J. Buckman, one of the committee to obtain agreements to close, told a JOURNAL reporter that, in his opinion, the scheme would have to be abandoned. About three-fourths of the merchants, he said, were in favor of it, while the other fourth absolutely refused to unite with the majority, under which conditions it was useless to try to accomplish anything for the benefit of salesmen and clerks. Then, again, it was suspected that some men went into it to gain personal capital, to curry favor with the clerks, and it was opposed on that account. Mr. Buckman thinks the movement a good one and that it is favored by the public. He thinks too that, organized in the right way and with right parties at the helm, it can be made a complete success in a very short time.

BARGAINS!

in Women's and Children's Shoes. Some at less than cost.

If goods are not as we represent them send them back and get your money back.

Ladies' French Kid, $3.00 Boots, Goodyear Welt.	$1.50
Ladies' Vici Kid, $2.50 Boots,	$1.50
" Box Calf, $2.00 "	$1.50
" Vici Kid, $1.50 "	$1.25
" " " $1.25 "	.98
" " " $1.50 Oxford,	$1.00
" " " $1.00 "	.75
$1.00 "	.50

	That Were.	Now
Men's Shoes, Lace or Cong.,	$3.50	3.00
" " " "	3.00	2.75
" " " "	2.75	2.50
" " " "	2.50	2.00

These are hand sewed welts and Goodyear welts.
Pfister & Vogel Milwaukee Calf Skins and Velours Calf.

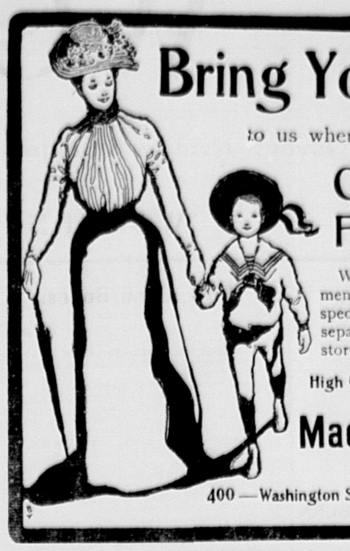
BLACK VICI AND TAN VICI KID.

The best stock made in America. This is a rich man's shoe at a poor man's price

We have a line of Men's Calf Lace Shoes that sell everwhere for $3.00. OUR PRICE $2.50 These shoes are all up-to-date styles. All widths from 3 to 8 wide.

I saw there many Bargains,
I nailed some on the spot.
There may be others just as good,
But
I
guess
not.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., WOBURN



Bring Your Boy
to us when he needs
Clothing or **Furnishings**

We have a special department for boys, reached by a special elevator—entirely separate from the rest of the store.

High Quality—Moderate Price.

Macullar Parker COMPANY,
400—Washington Street, Boston, Mass.—400

"Norumbega"
The Celebrated Tile Fountain
IN THE PILL BOX. DISPENSES
Genuine Saratoga Vichy Water.
From the Springs to Whitcher's For You.

— After nearly 18 years of continuous service Mr. William T. Kendall has resigned as Range Keeper for the Massachusetts Rifle Association whose Range is at Walnut Hill, and has become a private citizen. The duties of the office became more onerous every year and Mr. Kendall thought this a good time to step down and out, for a spell, at least. From weekly meets of marksmen, as it was years ago, rifle practice has become almost of daily occurrance at the Range and the work is hard. Mr. Kendall has always given the best of satisfaction as Keeper and been popular with the Association; if that had not been the case he would not have remained in their employ as he has, nearly a decade. And besides that, on the announcement of his resignation last week he was presented with an elegant easy chair by the Association as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by them and in recognition of his valuable services during his long term of office. The present, a valuable one, was a great surprise to Mr. Kendall, but it was appreciated by him and accepted with sincere gratitude and thanks. It was a nice thing to do, and the chair will be highly prized and safely kept to remember the generous doners by.

A Young Lady's Life Saved.

AT PANAMA, COLOMBIA, BY CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Colombia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale by all druggists.

Mayor Davis.

WARD 5, WOBURN,
July 29, 1901.

MR. EDITOR: You make the statement in your issue of the 26th inst. that Mayor Davis will not be a candidate for the fourth time. That may be the idea of His Honor. But you must agree with me, that the voters of Woburn have something to say in the premises. Mr. Davis with energy and zeal rightly applied has brought our fair city to the highest point of respectability it has ever attained among our neighboring cities, and Woburn needs a man of his calibre to keep it there. While there may be many gentlemen in Woburn who could keep the city in the path it is going, and perhaps make a better Mayor than Mr. Davis, yet they have not been tried, "there's the rub." The present year is not the time to be making any experiments with a Mayor.

We have a gentleman who has been tried and found equal to the situation; let Woburn keep him at the head of our business administration for another year, till the present system that has brought so much prosperity to the city is a fixture. There remains a great deal more work to do before Woburn can seat in her Mayoralty chair a gentleman with less backbone than that possessed by William F. Davis.

Yes, Mr. Editor, 'twill be the citizens of Woburn who want Mr. Davis for Mayor, and may consider themselves fortunate to get him. Join with the writer in raising your voice for the re-election of the best man who has ever sat in the Mayor's chair and you will have the good of the city at heart.

Yours,
BEACON.

Their Descent Traced from Adam.

Popular interest in Albert Judson Fisher's unique love-story, "A Daughter of Adam," in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for August, has been increased tenfold since it became known that the genealogical part of the story is not fiction, but fact. Not only is the marvelous line of descent, traced through 121 generations from Adam and Eve, absolutely genuine, but also the family names of the characters are the names of real people, for the line is actually that of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith Sargent, of Chicago, and Mrs. Sargent was formerly Miss Frances Moore, of Warren, Rhode Island. Even stranger still is the fact that, as shown in the story, Mr. and Mrs. Sargent had the same ancestor eight generations back.

What most people want is something mild and gentle, when in need of a physic. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets fill the bill to a dot. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by all druggists.

The Ideal Ocean Excursion.

Philanthropy does wonders for the poor children of Boston. The little weaklings to whom the breath of salt air is a life saver are being cared for this summer as never before. But the little children of the poor who have managed to keep their health in spite of the heat of the city seem to have been neglected to some extent. A sight of the sea, the exalting influences of a glimpse of nature as it may be had along the coast outside of Boston, may make men and women of them. The managers of the Colonal Steamboat company have as a consequence instituted the series of children's day excursions every Monday which have proved so popular.

Under this arrangement, any child under 10 years of age, accompanied by an adult, can enjoy tomorrow the seven-hour trip of the steamer New Brunswick along the beautiful North shore free of any charge but a nominal one of 10 cents. A parent or guardian with a dozen children may bring them all along at this rate.

To others who desire a day's respite from the heat of the city nothing can appeal more strongly than this trip of the New Brunswick. The steamer leaves Union wharf, on Commercial street, near the North ferry, at 10.30 every morning, and makes a tour of the North Shore as far as Gloucester, passing all the beautiful summer resorts on the voyage out and returning by way of Minot's light and the South Shore.

Their Secret Is Out.

All Sadieville, Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whittaker, who had for a long time, endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little grand-daughter of a severe attack of Whooping Cough." It positively cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis, all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Plymouth-Provincetown Sea Trips.

If one is at all interested in estimating the popularity of the various ocean trips out of Boston, and the trips here referred to are, the daily steamboat excursions down the harbor and out into the broad waters of Massachusetts bay, as good a place as any is Bay Line wharf, 410-430 Atlantic avenue. There the tide of summer excursion travel is always high, and on Sunday reaches its maximum. One reason for this extra ordinary patronage for the Bay Line, as compared with other local steamboat lines, is undoubtedly contained in the fact that the steamers Cape Cod and Martinique are not only new and staunch, as well as fast, but are strictly modern in their appointments, having an amplitude of promenade decks and plenty of state room accommodations.

The trip from Boston to Plymouth takes three hours, and that to Provincetown three and three-quarters hours. Both boats leave Bay Line wharf every day at 10 o'clock. Beginning on Thursday next, however, the Martinique will leave for Provincetown every week-day at 9.45 and on Sundays at 10 o'clock. There will be no change in time on the Cape Cod for Plymouth.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co's.

MISS BANCROFT
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

The Variety of
Breakfast Foods
Is Constantly Increasing.

Below we give a list of some of the leading kinds and call attention to the low prices at which we are selling them.

	Per Package.
Cream of Wheat,	13c.
Germea,	13c.
Shredded Wheat Biscuit,	12c.
Wheat Germ,	12c.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,	13c.
Grape Nuts, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Malt Breakfast Food,	13c.
Flaked Rice,	13c.
Pillsbury's Vitos, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Pillsbury's Flaked Oats,	10c.
Mother's Oats,	9c.
Quaker Oats,	8c.
Self-rising Buckwheat, 10 and	15c.
Self-rising Pancake Flour,	10c.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

For the fourth week of the stay of the Castle Square Operetta Company of Boston at Boston Music Hall an especially attractive offering has been selected, one that will be sure to appeal to the lovers of refined vaudeville who are always to be found at this place. Following "Charity begins at Home" will come an entirely new comic opera entitled "Love and Whist," which will be sure to charm with its ingenious situations, its bright dialogue and its tuneful music. It has already scored an emphatic hit in New York, and Bostonians will be sure to endorse the verdict. The book is by Rudolph Hartley, of the New York Dramatic Mirror, and the music by Henry Houseley, and the praise which has been bestowed upon them for this work would almost make it seem that an American Gilbert and Sullivan had been found at last. In the production under the able direction of Max Hirschfeld, the full strength of the company will be seen, and new characters will show the versatility of Grace Orr Myers, Sylvester Cornish, Grafton Baker and Henry Leone, who are already so well liked in Boston.

A Card.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted in the burial of our dear husband and father, also, for the beautiful floral contributions.

MRS. ELLEN J. GOULD,
MR. AND MRS. WILLIS L. GOULD.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church.

The various Lutheran Young People's Societies of Boston and vicinity had an outing last Saturday in Merrymount Park, Quincy. A noticeable feature was the singing by the combined choirs, numbering a hundred voices. The Woburn delegation was 25 strong. They reported a "lovely time." More than 500 were present. Next year it is hoped the attendance will be doubled or trebled. For a starter this picnic was a great success.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—9th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. No Evening Service during August.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. March. Sunday School at 11.45 A. M. Union Service with the Christian Endeavor Society at 7 P. M. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Midweek Service.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—9th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Paster.

Married.

In this city, July 31, by Rev. Daniel March, Aben Dunn and Julia Wilt, all of Woburn.

In Detroit, Michigan, July 18, by Rev. E. P. Tuller, Mr. George Edmond Russell of Woburn and Miss May Emily Emerson of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 29, Christopher C. Miller, aged 70 years, 7 months, 24 days.

See Our Show Windows
for the Greatest Bargains in MEN' SUITS ever shown in Woburn.

$7.95

buys any one of nearly 200 odd suits left from large lots formerly $10, $12, $15.

We have sold a lot of Suits at the regular prices and made some money on them. We shall lose some on these. But we don't care. We must make new friends, bind the old friends closer to us, and keep the people busy and happy through the usually dull month of August. Just think of the almost absurd price for a good suit—$7.95.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters, Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
Established 1851. Open Evenings except Wednesday.

A Cordial Invitation

is given our customers to look over our stock of

SHIRT WAISTS

in the New Styles and Colors. These goods have been carefully selected and we have a choice assortment of popular priced Waists.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

If you are exhausted by the Hot Weather or Hard Work

Tonc Appetizer

WILL HELP YOU.

Manufactured by

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Personal.

Fred C. Emery is at home from Ayer.

Harry F. Parker takes his vacation in October.

The family of Mr. Edward Caldwell are at Bass Point.

Miss Mary Black, E. W., is visiting in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Dimick is visiting her sister Mrs. Ward at Newton.

Rev. Dr. Scudder and wife are taking a tour in Canada.

Fred F. Lowell, one of Hammond's solesmen, is out on vacation.

The wife of Mr. Henry L. Andrews of the *News* is visiting at Bolton.

Miss Beatrice Denno is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. James Walker.

Miss Nellie Talty and Miss Mary Ring went to Plymouth on Wednesday.

Mrs. Marvin Parker and Miss May Francis went to Beverly on Saturday.

The Wobegoners go into camp at Newfound Lake, N. H., on August 10.

Lieut. Homer B. Grant has returned from the seaside and is at his home here.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Moore are, or have been, enjoying life at Pine Point, Maine.

Pastor H. C. Parker of the Unitarian Church and family are at Ogunquit, Me.

James M. Kimball and Mr. Charles E. Tripp visited the Buffalo Exposition last week.

Miss May Hayward is a guest of the Monroe family at Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay.

Miss Mabel Russell and her mother, Mrs. W. N., are rusticating in New Hampshire.

Misses Edith and Ethel Smith passed a very enjoyable day at Marine Park on Wednesday.

Mr. J. Grafton Murdock left here this week for his future business home in York State.

Carl Duncan of Academy Hill is visiting the family of Judge C. D. Adams at Nahant.

Mr. Herbert B. Dow and family of Warren Avenue are at Marblehead Neck for the season.

Miss Mary Bellou and Miss Maggie Driscoll went Sunday to visit relatives at Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. Joseph F. DeLoriea and family have returned from the seaside to their home on Warren Avenue.

Mr. C. H. Sawyer is a member of the Orchestra at the Mt. Pleasant House, Mt. Pocono, Pa.

The new cars on the Burlington St. Ry are peaches. There is talk of the same kind on the N. W.

Judge Johnson of the Fourth Middlesex District Court has returned from a visit to Intervale, N. H.

Mr. C. M. Howe and family and Mr. J. R. Kendall and family are occupying their cottage at Nahant.

Mrs. Sophia Hovey returned to her home on Church avenue from a short vacation outing a few days ago.

Mrs. Henry I. Smith and daughter Margaret are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Johnson at Marlboro.

Rev. Dr. March will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church during the absence of Pastor Scudder.

Mr. Edward Bullard, formerly of this city but now of New York City, is visiting relatives and friends here this week.

The P. O. address of Rev. Dr. Scudder for the vacation will be the Claremont House, South West Harbor, Maine.

Mr. John Cummings, the West Side merchant, is contemplating a little trip as soon as the street railroad is built over there.

Mr. Daniel N. Hood, organist at the Congregational Church, and Mrs. Hood left last Sunday on their summer vacation.

Mrs. M. T. Allen of Church Avenue and her sister, Miss Agnes Hoover, are passing delightful days at fashionable Newport, R. I.

Messrs. Kate and Mary E. McCormack are having a heigho time in New Hampshire, they being there on their annual vacation.

Mrs. Maria M. Calef is taking her vacation out among the natural beauties of Newton, the Garden spot of New England, so called.

Miss Annie B. Seeley, a much prized teacher in the Highland school, is taking her vacation ease and pleasure at Wakefield, N. H.

Dr. Frank E. Leslie who is about to settle at Andover, Maine, for the practice of his profession is visiting his family and friends here.

Mr. S. B. Goddard and family will spend the balance of the heated term at the Preston, Beach Bluff, below Swampscott, on the Atlantic Coast.

Mr. Charles M. Howe has had printed and presented to each member of the Innitou Canoe Club a copy of the Boston *Herald* picture of the club.

Mr. Frank A. Partridge is taking his vacation this week. For the reason that his youngest boy is laid up with an injured knee he will not go to the seaside or mountain this season.

Chief of Police McDermott will lay aside his badge of authority and leave on his annual vacation after all the members of the force have had theirs.

Arthur W. Pound, an honorably discharged soldier of the 43d Regiment, after good and faithful service in the Philippines, has returned to his home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor of Pleasant street and their daughter Marion, propose to take their summer outing at Salisbury Beach near the mouth of the Merrimac River.

Mrs. Susan K. Ellis and her daughter Miss Josephine H Ellis returned from the Cape last Tuesday at the close of a delightful visit down there with the Dr. Chalmerses.

Harlow C. Seeley of Lawrence street is at Edgartown on his annual deep sea fishing excursion, a sport which is preferred to all others by him. He thinks Edgartown is the boss spot on the coast.

Mr. James Skinner and guests were to have gone to Marion on Buzzard's Bay this week and very likely they did so. Marion has been the summer home of Mr. Skinner's political favorite, Grover Cleveland, in years past.

A Pleasant street man and wife took a trolley ride last Tuesday to Reading, Andover, Lawrence, Haverhill, Newburyport, Rowley, Ipswich, Beverly, Salem, Lynn, thence home, about 100 miles, at a total cost of 85 cents each.

President William E. Blodgett and family have rented the Prior Cottage at Duxbury Beach and will occupy it during August. Mrs. Everett Fox and her son Arthur will live with the Blodgetts while residents of the historic old town.

Yesterday morning we were honored with a short call from Mr. Leonard Cleaves of Lynn, a graduate of the Biddeford, Me., *Journal* and master workman at the printing business. His father was foreman of the *Journal* office 35 years.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Towle (latter, Margaret F. Doyle) of Jamaica Plain, are making their summer home at Point Allerton, a breezy waterside spot within hailing distance of the Hub and almost in sight of the Golden Dome and Bulfinch Front.

Mrs. Mary A. Seeley and her cousin, Mrs. Arthur B. Wyman, left last Monday for Nantucket where they will spend the month of August, as has long been their annual habit. They are the best kind of women and deserve a happy time at the seashore.

Capt. John E. Tidd returned from the Maritime Provinces last Wednesday as rugged as a bear. Among others that he met in Halifax were Mr. Chandler Parker and Mr. Thomas Heartz of this city.

Mrs. Carrie E. Dow and her son Julian of Arlington Road will spend the month of August at the Algonquin, St. Andrews, New Brunswick. Passamaquaddy and the Bay of Funday have many claims for people of leisure seeking summer rest and pleasure.

For a month past Mr. and Mrs. John Seaver of Eaton avenue have had for a welcome guest Miss Carolyn Weitzer of Philadelphia. Mrs. Seaver and little daughter Dorothy and Miss Weitzer left this week for Lockhaven, N. H., where they will spend the balance of the summer vacation season.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews of Button End, the latter being the daughter of Farmer Ervin Hatch, and children went to Lyman, York County, Maine, last Saturday for a week's visit. Lyman is Mr. Andrew's native town, and Mr. Hatch, the father-in-law, was born and raised at Elm Brook, Wells, close by.

A letter from our esteemed friend, Mr. Harrison Bates, announces that he and his daughter are charmed with Rockport, Cape Ann, where they are spending the hot months. It is cool and balmy down there, so cool that a fire in an open fireplace is necessary for comfort. Mr. Bates, although close on to 90 years old writes an interesting letter, and he is happy.

The James H. Linnell party of vacationists returned from Southport, Me., last Tuesday after one of the pleasantest summer outings they ever enjoyed. Mr. Linnell claims that the Maine Coast, particularly Southport, beats them all for seaside resorts. While there he became acquainted with Mr. A P. O'Bryan, of Chicago, an employee of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company from his youth up and now Assistant Manager, who with his family was a neighbor of the Editor of the JOURNAL in Illinois many years and one of his best friends. Mr. Linnell said Mr. O'Bryan wanted to come to Woburn to see his old townsman and friend, but business in New York would not admit of it. He is A1, and a railroad man that has no superiors.

Last Wednesday Hon. Edward E. Thompson and wife, and their grand children, Margory, Edith, George and Janet, children of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, Mrs. Charles M. Strout, Ruth and Dora Richardson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Richardson of Court End, and Helen and Agnes Cummings and Sybil Fox and Miss Annie Smith, left this city for Northport, a popular summer resort and campmeeting centre, on the famous and delightful Maine Coast, where several weeks will be spent by them. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and guests will board at the Andrews House, others will patronize the new Woburn Cottage mentioned in the JOURNAL last week and erroneously called a boardinghouse, and still others will visit friends there. Mr. and Mrs. C. Willard Smith expect to join the above named people and others at Northport tomorrow. Altogether they make a large colony of the cream of Woburn society.

A Cure For Colera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwalter, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in a single instance." For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Local newspapers favor a third term for Representative Twombly.

Ours don't seem to be a real good climate for golf. Canoeing and trolley trips appear to have the preference.

A country friend of mine has just dropped in to tell me that the pear crop is is going to be immense this fall.

Judge George S. Littlefield personally conducted his first 1901 trolley trip last week. The party dined at Salisbury Beach. Of course the omnipresent Editor was a member of it.

Chief of Police McIntosh is determined to break up rowdyism on the street cars and all good people are grateful for his efforts. He finds a powerful coadjutor in Judge Johnson of the Fourth District Court.

Charles A. Conant, son of our good Orthodox Deacon, has been chosen by Secretary Root to study and report on the financial system of the Philippines, and a good selection it is, for Charles is an expert on public monetary matters. Do you remember when, as a boy, and a bright one, Charles was Winchester correspondent of the Woburn JOURNAL, and a quasi protege of its Editor? That's why he is so smart.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of La Grange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

THE LIFE OF WATCHES.

Influences and Conditions That Affect Behavior of All Timepieces.

"Watches," said the jeweler as he screwed a little glass into one eye and squinted into a case of wheels, "are like human beings in many ways. They are delicate, they run well only when in perfect order, and they require attention once so often, whether they stop or not. They become sick, in a way, as we do, and they get off their balance. But, unlike us, when their mainspring breaks they are not necessarily done for unless in another world. They can have new mainsprings. We can't.

"Watches, all jokes aside, are really almost human sometimes. They take cold readily. Never lay a watch on a cold marble table or near an open window all night after you have worn it next to your warm body all day. It will contract a sort of pneumonia, and ten to one it will stop before long if the practice is continued. The cold contracts the metal pivots, which, small as they are, must not be smaller, and they shrink. Thus the wheels cannot move.

"Watches are magnetized, too, by the persons who wear them. I have seen the statement that watches vary in time keeping with the health of the wearer and that if changed from one person to another they will also show slight variations. All of that is true. The static electricity of a person may affect a watch. All of us throw this off—some more than others. Dark persons give off more than light ones do and a dark woman more than any one else. Dark women should have rubber cases for their watches if they wish to have them keep perfect time.

"Never lay a watch flat at night after it has been worn in a vertical position all day. It throws it off its base, so to speak. If the pivots be worn, the wheels will not run level.

"A sudden jar will often stop a watch, which runs regularly at that—such a jar as getting on or off a car suddenly. The hairspring's catching does this. The jolt comes at the exact fraction of a second when the spring is in a position to catch. This occurs at infrequent intervals, as may be readily imagined. A watch should be fed or oiled every 18 months, even if running in the best of time. The oil dries in that time, and the wheels are likely to wear one another.

"All jewelers examine watches in the same way. It seems to be a tradition of the craft. First, a man will look at the hands, as I have been doing. If they are not caught, they will take out the balance wheel and examine the pin and the pivots, which you see here. Sometimes I do not find the trouble for days. The hardest thing to detect is a slight 'bur' on one of the wheels. This may throw the entire watch out of gear.

"Now, I will wind this watch of yours and show you that all the trouble with it is that it is run down. Unusual? Oh, no. That frequently happens. Some one is in here every day with an unwound watch, thinking that it is out of kelter because it will not run. They forget to wind it and are afraid to do it over again. Women are our best customers in that line. Of course I could get $1 for this, but the talk will answer.

"Now, when you go home wind your watch in the morning; no, not at bedtime, but when you get up. That gives it the full spring to work on during the day, when the jars and jolts are more numerous, and hold your watch still when you wind it and wind the key. That's all; try that."

And the jeweler handed back the watch, running beautifully.—Kansas City Journal.

Chinese Uses of Flour.

Throughout central and southern China very little baked bread is used, and the flour is consumed in the form of dough, vermicelli or dumplings filled with chopped meat or meat and vegetables or fruit.

The flour is made into dough and worked into a leathery form by a man operating a bamboo fastened at one end. The worker sits on the other end of the bamboo and presses and works the dough until it is quite tough. It is then pressed into thin sheets and cut into strings, boiled and thus eaten or made into dumplings and then steamed and eaten. In nearly every case it is eaten while hot. This flour is also used quite extensively in cakes and Chinese confections of various kinds.

In a great many of the restaurants the native flour made from native wheat is used for the inside of the dumpling and dough bread, and the finer and whiter flour is used as a covering.

The Chinese appetite seems to demand boiled or steamed food rather than baked. Hence very little foreign flour is baked into bread for Chinese consumption.

Cooking Your Goose.

The phrase, "I'll cook your goose for you," originated in this manner: Eric, king of Sweden, coming to a certain town, besieged it, but, having few soldiers, was obliged to desist. The inhabitants in derision hung out from the walls a goose on a pole. Later Eric returned with re-enforcements and in reply to the challenge of the heralds observed that he had come "to cook their goose for them" and proceeded to storm the town and make it hot for the inhabitants.

A Nine Days' Wonder.

To say that a thing is a "nine days' wonder" means that we regard it as a wonder for nine days, and then our eyes are opened to the fact that it is no wonder at all. This saying is based on the fact that kittens and puppies are born blind, and their eyes open at the end of nine days, and implies that people are blind with astonishment for nine days, and then their eyes open and they are undeceived.

Stamped Them.

She stamped her feet in pretty rage.

"Ha, ha!" sneered the heavy villain. "You'll have to pay excess postage on them. You had as well stamp them some more."

True, her feet were not the kind that made Cinderella famous, but was it real chivalry in him to say such things? —Baltimore American.

One Well Paid Bank Clerk.

"I tell you, bank clerks are not sufficiently remunerated," exclaimed the broker quite forcibly.

"Oh, I don't know," said the bank president, with a sad smile. "Our last receiving teller got about $20,000 a year for six years."—Brooklyn Life.

Only one city in Sweden would be classed with our larger cities—Stockholm, which is somewhat smaller than Pittsburg. Gothenberg is about as large as Columbus, O., but the other cities are little more than towns.

India does not produce any horses fit for military service.

The Throne of Lilies.

The throne of France is called "the throne of lilies" because of the old national emblem—the fleur-de-lis, a species of lily. The story of the adoption of the fleur-de-lis is partly historical and partly legendary.

According to history, Clovis, king of the Franks, married the Princess Clotilde of Burgundy in A. D. 493. The young queen, who was a Christian, earnestly desired the conversion of her husband, who, like most of the Frankish nation, was a heathen. Her arguments, however, had but little effect upon him. In 496 the Franks and the Allemanni (Germans) were at war, and at the battle of Talbiac, near Cologne, Clovis was so hard pressed by his enemies that in desperation he called upon the God of the Christians for help, vowing that should he obtain victory he would himself become a Christian. The Allemanni were routed, and on Christmas day of the same year Clovis and several thousand of his soldiers were baptized.

The continuation of the story, which is legendary, is that on the eve of his baptism an angel from heaven presented King Clovis with a blue banner embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis, which he was to adopt as the banner of France. However this may have been, the fact remains that from the time of Clovis to the French revolution the kings of France bore as their arms first an indefinite number and latterly three golden lilies on an azure field.

Finest Sevres In the World.

At Buckingham palace there is an apartment called the Bow library, which contains one of the finest collections of Sevres in the world. There also is an immense Chinese plaque or trophy taken as loot from a palace in Peking during one of the Chinese wars early in Victoria's reign. It is said that a great Chinese noble who was very anxious to see Buckingham palace once recognized and identified it with some show of displeasure.

Two immense rectangular oriental vases over four feet high stand on the floor of one of the rooms and have the comparatively narrow medallioned necks and lids with which cheap modern Kaga specimens have made us all familiar. They are of rich dark blue, pencil gilt, and the small medallions and large panels are all white and most gracefully painted with flowers, and in one central panel with the bit of wall indicated in the common willow pattern. A couple of large vases of the tear bottle shape are also of this rich blue, trellised with gold and with white panels on the round part painted with flowers. There are also some fine examples of green crackled celadon, the old eastern kind, in which a pale sea green color was mixed with the paste before firing and very different from any colorings put on the surface afterward.

Needed a Chain.

A story is being told about a German who has a hotel far down town. An artist—one of those barroom artists who make pictures on mirrors with soap—called on the German the other day and asked for some work. "Well," the German said, "you might paint a brown bear on my sign. How much would you charge to do it?" "Two dollars," the artist answered. Thereupon the contract was made, and the bear was painted.

At the end of the job the artist said, "Don't you want me to paint a chain on the bear?" "Would you charge extra for that?" said the German. "Yes. That would cost $1 extra." "Then I can't afford to have it done." The artist departed. That night it rained, and, lo, in the morning the bear had vanished from the sign! The rain had washed it away.

The German sent for the painter at once. "My bear," he said reproachfully, "is gone." The other answered, "Well, I wanted to put a chain on it, didn't I?" The German then handed out $3, $2 for the painting of another bear, the third for a chain to make the picture permanent.

The chained bear now remains upon the sign impervious to the weather.—Philadelphia Record.

A Terrible Talker.

A well known Milwaukee lawyer with a weakness for long stories was a visitor at Madison "once upon a time," as the story books put it.

He saw upon the register of the Park hotel the name of Colonel Gabriel Bouck of Oshkosh and decided that he was in duty bound to call upon that Nestor of the Wisconsin bar, especially as they had both occupied the position of grand master of the grand lodge of Wisconsin Masons.

He called on Mr. Bouck in his room in the hotel and found the Oshkoshian in his shirt sleeves, yawning. He began on Masonry. First he gave his views of the brotherhood, from the building of Solomon's temple "without sound of tool or iron" down to date, and then he started in on the chapter. Finally, startled by an extra yawn, he broke off his story with:

"Well, Gabe, as I have been appointed trustee for the Asylum For the Deaf and Dumb I think I had better go to bed. I have to take an early train for Janesville."

"For land's sake! Is it possible that you are going to learn to talk with your hands too?" came the blunt reply from the old lawyer.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Lemon Juice.

A little lemon juice in the water in which fish is boiled will make it desirably solid, the too frequent lack of a boiled fish. Sweetbreads left for an hour before cooking in a bath of rather strong dilution of lemon juice are made white and firm. A few drops of lemon juice are declared to add a delicious flavor to scrambled eggs. But a quite new use is in the preparation of rolled beef. This requires a rib roast, with the bones cut out. The juice of a lemon is squeezed over the meat, and the skin of it rolled up in it. The result is a tender, juicy, aromatic meat, very grateful to the palate. The Brazilian beef is highly esteemed for its flavor, and this is because the cattle pasture where lemons are plentiful and eat the fallen fruit, which flavors their flesh.—What to Eat.

Wet Wedding Days Preferred.

The adage "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on" is one that is unknown in many lands. A Breton bride takes it unhappily when the day of her wedding dawns bright and sunny. Rain on her marriage morn is held to signify that all her tears are shed and that she will therefore have a happy married life.

It is said that the Erza of Simbrisk call the day before the wedding the weeping day, and the bride and her girl friends weep as much as possible with the idea of getting the mourning of life over, so that only what is joyful may remain. In some countries this result is attained by sousing the bride with water. The Greeks think that a thorough drenching of the bride will bring her lasting good fortune.

Do Birds Whistle or Sing?

It has often been cause for astonishment that an animal so remote as a bird in the line of development from man should be the only creature capable in the least degree of imitating the human voice. A talking horse has from time to time been advertised, but for practical purposes man's only mimic is the bird. An American naturalist has recently written to prove that birds are not singers, but whistlers—that is to say, that the notes are produced through a tube; to be technical, through the slit known as the glottis—not by the help of vocal chords.

But the whole distinction is beside the point. Any one who has seen a bird singing will have seen both the vibrations of his throat and the variations in the extent to which he opens and closes his beak or mandibles, and, given these accompaniments, together with the production of an articulate language, whistling and singing become identical in spite of technical terms suggesting a distinction. People are accustomed to the idea that only a few species of birds, such as the parrot and the jackdaw, can be taught, but in wild life almost all birds are mimics to some extent, and probably more of them than people realize could be taught to imitate human sounds. The starling has astonishing skill in taking off other birds, and even the raucous jay can produce a song, or a whistle if the word is preferred, which would do justice to a thrush.—London Globe.

Telegraphy and Invention.

The Abbe Barthelemy seems to have had a prevision of the practical use to be made of electricity in sending messages. Writing to Mme. du Deffand in 1772, he observes:

"It is said that with two timepieces, the hands of which are magnetic, it is enough to move one of these hands to make the other take the same direction, so that by causing one to strike 12 the other will strike the same hour. Let us suppose that artificial magnets were improved to the point that their virtue could communicate itself from here to Paris. You have one of these timepieces, we another of them. Instead of hours we find the letters of the alphabet on the dial. Every day at a certain hour we turn the hand, and M. Wiard, Mme. du Deffand's secretary, puts together the letters and reads. This idea pleases me immensely. It would soon be corrupted by applying it to spying in armies and in politics, but it would be very agreeable in commerce and in friendship."

The Crows' Judicial System.

That feature of crow life that we might call the judiciary system has interested ornithologists more than anything else. There seems to be no doubt that crows have a judicial system for the trial and punishment of culprits. According to the accounts of reputable observers, the crow courts are conducted something after this fashion: A solemn conclave of old crokers is held on a tree. A crestfallen prisoner is among them. Three or four old fellows, probably crow lawyers, will jabber away for awhile, and then there will be an apparent consultation of the whole flock sitting as a jury. If the verdict be against the prisoner, he is sentenced to death and turned over to the executioners, who peck the life out of him.—Exchange.

Nine Tailors Make a Man.

"Nine tailors make a man" grew out of the old custom of bell ringing. The ringing of bells was formerly practiced from a belief in their efficacy to drive away evil spirits. The "tailors" in the above phrase is a corruption of the word "tellers," or strokes tolled at the end of a knell. In some places the departure of an adult was announced by nine strokes in succession. Six were rung for a woman and three for a child. Hence it came to be said by those listening for the announcement, "Nine tellers make a man." As this custom became less general and the allusion less generally understood there was an easy transition from the word "tellers" to the more familiar one "tailors."

That inevitable joker, Curran, took advantage of this popular saying to poke fun in a good natured way at his hosts on the occasion of his being entertained at dinner by 18 of the Guild of Tailors. Curran on leaving rose and said, "Gentlemen, I wish you both good evening."

Self Possessed.

It was late and getting later.

However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlor.

Meantime the gas meter worked steadily.

The pater endured it as long as he could and then resolved on heroic measures.

"Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"

"No, sir," replied the funny man on The Daily Bugle. "We are holding the form for an important decision."

And the pater went back to bed, wondering if they would keep house or live with him.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A Clam That Pearl Divers Fear.

All sorts of superstitions prevail among the pearl fishers of Ceylon, and a large business is done by sorcerers who sell charms to restrain the appetite of the sharks and to drive away the diabolical stingrays. Another peril which the diver dreads more than either stingray or shark is the giant clam, that weighs nearly half a ton when full grown. It will snap off a man's legs like a pipestem if the victim chances to thrust a limb between its open jaws, or at all events will hold him until he drowns miserably.

A Breakfast Table Decision.

"I understand that Jenkins took the thirty-third degree."

"Yes. His wife says it must not occur again."—Puck.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Public Attention

Is called to the unusual opportunity of securing a splendid pair of Horses, (or will be sold singly,) also one Handsome Double Carriage and Harness, One Nearly New Stanhope Buggy, two Pheatons, two Sleighs together with all the Harnesses, Robes, Whips and other contents of the stable of the late Dr. James H. Conway.

All the above are in First Class Condition and can be seen at his late residence, No. 19 Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Per order ANNIE M. CONWAY Administratrix.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX SS.

MALDEN, July 18th, 1901.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on **Saturday, the 31st day of August, A. D., 1901**, at 9 o,clock A. M., at my office, No. 17 Howard street, in said Malden, all the right, title and interest that Horace S. Buck of Reading, formerly of Wilmington, in said County had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the 22nd day of March, A. D., 1901, at 1.15 o'clock P. M., that being the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described real estate, to wit: A certain lot or parcel of land, and the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeast corner of said lot at a stake and stones at Woburn street; thence running westerly by land of the heirs of Isaiah Baker, as the fence now stands, to the wall at land formerly of Melcher Kramer's heirs, but now of Henry L. Carter; thence southerly by said land of said Carter, as the fence now stands, to the corner of the ditch in the meadow; thence easterly and southerly by land of Nathan B. Eames and land now or formerly of Joshua Gowing, by the ditch, to the corner of the wall at land now, or formerly, of Joshua Gowing aforesaid; thence easterly by the last mentioned land to land formerly of Jonathan Buck 2nd, but now of Charles Buck; thence northerly by land last mentioned to a stake and stones; thence easterly by said land last mentioned to said Woburn street; thence northerly by said Woburn street to the bound first mentioned; containing eighteen acres, more or less; being the premises described in a deed from Otis C. Buck to Nathan E. Buck, dated May 12, 1855, and recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds in Book 2, Page 285.

ALSO ANOTHER parcel of land situated in the easterly part of said Wilmington containing two and ninety-two hundredths acres, and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stake on the northerly side of Concord street, distant about sixty-three feet from land of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and at land of Henry L. Carter; thence easterly one hundred and forty-seven feet; thence southeasterly three hundred and thirty feet; thence northerly two hundred and thirty-one feet to a stake at Lubber Brook; the three last boundaries being on land of said Carter; thence in a generally easterly course nine hundred and seventy feet, more or less, by said brook to said Concord street; thence northwesterly by said street eleven hundred and fifteen feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises described in a deed from L. H. Eames and H. M. Eames to said Nathan E. Buck, dated December 23, 1896, and recorded in said Registry in Book 282, Page 378.

Intending to include in both the above descriptions all the land in Wilmington of which the said Nathan E. Buck died seized, however otherwise the same may be bounded or described. The interest of the defendant therein is supposed to be one undivided tenth thereof which came to him by descent from his ancestor, the said Nathan E. Buck, subject to the inchoate right of dower of the defendant's wife, the whole estate being subject to an estate of dower unassigned, to which the widow of the said Nathan E. Buck is entitled.

LYMAN H. RICHARDS, Deputy Sheriff.

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STEAMER

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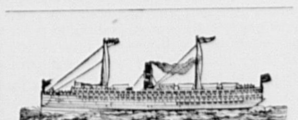
(weather permitting,) every day except Saturday at 10.30 A. M. Saturday at 2 P. M. From Union Wharf, Commercial street (near North Ferry.) Concerts by Colonial Military Band and Orchestra. Grand Staterooms. Elegant Dining Saloon, with perfect hotel service.

Fare, 50c. Children, 25c.

Take East Boston Ferry cars. Special rates for Day Parties and Moonlights.

COLONIAL S. B. CO., Union Wharf, or 64 Federal street.



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A WOMAN'S THROAT

Is her fortune if she chances to be a Patti or Albani, and that fortune is guarded day and night with the greatest care. Nothing frightens a singer so much as a cough.

Every woman ought to be afraid of a cough. It is nature's danger signal. Who does not know of some sweet woman-voice silenced forever by disease which began with a slight cough.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will ensure a permanent cure of the most obstinate and lingering coughs. Even when the lungs are involved and there are hemorrhages and emaciation, "Golden Medical Discovery" is generally effective in restoring the diseased organs to sound health and strength. There is no alcohol in the "Discovery" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

"I am feeling quite well," writes Miss Dorcas A. Lewis, of No. 1129 24th Street, Washington, D. C., "and I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had been quite a sufferer for a long time, and after reading Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser thought I would try his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had not been sleeping well for a long time. Took one teaspoonful of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and slept nearly all night without coughing, so I continued taking it. I had been a great sufferer for more than ten years. I tried lots of different medicines and different doctors, but did not feel much better. I coughed until I commenced spitting blood, but now I feel much stronger and am entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

EBB TIDE.

If God should draw life's veiling flood away,
What sights the human beach could show the day!
What doubts, what creeping aims, what dreams long drowned;
What hopes, like fallen stars, would there be found;
What wreckage where the surface calmly sleeps!
What shallows where we most had looked for deeps!
Strange rocks of cruelty that lie concealed,
Clad in pale weeds of vice, might rise revealed
Where monster habits in their slimy pride
Through falsehood's clinging brine securely glide.
God pity all! Ah, may his own grace hide
And save our secret souls from such ebb tide!

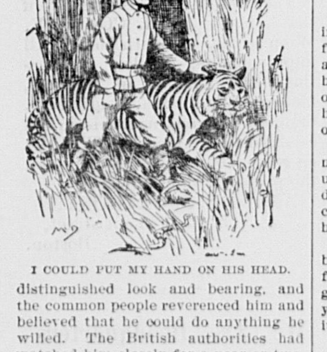
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

DANGEROUS GROUND.

...By M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

When leave of absence was granted me after my first year at the military post of Allahabad, I did not go up to the hills with others seeking recreation nor yet into the jungles seeking big game. In a cautious way, so as not to expose myself to ridicule, I had made inquiries and ascertained that Rajpoor Gyah, well known in connection with the occult, lived but 50 miles away in a hut by himself and was willing to take me as a pupil. Without a word to anybody but my native servant I set out one morning and rode to the hut and received a dignified welcome. I must tell you that Rajpoor Gyah was a most wonderful magician, a great healer of the sick and ailing, and that on several occasions he had apparently died, been buried for three days and then been resurrected and brought back to life. He was not an old man, but one of



I COULD PUT MY HAND ON HIS HEAD.

distinguished look and bearing, and the common people reverenced him and believed that he could do anything he willed. The British authorities had watched him closely for a year or two, ready to pounce down upon him should he utter words of sedition, but thus far he had not meddled with politics in any manner. He was generally referred to by the English as a fakir and a charlatan, but I had a far higher estimate of him.

Rajpoor Gyah's hut stood among the hills on the edge of a jungle and was not an uncomfortable place. He had with him many books and parchments relating to the mysteries of life and death and likewise many relics and souvenirs from various temples and forgotten cities. I felt at home with the man, and yet in a sense I feared him. Now and then he looked at me in a way that took all my will power away, and I realized that he had but to speak and I should be compelled to obey. Up to that little or nothing was known of hypnotism, but there were people who could magnetize by rubbing the forehead. Nothing worthy of note happened for the first three days. Then, after our humble breakfast, Rajpoor Gyah put his hands on my shoulder and looked into my eyes and said:

"Brother, go forth and find me a cobra and bring it here, that I may see what soul has passed into it."

I had a natural horror of serpents, and it was only with a great effort that I could approach a dead one, but I set out on my mission without the slightest reluctance. The man's will had overpowered mine. Had he told me to walk through fire I should have done so. I set out and wandered about, and after a time I espied a cobra sunning itself on a rock. I walked straight up to the horrible thing and picked it up in my hands. It writhed and hissed, but did not strike me. Carrying it coiled about my right arm, I arrived at the hut, and Rajpoor Gyah took it from me and sat down and sang to it in a low voice. The serpent grew quiet and stretched itself out at our feet, and by and by the man said to me:

"It was a serpent before, and it is a serpent now. We will let it go away."

After three or four minutes the cobra became more active and went crawling away, and I felt so weak and lethargic that I fell upon a couch and was presently asleep. It was afternoon when I awoke and found Rajpoor Gyah bending over me and touching my face with his soft fingers. When I sat up, he said:

"Come and walk with me, and I will show you a tiger's path. Tonight you will go into the jungle and find a tiger and bring him to me, and you shall hear us converse together."

We walked for two or three miles, and as we walked Rajpoor Gyah pointed out misshapen trees and told me that the spirits of bad men had passed into them and made them what they were. By and by we came to a path used by animals as they passed from the jungle to the stream and back, and the man said:

"Look well about you, that you may find the path in the night."

Then we returned home, and he prepared the evening meal. As we lingered over it he told me the soul of his brother, who had been a bad man and had been hung for murder, had passed into the body of a jackal, but the prayers of his widow and children had perhaps prevailed ere this and the soul had been whitened by passing into the body of a tiger. It was an hour after dark when I set out, having no weapons whatever. There were wolves and hyenas and panthers and tigers in that district, and it was notorious for its serpents, but I felt no personal fear as I passed along. When I struck the path, I boldly entered the jungle, and I believe I had gone a distance of half a mile when I caught sight of the glittering eyes of some animal before me. I cried out to know if it was a tiger, and, being assured in some manner that I cannot explain that it was, I turned about and retraced my steps. When I reached the open ground, I looked over my shoulder and saw a tiger trotting at my heels. He came closer until I could put my hand on his head, and so we finally arrived at the cabin.

"You have done well, very well," said Rajpoor Gyah to me as he rose up from his seat at the door. "Sit you down and smoke and listen."

Then he began talking with the tiger. It was not in the same tongue as he talked to me, but yet I could understand most of what he said, while the tiger answered by whines for yes and growls for no.

"It is not my brother," said the man to me. "The soul of my brother is still in the body of the jackal. It was blacker than I thought for. The tiger may go now. It was kind of him to come."

The tiger rose up and stalked off, looking back at us once or twice, and then we went to bed. When morning came, I felt clear headed, but weak in limb, though my appetite was fair. An hour after our meal Rajpoor Gyah said to me:

"You must help me to cleanse the world of its wickedness. Go forth and find a ryot and bring him here, and we will burn the soles of his feet and make him confess his misdeeds."

I went without hesitation. The highroad was only half a mile distant, and as I struck it I turned to the right, hoping soon to meet with some farmer on his way to market. As it happened, however, the mail coach was the first to come along, and on the box was a brother officer. There was something in my appearance to create surprise, and as I answered at random when questioned I was taken up and on to the next town. There I had a nervous chill and was on the sick list for a fortnight. Meanwhile a party had gone out to find Rajpoor Gyah and bring him to book, but he had vanished. I carried the memory of every single incident clearly in my head for months and months, but found that others, and particularly medical men, disagreed with me. They declared my adventures with cobra and tiger to be hypnotic dreams and that I had not left the cabin at all, but when it came to the question of how I was found on the highway no one could more than guess. However, I had trodden on dangerous ground, and I resolutely turned from the whole subject and put it behind me beyond resurrection.

Disqualified For Office.

During a warm gubernatorial canvass in Kentucky one of the candidates found himself in the mountain districts a long way from town, very tired and hungry. He stopped at a little cabin on the mountain side and, introducing himself as a candidate for the governorship, asked for something to eat.

The woman gave him a much better meal than he had expected and wound up the repast with a pie of the most delicious flavor. The candidate quickly cleared his plate and then said, with his most engaging smile:

"Madam, this is a most delicious pie, but I declare that I do not know what fruit this is. Certainly nothing like it grows down where I come from. Will you have the kindness to tell me what it is?"

The woman looked at him for a full minute, her astonishment at last giving way to supreme scorn.

"Where did you come from?" she finally found voice to ask. "You say you're up for governor an don't know huckleberries! 'Pears to me you ain't fitten for office. Don't know huckleberries!"

It was a crisis in the candidate's life, and he lingered another hour, so the story goes at all events, and made profuse explanations before he was satisfied that his opponent would not get the vote of that cabin.

Duelists Who Did Not Kill.

The two most famous duelists who never killed their men known to history are the Chevalier de Saint Georges, a mulatto, who was reputed to be the finest fencer in France, and in more recent time M. Georges de Labruyere, who constituted himself the champion of Mme. Seberine, editress of the Cris du Peuple. Both these champions of the sword fought scores of duels in which severe wounds were given and taken, but both were humane and chivalrous and never took life, as their skill would have enabled them to do.

In his duel with Lieutenant de Mellville M. Labruyere was run through the right lung and almost immediately afterward pierced his opponent's left lung. Both had to be carried off the field, but they ultimately recovered. In this connection it may be noted that the ridicule in which certain English papers indulge in with regard to French and Italian dueling is generally quite beside the point. Every duelist takes his life in his hand and can practically kill his adversary when he chooses, but if the stroke is not made according to the laws of fence he is certain to be killed himself in doing it. This is why the drawing of blood is considered to be a satisfaction for injured honor.

When Turtles Were Big.

Of the turtles it may be said that they represent the most ancient type of all vertebrates, resembling closely as they do the reptiles of their kind which existed so far back as the mesozoic era. There were sea tortoises during that epoch which measured 20 feet in spread of flippers, while some tertiary tortoises were not less big in body, measuring 12 feet from head to tail.

WHEN FATHER FILES HIS SAW.

When father starts to file his saw,
As oft he has to do,
There is a rush for other spheres
Until he gets all through.
My ma she goes across the street,
Although it's cold and raw,
And sister takes her sewing out
When father files his saw.

The cat jumps off the kitchen mat
And straightens neck and tail,
And Towser, though he's somewhat deaf,
Sets up a dismal wail,
And soon he follows all the rest,
With fleetness in his paw,
For naught can stand that awful pitch
When father files his saw.

When father files his saw, it seems
As though my time was near,
And when he says, "Young man, sit still!"
Life holds me nothing dear.
I wish he were a minister
Or counselor at law
Or something else so he'd ne'er have
To file another saw.

—Joe Cone in New York Sun.

Morning Glory

Once upon a time, somewhere, in Somebody's garden, there grew a Morning Glory vine. Nobody knew how it came there, for no one had planted it, but it was a pretty little thing, with green hearts for leaves and cunning little pale green curls here and there upon its fuzzy stem.

She wanted to get up off the ground where she had been all of her short life, so she crept slowly along to find something to take hold of that she might climb high up into the bright sunlight. She put out her tender tendrils and felt carefully along, for she was blind, poor little thing, and could not see where she was going.

As she reached out she felt something hard. "Ah, perhaps this is something high," thought the Morning Glory, so she crawled up the side quite to the top. But she was not high at all—not much higher than the ground—for it was only a small stone that she had found. So she sadly crept back down the other side, and she lay there quite discouraged.

There was an old man who used to take care of Somebody's garden, and he saw this plant growing there and groping about for support, so he fastened a string from a peg stuck into the ground up to Somebody's window sill, and then he quite forgot all about it.

The next morning the Morning Glory felt more cheerful, and she started upon her search again. She had not far to go this time, because the kind old man had fastened the peg very near to where she lay. So she reached about with caution to avoid another stone and took hold of the string.

The poor, sightless little thing did not know that the old man had put it there for her, but somehow she felt that it would lead her to where she wished to go—up toward the beautiful blue sky and the great golden sun.

So she climbed along the string, slowly at first, then faster each day as she began to know the way, until, like Jack's bean stalk, she had reached the window sill.

Now, Somebody, the person who owned the garden, was ill—so ill that he had to stay always in his room with an ugly black bandage over his eyes, and the doctors feared that he might never see again.

He was very unhappy, and was often, oh, so very cross, and the servants quite feared him when he spoke to them in a harsh and authoritative voice.

He had no relatives, and he lived quite alone in his great house, with many people to wait upon him and with ever so much money to buy things to make him happy, but the things that one buys do not always make one happy, and he was terribly wretched in his big, fine house.

One morning he groped his way to the open window and put his hand out upon the side of the frame, and he felt a little, sharp nail. Now, if he had been gentle the nail would not have hurt him, for it was a harmless little thing, but he made a rough, impatient movement, and it caught his finger and bruised it a little.

This made Somebody very angry, and he said some very unpleasant things about the person who dared to put a nail outside his window, and he felt about, very cautiously this time, to find the nail once more, that he might tear it out.

So he moved his hand slowly along upon the sill, and the Morning Glory was reaching her little hand about there at the same time, and their two hands met.

One did not look at all like a hand, but it was one just the same, and the little green hand grasped the great white one, and they seemed to know and understand each other at once, for the little green hand said to the large white one very tenderly: "Oh, so you are blind too! I am so sorry!"

The great hand did not try to find the nail after that. It just touched the Morning Glory with a soft caress, and two great drops fell upon the leaves. They felt strange and not at all like the cool raindrops which sometimes watered the Morning Glory, and something told her that these drops were tears.

Now, after this these two—Somebody and the Morning Glory—grew to love each other very dearly, and each day they would feel about for one another, and the dainty Morning Glory would nestle against his bearded cheek, and Somebody would pet her and stroke her leaves very gently.

And the cheerful hopefulness of the little green plant helped Somebody to be a little bit hopeful too. You see, it was harder for him, for he had not always been blind, while she had never seen and was so used to it that now she hardly minded it at all.

One morning the Morning Glory brought her friend a surprise. She had kept it a secret all the while, and now she proudly put a great, beautiful pink blossom into his hand. He could not see that it was pink, but he felt that it was lovely, and he kissed the pretty flower and murmured, "You little beauty." And that made the Morning Glory very happy, for all mothers dearly love to have their babies admired, you know.

And the next morning Somebody had a surprise for the Morning Glory. That was a secret too. No one knew it yet but the doctor, and Somebody drew the little Morning Glory close to his lips and whispered it into her ear. Then the little green hand twined about the great white one, and this is what it said: "I am so glad that you are not going to be blind any more." And Somebody understood it, and the Morning Glory again felt two great, warm drops, which she knew to be tears. But they were not bitter tears, like the first ones; they were very sweet, because they were tears of joy.

After this Somebody went away and was gone a long time. The weeks passed, and he did not return, and the little Morning Glory was very sad. She felt hurt that he had left her so suddenly and with no word of adieu.

Everything was in a state of great bustle and preparation all over the place. Little Morning Glory could hear them hammering and running about, and she felt that something was going to happen. Once she caught the word "bride," and something told her what it all meant, and a little jealous pain went through her heart, for she had once overheard the housemaid telling the cook that all men were fickle and that when they were away from one they never thought of one at all and were taken up with whoever was nearest them, and the cook had agreed fully with all that the housemaid had said, and the cook knew men if any one did, she said.

So little Morning Glory hung her leaves in sadness and quite forgot to feel proud of her pretty pink babies, for there were a great many of them now.

Once she felt something tug at her roots, and a rough hand grasped her; then a kind voice said: "Don't touch that. Master loved the little vine, and it must be left as it is." Oh, how relieved little Morning Glory felt at these words! She reached out and tried to touch the speaker, but the maid hurried away and never saw the little green hands at all.

Soon the nights began to be chilly, and one by one her babies left her and fluttered to the ground, and she herself grew pale and felt very weak and ill, and she feared that she was going to die. How she wished that Somebody would come back! She was afraid that he would be too late.

One morning she heard the window open, and Somebody again stood there. There was some one with him now—a beautiful lady—and he held her in his arms and called her "Sweetheart." In his new happiness he had quite forgotten his little friend, and Morning Glory's heart ached as she remembered what the maid had told the cook.

Just then Somebody looked out and saw poor little Morning Glory with her leaves all faded and brown, and he reproached himself because he had not thought of her before.

"Here, dearest," he said to the lady, "this is the little friend I told you of." And he laid the withered little stem in the lady's delicate hand.

A glad thrill ran through the Morning Glory, and she dropped 60 tiny seeds into the soft open palm; then as the wind swept around the corner a sudden shudder seized her, and little Morning Glory was dead.

"See, my pet," said Somebody, pointing to the little black seeds, "that means good luck. It is her gift to the bride."

And the beautiful lady smiled, and she put the seeds in a little box, saying, "Next year we will have another Morning Glory vine there just like the old one."

"No," said Somebody, "never one quite like that, for that one was like a little friend. It really seemed to understand me. But then I don't need any one to understand me now, for I have you." And again the lady was folded in a loving embrace, and Somebody kissed her softly.

Fair Exchange, Yet a Robbery.

While Gustave Dore was at Ischl and wandering about the mountains he became much interested in a country wedding and sketched it on the spot. He put the sketch into a book in the pocket of his paletot and went back to the hotel to dinner. After dinner he looked for the sketch. It was gone.

Angry at the theft, the artist called the landlord and made complaint, but no trace of the book was found. From Ischl Dore went to Vienna, and there he found a letter and a parcel awaiting him. The letter, which was anonymous, read thus:

"Sir, I stole your book at Ischl. The sketch was so charming that I could not resist the temptation of having it in my possession, and I knew very well you would never consent to sell it to me. But theft is neither my trade nor my habit, and I beg you to accept as a souvenir of my crime and my enthusiasm for your talent the walking stick which will reach you at the same time as this letter."

The cane was one with a massive gold head in which was set a gem of value.—Youth's Companion.

Determined.

He—What do you think of him?

She—He has such a square jaw! I think he must be a very determined chap.

He—Well, I should say so! His matches always light the very first time.—New York Times.

London Bridges.

Here is the history of London's bridges in brief: Westminster bridge was begun in 1738 and finished in 1746, Blackfriars bridge in 1760 and finished in 1770, Waterloo bridge in 1811 and opened on June 18, 1817; Southwark iron bridge in 1814 and finished in 1819 and the present London bridge in 1824, being opened on Aug. 1, 1831.

The Penalty.

"Did Mrs. Highlife's traveling gown fit well?"

"Yes, but it cost so much she had to give up her trip and stay at home."—Tit-Bits.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 4.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xiii, 1-18. Memory Verses, 7-9—Golden Text, Math. vii, 12—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-4. Abram went up out of Egypt to Bethel, unto the place of the altar which he had made there at the first, and there Abram called on the name of the Lord; such is a brief summary of these four verses. We do not read of any altar in Egypt, for there Abram was out of fellowship with God, thinking of his own personal safety rather than the glory of God. If you have wandered from God, and neglected the altar and allowed anything to come between God and your soul, return to Him as quickly as possible, for nothing can make up for lack of fellowship with Him, and He is saying, "Only acknowledge thine iniquity; turn, O backsliding child, for I am married unto you" (Jer. iii, 13, 14; Rom. vii, 4). His wife and Lot and all that he had were affected by his wanderings and return; no one liveth unto himself, and we must be careful not to put a stumbling block or occasion to fall in another's way (Rom. xiv, 7-13).

5-9. Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Lot also was rich in flocks and herds and tents, and the substance of these two men was so great that they could not dwell together. They were in the land for God, and the heathen were in the land, the Canaanite and the Perizzite, and before these people they must witness for God, therefore there must be no strife, for "the servant of the Lord must not strike" (II Tim. ii, 24). Who shall yield? For if strife is to cease some one must yield. See the greatness of Abram, the one to whom God had given the land, with whom Lot was sojourning by Abram's consent, who might have said, This is all mine, given me by God, and you and your herdmen must be quiet or else go away to some other land. This would only have been right in the eyes of many, but listen to Abram as he offers Lot the first choice, meekly saying, It will be better for us to separate; choose whatever part of the land you prefer, and I will be content to go elsewhere. This is greatness in the sight of God.

10, 11. Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere; then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and they separated themselves, the one from the other. This life set before us in Abram consisted of a series of separations unto God; more and more fully unto Him, from Ur, from Haran, from Terah, from Canaan, in which he had only his tent and altar, from Egypt, and now from Lot. It is only as we are willing to be separated unto God from all others and all else that we can know anything of the sufficiency of God, for while we lean on aught else He cannot reveal Himself to us (II Cor. vi, 16-18). Lot, like most people, seemed glad enough to take advantage of Abram's generous offer; he had not the grace of unselfishness. He lifted up his eyes, but not even to the hills, much less to the Lord, from whom every good gift comes (Jer. iii, 23; Jas. i, 17). He saw only the well watered plain of Jordan and its seeming advantages to himself.

12, 13. Abram continued in the hill country, but Lot dwelt in the plain, and not heeding the wickedness of the men of Sodom he even pitched his tent toward Sodom. The stories of the plains in Scripture are not as a rule so refreshing as the stories of the mountains. See the plain of Shinar and the plain of Dura (Gen. xi, 2-4; Zech. v, 11; Dan. iii, 1) and contrast Elijah on Carmel, the transfiguration, the ascension and other hill stories. The air of the hills is better. Sometimes God allows us to be placed among the wicked that we may there shine for Him, making His grace sufficient for us, but if He leaves the choice to us we should remember Ps. i, 1; cxix, 1, and keep as far away as possible from every appearance of evil. Holiness is not as contagious as sin (Hag. ii, 11-13). The men of Sodom may not have seemed very wicked in the eyes of Lot, but they were sinners exceedingly before the Lord.

14-17. Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee. Separations unto God always bring increased blessings and new revelations of God to the soul; having by the grace of God magnanimously yielded and in a sense taken second place, God now confirms to him the gift of the land with a new statement that his seed should be as the dust of the earth. In a later appearing (Gen. xv, 5) the Lord told him that his seed should be as the stars of heaven; then still later (xxii, 17) the Lord combined the two, and in connection with his giving up of Isaac told him that his seed should be as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the seashore. Afterward the twofold promise is divided and the heavenly part is given to Isaac and the earthly to Jacob (xxvi, 4; xxviii, 14). The first becomes last and the last first and to my mind refer to Israel and the church, through whom as Abraham's earthly and heavenly seed God will yet bless all nations. These two companies of the redeemed may be seen in Gen. i and ii; on the fourth day sun, moon and stars are for signs, and Jer. xxxi, 35, 36 tells us that they are signs or tokens that Israel is always a nation before God; in Eph. v, 31, 32 we note that Adam and Eve are typical of Christ and the church.

18. "Then Abram removed his tent and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." Hebron was a hill country, for Caleb said to Joshua, Give me this mountain, and Hebron became his inheritance (Joshua xiv, 12-15); this plain of Mamre must have been a tableland, a plain among the hills where Abram long continued to enjoy fellowship with God far above and away from the atmosphere of Sodom. There in due time Sarah died, and he bought the field of Machpelah and the cave that was in it as a burial place (chapter xxiii), and there to this day lie the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah (chapter xlix, 29-31) awaiting the first resurrection and the fulfillment of the promises. A good work is being done at Hebron today among the Jews and Moslems by the Mildmay Medical mission, in which I am thankful to have a prayerful and financial interest. Hebron signifies fellowship; why not have fellowship with God in this passion? In the study of these lessons I earnestly commend F. B. Meyer's "Life of Abraham" and C. H. M.'s "Notes on Genesis."

Poisonous Silk Stockings.

In producing certain delicate colors in silk chloride of tin is used as a mordaunt, and it is said that unless great care is taken a large proportion of it remains in the completed fabric. In the case of stockings or any garment next the skin the perspiration may dissolve the tin, and it is then absorbed by the skin. A case is reported from Vienna of a woman who suffered from attacks of paralysis in the lower extremities, with numbness, a sense of coldness and a peculiar jerkiness of the legs in walking. She noticed that whenever these symptoms were the worst her feet were colored yellow, and it was found that this staining was caused by light yellow silk stockings which she wore. They were analyzed and considerable quantities of tin found.

The obvious moral of this, says The Hospital, is that ladies should not wear pretty silks next their skin in hot weather unless they can be sure they are not mordaunted with tin salts. Colors which are "fast" in relation to ordinary washing are frequently readily soluble in perspiration.

PANTHEISM.

This is thy brother, this poor silver fish,
Close to the surface, dying in his dish;
Thy flesh, thy beating heart, thy very life;
All this, I say, art thou, against thy wish.

Thou may'st not turn away; thou shalt allow
The truth, nor shalt thou dare to question how.
There is but one great heart in nature beating,
And this is thy heart; this, I say, art thou.

In all thy power and all thy pettiness,
With this and that poor selfish purpose, this
And that high climbing fancy and a heart
Caught into heaven or cast in the abyss,

Thou art the same with all the little earth,
A little part, and sympathy of birth
Shall tell thee and thine openness of soul
What fear is death and what a life is worth.

—"The Poems of Philip Henry Savage."

When the Schoolma'ams Sailed.

By HARRY A. ARMSTRONG.

Judge Nevins sat on the edge of the drydock whittling and spinning yarns as he was always doing. Not that he was a judge or ever had been, but it shows how a name will stick to a seafaring man through life, for the judge's baptismal name was William. Some one called him judge in the days when he sailed before the mast, and it stuck to him always, like his white hat. Here the judge sat with the calking hammers clattering away around him like spring frogs and the keel of the Mary Ann of Charlevoix as dry as it was before the launch day. Men were at work on a plank slung over the side spilling green paint into the seams with the recklessness rightfully belonging to drunken sailors.

A woman passed along the opposite side of the street. She was listening to the clatter of the mallets and did not see the judge as he stood erect, hat in hand and bowing like a Beau Brummel. The other men giggled a bit, not because a woman was a rare thing on Goose island, but wholly at the judge.

"That is the bravest woman who ever stepped over the side of any craft afloat or on the bottom of the lake," said the judge as he slipped back to his place on the edge of the drydock and began to stroke his beard, which had more gray hair than black in it.

"She—that is to say, that lady—doesn't look afraid of anything, not even the water out of the river." But the judge paid no attention to the remark of the first mate.

"The Mary Ann of Charlevoix was not so pretty then as she was at first," said the judge half to himself, "but she was just as seaworthy as any of the bigger vessels going up and down the lake under their own steam. When the June vacations came, the Mary Ann lay here in the river without a thing to do. Along came a schoolteacher and asked me what we would charge to take a half dozen or so young ladies sailing up the lake to the Thousand Islands and bring them safely back to Chicago.

"Now, that was a new kind of a cargo, and I had to scratch my head quite a bit before making a price. 'All right, sir,' she said. 'We will come down tomorrow.' And so they came. Every mother's son of us was carrying provisions and getting a stock of fresh meats and things when there broke loose a regular babel at the gangplank, and there they came tripping aboard with valises and bandboxes and umbrellas and packages and no telling what. Just nine came, and we had no trouble stowing them away in the cabin, my room and the mate's room. But two more came, and then, just as it was getting dark, two more came.

"That made thirteen!

"As a result I had to go out and pick up a new crew in the hope of getting under way before the kind of cargo I carried was known, but I forgot this day was Friday. Something got tangled with the lines, or the anchor chain was rusted, or the wheel had to be fixed. The Mary Ann hugged the wharf till after midnight, when we ran up a light, and a tug came alongside and towed us out into the lake. The young women were all up as we glided along past the big elevator and the shadows of the mast swept across the fields of salt barrels and on into the broader basin beyond the life saving station.

"We threw off the lines of the tug, and there was such a shouting the lookout at the life saving station would have been excused if he had thought a female lunatic asylum had broken out on the Mary Ann.

"Eat? They could eat anything. I believe they would have fattened on fricassee of rope ends. Oh, it was a jolly lot that drew up to the first breakfast, and the cabin boys had to make several trips to the scullery before the meal was done. Before noon they had minutely examined everything from the rock ballast in the hold to the little flags whipping at the mastheads. They even wanted to steer, and sometimes the quartermaster would let them. The ship would luff, and the outfit would laugh and grab at masts and coils of rope as the boat rolled back to the course.

"When the first night came, the mandolins and guitars came on deck, and for hours the voices of women were mingled with the trembling melody of the strings. That, too, came to an end along about midnight, and the whole 13 pulled cots out upon the deck and slept there.

"But I might go on and on about that voyage and not get to the point about this schoolma'am, so we will pass up until we are north of Little Manitou light and four nights out. There came a good fresh wind that rocked the Mary Ann like a cradle. Cots on the deck were shoved in, and the girls were beginning to regret leaving their mothers. One by one they dashed out of the cabin and clutched wildly at the rail. Like specters, they made their way along the decks until the 13 were there, barefooted, bareheaded and clothed in loose robes of white. We turned the ship's head against the wind and waited.

"Just as daylight was showing the moon sailed out from behind a bank of clouds and shone upon the waters. One of the girls screamed, and I started down to the deck, for I was up by the wheel. 'Man overboard!' she cried, and I met her at the top of the ladder and went back with her.

"'There he is,' she exclaimed, pointing to a dark object in the waves. Then there floated by a bit of wreckage, and I gave orders to bring the boat about and to lower the dory. By the time the boat came around the dory was ready to go down, and four men and a woman jumped in. I looked about me for Mary Wood—that was her name—and she was gone. Fear fairly shook me as that little boat went up over a swell and was lost beyond the wave, to come into sight again the next instant. That girl knew her business. She held the shell across the waves till she got abeam the wrecked man. It was a bold and daring thing to do, but she did it—yes, sir, turned that dory in the trough of the sea and came up to the man in the water.

"He crawled into the boat over the bow, and they all pulled away for the Mary Ann.

"And the even dozen schoolma'ams had forgotten their troubles and were cheering—cheering like a lot of boys at a football game. Finally they came alongside and were hoisted to the deck. Some one got whisky, and the rescued man swallowed it like a hospital patient, but the young woman would have none of it.

"In the course of time the young man got on a shift of dry clothes and told his story. He had been on a passenger steamer when a big wave swept the deck, taking him and the chicken coop and straightening out every foot of coiled rope. His name was Samuel Welling—a bank clerk on his vacation. The Mary Ann had 14 passengers from then on. I cannot tell you what was said by him when the mandolins were trembling and the moon was making the whole deck yellow, but I sometimes run on to him and see the white waters splitting into lace and diamonds across the figurehead.

"Perhaps it was no affair of mine, but after we got back to Chicago I looked up the fellow and found that he had told the truth and that they were to be married at the beginning of the next vacation.

"It so happened that our luck had changed with that voyage, and the Mary Ann had all she could do the rest of the season. Neither did I have time to busy myself about such affairs for two winters. Then I set out, one blizzardy day in January, to find my former passengers. I found them—that is, I found Samuel, hard abed, where he had been for fully a year, and not a cent in the bank. Mary was at her school then, but after awhile she came home and cried when she saw me, as if she had seen her father, and told me how Samuel—she called him Samuel—had fallen one day when he was skating with her and how he had never been able to get to the bank again. More than that, he could not earn a cent, and before she got a school again they were absolutely penniless. But they were sailing again, and two could live on the wages of a teacher.

"Now, that is what I call bravery, and is the reason I said she was the bravest woman that ever was."

And the captain of the Mary Ann of Charlevoix walked across the street of Goose Island.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Question Number Two.

The sexton of a certain country church usually makes the most of an opportunity and is not above giving what he describes as "a gentle 'int" to the sightseer.

The other afternoon he had conducted a party round the church, and despite the casual dropping of more than one "gentle 'int" it appeared as if the sexton was to go unrewarded.

In the porch the leader of the party paused a moment, thanked the old sexton profusely and wished him "Good afternoon."

"I suppose," he added, "you've been here many years?"

"Forty," replied the old man, "an it's a werry strange thing, as whenever I'm a-showing a party out o' the porch they allus asks me that question, or" (with emphasis) "the other'n!"

"Indeed!" smiled the visitor. "And what may the other question be?"

"What I calls question number two," replied the sexton calmly, "is jest this: 'Samiwell, is tips allowed?' And Samiwell allus answers, 'Tips is allowed!'"

"Samiwell" watched the party leave with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket.—London Answers.

The Kaiser Waited.

A woman of high social distinction in America was presented to the kaiser at some dinner that was not attended with royal state. She was talking to him when she was offered a famous German salad. It was handed on her right, and the kaiser was on her left, which put her in a predicament. She did not dare turn her face from the emperor to help herself to the salad. The situation was too much for her. The emperor, seeing the condition at a glance, looked at her for an instant and laughed as he said, "A kaiser can wait, but a salad cannot."

The Oath.

The oath was originally an appeal to divine authority to ratify an assertion. The old Greek gods swore by the Styx, and Jehovah is represented in the early books of the Bible as swearing by himself, there being none higher. The form of an oath among the Hebrews was "By the God of Abraham," "God do so unto me" and "God knoweth."

Making Steel Rails.

The rail mill presents many pictures that appeal strongly to lovers of the picturesque. Under ordinary circumstances the great strands of iron, each half as long as a city block, slide back and forth smoothly enough between the rolls that are stretching them and pressing them into the required shape, but a tiny obstacle may at any moment turn one of these cables of fire off the beaten track and twist it into a hopeless tangle or wind it like a squirming snake around some unfortunate workman.

When the rolling process has been completed, the piece of iron slides along to the great buzzsaws, which cut it up into the 30 foot rails known to the railway traveler. Every time the whirring circular saw clips off one of these lengths, sparks radiate in every direction, as though the biggest pyrotechnical pinwheel ever devised had been suddenly set in motion.

When the rail has been cooled and holes have been drilled in it, it is ready to start for any part of the world. The evolution of bars or beams or sheets from the big steel slabs is gained by the same general method of procedure. It is the size and shape of the grooves in the rolls which determine the form to be ultimately assumed by the steel in their clutches.—Century Magazine.

Absolute Zero.

By "absolute zero" is meant the lowest temperature compatible with heat—that point of temperature, in fact, at which a body would be wholly deprived of heat and at which the particles whose motion constitutes heat would be at rest. This temperature is supposed to be about 274 degrees C. or 461 degrees F.

The term "heat" is here used in its scientific sense, for as men use the word in everyday language its significance depends on the temperature of the human body. Men call "warm" everything with a temperature higher than their own and "cold" all those objects which have less heat than they. In reality, however, the coldest body known to man is far from being utterly without heat. Ice, for example, has heat, only in a degree so much below man's temperature that one can scarcely imagine it to be anything but "cold"—a term which actually implies a comparatively low degree of heat.

Accordingly the zero of thermometers is only a conventional point marking a certain degree of heat. There seems to be a point, however, where heat ceases absolutely, and this point it is which is known in chemistry as the "absolute zero."

Modern Man's Great Appetite.

Custom seems to have decreed that three "square" meals a day should be the allowance for the citizen of the United States and Canada, and it was looked upon as being as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, but an up town restaurant man states that a great number of New Yorkers are no longer satisfied with the regulation three meals a day. Four meals are now asked for, breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper. The last is no doubt superfluous for those who can and do make three hearty meals out of the others, but there must be many who will learn with pleasure that it is no longer incumbent upon them to go "supperless to their bed." The idea that indigestion may be caused by the introduction of the fourth meal is absurd.—Scottish American.

A Floral Inscription.

At one time I was pastor of a village where there was a German undertaker who was always anxious to please. Because of his zeal in this direction and his habit of so often getting things backward he was the butt of a good many jokes and furnished others many a hearty laugh. One day a customer of his asked him to telegraph the florist in a nearby city to send a floral design representing "Gates Ajar." He hurried to the phone and, calling up the florist, said he wished a floral design. The florist asked what kind. He was puzzled, but not defeated, and after some delay said: "Oh, yes; now I got him! Heaven wide open; that's what they want!"—Homiletic Review.

Make a Banana Peel Itself.

A trick which works on a simple principle is to make a banana peel itself. To do this all that is wanted is a bottle, a ripe banana and a bit of paper wet with alcohol. Light the paper and drop it into this bottle. When the air in the bottle is well heated, set the banana on end on top and let it do the rest itself. As the air on the inside cools off and contracts the outside pressure pushes the banana down into the bottle until it has drawn itself out of its skin.

A Singing Earthworm.

We have heard of a good many creatures which sing, including Mr. Ruskin's singing serpents in the valley of Diamonds, yet Mr. Annandale has assured us that there exists in the Malay peninsula a being which the Malays described under the above heading.

It lives in a burrow in the ground and cheerfully sings, or at least chirps. But the Malays call everything that creeps a worm, and the beast which they really mean is a large kind of cricket with a voice.

In the very same part of the world, however, is a real earthworm, a huge monster three or four feet in length, which was discovered not long ago and which really has a voice, or at least can produce a sound. The Latin name of musicus has been given to it on that account.

When it is foraging about near the surface of the ground, the numerous sharp little bristles implanted in its skin, which enable it to hold on to the earth, strike against stones and give out a musical sound. This is rather more like twanging a "Jew's harp" than singing. But any sort of sound from these silent, gliding creatures is singing.—London Express.

Jackson and the Tailor's Bill.

A gentleman in Pennsylvania has a queer document which came into his family's possession many years ago and shows an interesting phase of Andrew Jackson's character as well as a glimpse of the simple times of his presidential term.

It appears that a clerk in the state department contracted a tailor's bill for $64.50, and the tailor, finding himself unable to collect the amount, laid the matter before the president in an appealing letter.

Jackson promptly decided that this was a matter to which he must attend personally, so he transmitted the tailor's letter to the secretary of state, with this strong recommendation:

Referred to the secretary of state. If on inquiry the fact stated be true, unless the clerk pays up his debt let him be forthwith discharged.

The government would become a party to such swindling provided it permitted its officers to become indebted for necessaries and not see that they paid their debts out of their salaries.

Honest men will pay their debts. Dishonest men must not be employed by the government.

A. J.

This case is referred to Amos Kendall, Esq., and on $10 per month being secured to C. E. Kloff, Mr. Gooch to be continued in his office.

A. J.

An Eye For Color.

For city people there is no time like the summer to cultivate the eye for color, to develop the power to appreciate color and gain the enjoyment to be derived therefrom. The time when so many persons see the country in its varying moods is the time to learn how to look at color, how to find color or how to perceive new colors. An old artist, who was conversing upon the delicate task of cultivating the eye the other day, told an incident of one of the contemporaries of his earlier life.

"Nast," said he, "always felt that it was really a misfortune for him when he made a hit at illustration and caricature. It brought him in ready money, and he was, to be sure, most successful in the line to which he drifted. But he had educated himself to paint, and this sudden success kept him at black and white work so long and so closely that it affected him forever. He told me once that the constant looking at black and white had caused him to lose his eye for color. And I noticed that his color work after that experience never came up to the promise it had given earlier. It always looked rather leathery afterward, and he never seemed to be able to get the old power of the eye back; otherwise he might have been as great a painter as cartoonist."—New York Sun.

When Your Feet and Ankles Swell.

When a person's feet and ankles swell without being inflamed he should at once consult a physician. This symptom, as a rule, is caused by dropsy and points to the kidneys or heart as the cause. And yet it may be due to other causes, although very rarely indeed. Physicians occasionally encounter persons, and usually women, whose feet and ankles swell so on hot days that they are prevented from wearing ordinary shoes. In such instances the cause is attributable to relaxation of the tissues and sluggishness of circulation in the affected extremities, and the symptoms, therefore, need not occasion apprehension. The exceptional cases, however, are so rare it should always be held a highly suspicious sign and deserving the consideration of a physician.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00 A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Boston & Northtern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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The Wise Man
Does not wait until he sees a storm coming before he sets about mending his leaky roof. Neither does he await the approach of another Winter to repair or replace his defective heating apparatus. Prices are lower now than for several years, with a rise in prospect.
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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
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GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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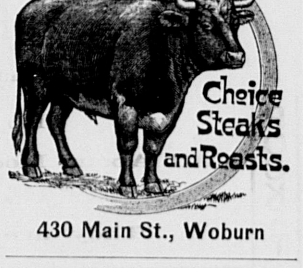

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MOTHERS.

Mothers are the queerest things!
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said goodby that day.
She just talked and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset;
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet.
But when John came back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him; then she cried,
Cried and cried like all git out!
—Edwin L. Sabin in Century Magazine.

MAY MORNING MAGIC.

A Beltaine Story.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

In the pass of Windy Gap, among the mountains of Slieve Margy, it was April, and the brook, that came with the winds from higher lands and leaped, singing, down through the gap, went into the valley by banks of primroses and carried away in its water dropped catkins from the overhanging willows and thin brown sheaths that had been hiding young buds from the sun and rain.

It was on the very last day of the month that Dan Heffernan of Windy Gap came to his father where he was plowing in the steep field and walked by his side on the unbroken sod and told him that he was going to seek a wife. The father began to count the comfortable young women in the parish.

"There's Kate O'Connor, a likely girl, or Grace Rohan, that has a roll o' guineas tied up in a stockin," he said. He drove the bright plowshare into the earth and urged on the meek cattle up the slope. The sun was dipping behind Slieve Ruadh, evening birds began to pipe and lilt from the green copses, and a host of crows were in the track of the plow, watching for worms and garrulous among themselves. "Or mebbe you'd be havin an eye on the widow woman—a fine armful," said the father.

The cheek of the young man reddened. He had no fancy for Mollie Doheny, the widow woman. A year makes a great difference in the feelings of a young man.

"I went courtin her last summer," said Dan to his father, "but it was before the uncle in Tipperary town left me that bit o' money, an she said 'No' to me."

The round gold sun rolled out of sight over the edge of the mountain. The young man looked up as the last gleam went, and he saw in heaven little clouds hovering. He thought that they were like young rosy angels and that the countenance of every angel was bent in love upon a homely cabin standing far and lonely on the brow of the hill.

"Mollie was a sensible woman, father," said Dan. "An that's no bad compliment to put upon her, but I'm goin elsewhere for a wife."

It was then that the old man followed the way of his son's looks and saw how they went to the cabin in the green dusk of the distant mountain cleft.

"Saints an angels! 'Tisn't Noreen O'Driscoll you have in your mind!" he said with a shout and gave the ropes such a pull that the plow horses came to a stand, while the crows flew away in affright at the noise and made it tenfold greater with their cawing and the flapping of their black wings. "Sure, Noreen has no more nor one sickly cow to get for her portion," grumbled the father. And then he gave a snort of derision and shook the ropes on the backs of the cattle until they went again on their patient way over the brown furrow that was sweet and fresh of smell in the April evening. The father tramped along moody and silent, determined to set his face against this poor marriage that his boy was considering. Noreen O'Driscoll indeed! Fitter far for Dan to look out for a comfortable woman with a few sleek cows to match his own.

The son left his father's side and went from the field by the gate in the low stone wall that was half hidden in deep, soft mosses and plumy fern. He strode up the mountain, over the gray grass and the golden beaded furze that was filling the darkening air with the scent of honey. Pure and high and lonely was the evening star in that misty blue heaven from which the rosy angels had flown after the sun. There was a beaten path up the hill to that cabin they had smiled upon in love, and soon Dan Heffernan was treading the white riband and at its end, which was the door of Noreen's home.

The cabin was well nigh dark, what with the haze of the turf smoke and the hour that was in it, but Dan saw the mother of Noreen knitting beside the hearth, and who should happen to be her companion but Mollie Doheny, the widow woman. The young man was no whit sorry to see her there. His black eyes flashed as he bade her the time of evening and sat himself on the creepie stool by Mrs. O'Driscoll.

"What good luck druv you this way tonight, Dan agra?" asked the mother of Noreen. "An did you catch e'er a glimpse o' me little girl as you come up the hill?"

"'Tis lookin for Noreen I come here, ma'am," said Dan, and he fixed his eyes upon the mother in such a manner that she partly guessed what he was after. As for the young widow, she grew as red in the face as a poppy.

with his five sleek cows to graze her two little fields, Dan Heffernan had been a husband to Mollie's fancy.

"It's unlucky to take a wife in the month o' May," she said viciously.

"I'll wait till May's over," answered Dan Heffernan. "An mebbe you will put in an appearance at our weddin, Mollie."

"Who's talkin of a weddin?" cried a voice from the door, and in walked little Noreen herself, her eyes like violets all shining with the evening dew.

"'Tis meself is talkin of it, Noreen," said young Dan Heffernan, and, standing up, he put his two hands on her shoulders and looked down into her face, "an it's you that has the sayin of yea or nay to me in the matther."

"You've a rag on every bush, Dan Heffernan!" cried the widow, rising and flouncing out of the place.

But no one was paying any attention to her, for Noreen had run away to hide her face on her mother's bosom, and the young man was trying to coax her out of her shyness that would not let her say yea, though she was very fain to speak the word.

It fell out that as Mollie Doheny was on the road home she met with the wise woman from Drumderg. The wise woman was stooped and withered. Her face had a thousand wrinkles on it, like the skin of an old brown apple, and her eyes were nearly shut up in her head. She muttered with herself as she walked and said "S-sh, s-sh," to the right side and the left, as if she were bidding ghostly unseen things to leave her way. With one hand she leaned upon a stick, and with the other she held an apronful of fresh gathered herbs that exhaled dim and moist odors from their crushed and broken stems.

"It's late you're wandherin, ma'am," said Mollie, standing somewhat aside to let the crone pass. The young widow was half afraid, for the hour was solemn with falling darkness and the first stars.

"'Tis the night for wandherin, acushla," muttered the old woman, letting her face fall lower toward the ground, "an not lonesome are me wandherin's."

"God between us an all harm!" said the widow, shivering.

The wise woman lifted her eyebrows and peered out at Mollie Doheny and began to smile darkly.

"What harm is in it to talk with the shee, the fine an fair mannered people o' the raths?" she said, mumbling. "They're good friends to them that comes to them. Oh, a very gentle night is this, Mollie, agra! Many a sthrange thing is done between the dark an the dawn. Many a flower an herb pulled in this dew has powers in it to make you thremble. I could tell you how to win a sweetheart, an you wanted that knowledge; but, sure, you're a handsome young woman."

She dropped her dark, gleaming eyes and moved forward on her way.

"Wait a minute, ma'am; just a minute!" cried Mollie of a sudden. She had forgotten her fright and remembered the insult put upon her by that young Dan Heffernan. "I've a grudge agen a neighbor that did me a bad turn. Tell us one little charm that 'id make him repent of it, granny asthore."

The old woman turned herself back. A kind of dusky fire was burning in her eyes. She looked around her—to bush and brake and rugged bowlder of stone—as if she were reading the faces of them that spoke by her mouth.

"Would you fancy a strip o' skin peeled without break from head to foot o' a corpse to put into their bosom an make them love you to distraction while you'd make them into a byword wid the neighbors be your scorn?" she croaked, her restless gaze never ceasing to wander, that dusky fire always wavering in her eyes. "Or would you have a taste o' the rope that hanged a suicide"—

"No, no!" shivered Mollie, beginning to be afraid again, yet loath to leave Dan Heffernan to go on his way unmolested. "Tell us somethin middlin good an widout any divilment in it. I wouldn't mind lavin him a bit tight o' money or the like."

The crone smiled in her own strange manner and stood awhile as if she were listening.

"You're a poor crathure!" she said then. "But, since you axed me, you'll get the charm. Go up to the neighbor's fields in the mornin—before the sun has more nor time to strike upon the dew—an sweep that same dew into your apron wid your hand, sayin, 'All's mine; all's mine!' That neighbor may go look for butther on their churnin's, inagh!"

"Musha, God bless you!" cried Mollie Doheny.

But the old hag shrugged herself and went away into the dark of the enchanted night.

Early the next morning came Noreen O'Driscoll to milk her little cow under the hedge of thorn outside Heffernan's meadow, that being the little cow's favorite place of pasture. The sun was rising over Drumderg, and on southern banks the daisies opened their golden eyes. In the hollows and stretches of shade the dew lay like the breath of the May morning made visible.

"What under heaven brings Mollie Doheny up here at this hour?" wondered Noreen to herself, seeing the widow woman walking through the wet meadow. Mollie never imagined that there was anybody up but herself, nor ever saw a sight of Noreen O'Driscoll, for the hedge of thorns was thick, and it was through a wee break in the boughs that the widow woman's rival had caught a glimpse of her shawl and her white apron.

The widow went over the daisies where the dew was melting fast and came upon the silvered hollows. She stooped and swept the dews into her apron.

"All's mine, all's mine," she said as she did this.

"Bedad, it's not," whispered Noreen just for fun and with no meaning in what she said. "Half it's mine." The little cow munched the grass, waiting to be milked, and the rising sun grew smaller as he went up the sky.

The widow woman went on the next stretch of shadow and swept the dew into her apron.

"All's mine, all's mine," said she again. This time she was very close to Noreen O'Driscoll.

"Bedad, it's not," said Noreen, out loud. "Half it's mine."

"Saints an angels!" cried the widow woman, overhearing. "It's the fairies is afther me!" And she took to running and never stopped until she was out of the meadow on the far side.

Noreen O'Driscoll thought that Mollie had lost her five wits to get on with such work. But there was no time for thinking. The cow had to be milked and the hens fed before breakfast. So Noreen milked the cow, and maybe she was not astonished to find the pail full up to the brim in a few minutes.

"'Tis the new grass is agreein with the crathure, God bless her!" said Noreen's mother when she saw the can full of rich milk. Then Noreen told her the goings on of the young widow.

"Well, well," said the mother, "there's no mindin what's done of a May mornin. Mebbe the crathure was maneuverin for another husband." And so the matter passed, and no more was said about it.

From May day out the yield of the little sickly cow was surprising, and very soon Noreen began to take the butter around to the farmers' houses to sell. By the end of the month she had sold sufficient to pay the price of a strong calf.

"They're gettin along," said the father of Dan Heffernan. He was up the fields one day looking for some sign of his crop of wheat, and he put an inquisitive eye upon the lone cabin in the cleft of the hill. "Mebbe I might as well withdraw me objections." When he went down to the house, he told his son that he had his consent to marry with Noreen O'Driscoll.

"It's a new calf, ready reared, that I see above wid them," he said. "Good an industhrious people they must be to have that same. Likely the colleen'll look to your cows better nor they're looked to now."

"She'd want to," said young Dan, "for 'tis scarcely a tent of milk they're giving this while back."

And small blame it was to the beasts, seeing that their milk had been stolen by the fairies and divided between Mollie Doheny and Noreen O'Driscoll.

After a bit Dan Heffernan and Noreen were married, and no sooner was the bride brought home but Dan's cows began to improve, while the little one Noreen had for her portion went back in her milk. But between them all there was full and plenty for the young people, and they were as happy as the day is long.

Meantime the widow woman repented herself of her witchcraft.

"Musha, what at all at all will I do?" she said in her own mind. "If I tell Father John, he'll send me to the bishop for meddlin wid the like. Faith, I'll g'up to the wise woman an get her to life the charm. Dishonest butther has a tang in the mouth."

But the wise woman only said, "It's aisy to light a fire, but not so to put it out." And she scowled on Mollie Doheny with such an evil eye that the poor creature was fain to run away as quick as her feet would carry her from the cabin of the wise woman.

So all that was left for her to do was this: After every churning she sent over a big roll of butter to the Heffernans as a present, moryah, until the whole countryside was laughing at her for being a bit soft in the head. And that was all the good came to Mollie Doheny for meddling with magic.—Mainly About People.

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Odd Funeral Customs.

A Chinese funeral never proceeds straight from the house of mourning to the graveyard, says the Indianapolis Sun. The devil is always on the lookout for funerals and follows them to seize the soul of the dead man, so in order to outwit the evil one the bearers take up the body and start with it on a brisk trot, while the packs of firecrackers and pyrotechnics, emitting a dense smoke and vile smell, are set off just as the procession starts.

Having thus deceived the evil one as to the direction taken by the bearers, they run as fast as they can with the body, then suddenly turn a corner and stop while more fireworks are burned. The devil cannot turn a corner easily, and so, if really in pursuit, he shoots on by, and by means of a good deal of sudden turning and stopping and a lavish expenditure of fireworks the funeral procession generally gets to the grave in safety, while the evil one, confused by their movements and half suffocated by the fireworks, is still wandering about the city. The Chinaman who dies in the country is not in such good luck, for there is less chance to outwit the enemy, but by many detours it can very often be done.

Slippery Customers.

Fish are exceedingly difficult to hold when first taken from the water. This slipperiness is caused by a mucus that is exuded from the scales, and it is curious to note the uses of this slime.

One of its uses is to protect the fish from its enemies. Being difficult to grasp, it slips away and gets free. Animal foes are not its only enemies. In every kind of water, salt or fresh, pure or foul, there are plant fungi that will fasten themselves to fishes if there is any opportunity.

If some portion of the fish's body is injured so that the slime does not cover it, the vegetable fungus clings to that part, then spreads over the body, with the result that the gills are covered and the poor fish is done for.

The mucus also lessens the friction, thus facilitating progress through the water. It also serves as a buffer for the scales, preventing injury to a great extent.

Cheap Meals In London.

"Speaking of cheap restaurants," said a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to London to a Washington Star writer, "reminds me of a dining saloon in the Whitechapel district of London where a relishing and fairly substantial meal may be had for a halfpenny, or 1 cent in our money. This cheap repast is not served up in the shape of a cut from a joint and two vegetables. It is a big brown pie, very juicy and very hot. The absence of beefsteak is evident when you cut the pie, but you find inside a liberal sprinkling of sheep's liver, onions and turnips and a plentiful supply of gravy. For a halfpenny extra two slices of bread and a cup of tea are supplied. Between the hours of 12 and 2 the poor and hungry from all parts of the east end of the city flock to the dining room. Most of the patrons are shoeblacks, penny toy men, costermongers and now and then young clerks whose salaries will not permit them to indulge in a more costly dinner."

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel; hear my story!

"I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death and death to hell,
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against this high decree
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit, let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look! The dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed: "I pray thee let me go.
I cannot rise to peace and love him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea.
Reclined his head upon a maiden's knee.
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"
—John Hay.

THE BARON'S STORY

We called him "Mr. Smith," but we all knew that he was a baron. When he was ill, his thirst for sympathy made him unusually effusive. I called on him every evening. Once, a few days before his death, he detained me until daybreak. He was full of pathos and sad humor, and he told me much of his past life. He was apparently ashamed of this mood of his and vainly struggling against it. At last he raised himself from his pillow, with a gesture of despair, saying:

"It's no use trying to be strong and manly and so forth and so on when the machine is all out of gear. We old folk are like babies. We want people to cuddle us, to sigh over us. We are hungry for attention."

I must add that with all his talkativeness and sentimentality and in spite of his sincere aversion to being addressed as baron there was something in his bearing and manner of speaking which kept reminding one that he was a baron after all.

The story of Countess M., who brought him to New York, where he was to "cease being a German without becoming an American," as he put it, is one of the episodes I heard from him that night.

Her father, a Polish nobleman in reduced circumstances, settled in Germany when "Herr Schmidt" was a sublieutenant. The young man's regiment was stationed in a humdrum, out of the way town, and the advent of the countess (she was a young widow) made a stir.

"She was pretty. That goes without saying," he said, with the wistful look which scarcely ever left his peaked sallow face during that week. "But by telling you this I tell you nothing, for her real power over me was something which marred her good looks rather than enhanced them. She had a queer way of avoiding to meet your glance when she spoke to you which did not become her. At first I made up my mind that she was an affected, disingenuous creature. I prided myself upon my insight into human nature in those days. It was my mother who had put that notion into my head. I was her pet, don't you know; so she was forever discovering some new sort of genius in me. I was a 'prophet of the human soul' among a lot of other good things, and for some reason this title pleased me more than anything else. In other words, I heartily agreed with her that I was a 'prophet' and so forth and so on. Well, when I met the countess for the first time and found that she could not look me full in the face I said to myself, 'Liars look like that.'

"I was rather elated by this manifestation of my wisdom, I can tell you that, but I soon had to change my mind about the young woman. I saw her again and again, and two months had scarcely passed before I knew her as well as I did my sister. Well, she turned out to be the most truthful and sincere person I had ever seen. As to her habit of looking away from her interlocutor, it was an inborn trick, due to some sort of kink in her nervous system, I suppose. However it may have been, those unsteady, bashful eyes of hers disturbed my peace of mind and were the source of the whole trouble. 'Why doesn't she look up?' 'Dashed if I don't get her to stare me straight in the eyes for ten minutes together,' and so forth and so on. She was candor itself, and if any one was bashful it was I rather than the countess, yet I was crazy to put her at her ease, to gain her full confidence. 'The prophet of the human soul' was simply a hopeless fool. That was the long and short of it. Of course I did not give up the struggle, as some ordinary mortal might have done. Prophetlike, I took to philosophizing, generalizing, calling into play my 'insight.'

"With a flourish of trumpets I made the discovery that it was the mystery of those eyes of hers which was troubling my brain and my heart. The result was the same as when a doctor puts on learned airs and makes a mental note of the diagnosis in his patient's case. Look here! If Shakespeare really thought there was nothing in a name he was grievously mistaken. A name is either worse than nothing or everything. When the doctor does not know what ails me, he knows at least that he does not know. Let him 'arrive' at the 'conclusion' that I am suffering from something with a certain double breasted Latin name to it, and he will think he has seized the devil by his tail. Yet all he has actually caught is some big Latin word. That's all. 'Mysterious look,' indeed! Phrases of this kind are invented by story writers to bamboozle their readers, and I invented mine to bamboozle my own self. All I did know was that I was in love with the young countess—in love like a ninny, like an idiot."

The countess brought with her some money, but her father went through it in less than six months. He was a good natured, pompous old spendthrift, and when he was not boasting of his ancestry he was lamenting the defunct glory of Poland, or else he would bore the lovelorn young officer with verse in his native tongue.

"Pardon me, sir," the other would plead, "but I have not the honor of an acquaintance with the Polish language."

"Ah, but the music of the words, sir!" the old man would return. "Music is the language of the angels, as one of our writers says, and the angels ought to be able to make themselves understood to a good man like yourself. Tell me, sir, have you ever heard anything sweeter than"— And the old patriot would go on reciting his ode with more ecstasy than ever.

Once he broke into sobs over the fate of the country which had produced this melodious language. "Herr Schmidt" was at once touched and amused, and the upshot of it was that the Pole borrowed a few hundred thalers of him.

Here my Second avenue friend hastened to explain that the old fellow was anything but a schemer or an adventurer. "He was simply a weak man—too weak to hold money or his tongue," he said. "If he had not been so simple hearted and honest, he would not have disclosed the real nature of his title to me. It appeared that he was one of the so called Roman or papal counts, you know, his father having received the distinction from the Vatican for service in the holy army or something of that kind. He insisted, however, that in the early history of Poland his ancestors were members of the highest aristocracy, and he traced his pedigree to a sister or a cousin of somebody who was entitled to the throne, he said. The worst of it was that the title of the countess' dead husband was of a similar character, and of course the old fool told me all about it. How the old man's ancestors came to lose their old position was never made clear to me.

"At last I made my declaration. She gave me a long look, the longest and steadiest I had ever received from her, I thought, and made a clean breast of it all. I insisted that she was a genuine countess and that I would have married her if she were a peasant girl, and all that sort of thing. She wept and called me an angel, and we became engaged.

"When my mother heard of it, she came to that town. Although she thought me a prophet and went into ecstasies over every piece of rot I said, yet she was a very sensible woman. She was opposed to the marriage because my fiancee was a widow as well as on account of the questionable quality of their title, but held her own counsel. She had no trouble in sizing up the old man, and before I knew it he had borrowed of her a snug amount and tearfully yielded to her plea not to deprive her of her boy. She was perfectly frank with him, it appeared. She told him all she thought of the marriage and begged him to take pity on her.

"As ill luck would have it, the Polish count had a sister in America, the widow of a wealthy physician, who had promised to take care of him and his daughter provided the two went to join her. Well, partly because of my mother's plea, partly because of the 'loan' she offered him, the old man all but melted away and declared in the name of his great ancestors that he was not the man to let his daughter throw herself on anybody; that if his title was not good enough he would not allow her to marry me for millions, and so forth and so on. How he reconciled all this with the tears he shed over my mother's broken heart I do not know, but I do know that this muddle headed, hysterical nincompoop could twist his daughter around his finger. She loved me—yes, she loved me—yet when he told her they were going to America and that he would rather see her dead than married to a German snob whose mother called his nobility in question she obeyed him.

"This is the way I came to leave my native country and my connections. I had no difficulty in finding the count and his daughter. His sister had more sense than he, and, thanks to her, I married the woman I loved. We were happy, but our happiness was not to last long. She died of her first childbirth, and my mother, who was expecting us to return to Germany, departed this world during the same week. My sister was drowned a few months later. Yes, it was a year of deaths and anguish. I don't think my heart ever completely recovered from it.

"I have had my ups and downs in America. I have tried to return to my old home, but it is no use. My home is here. I am neither a German nor an American, but the past is gone to return never more. I am used to this part of New York, and I like the respect and the attention which the people show me around here. My heart is filled with sadness most of the time, but then I rather like to feel that way. I have always been fond of sad music."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Noise Habit.

The New Yorker contracts in time what may be called the noise habit. Noise with him becomes a dissipation. His nervous system demands it. This is illustrated by the sensations he experiences when he goes into the woods or mountains after a continuous stay in the city for many months. His first feeling is one of loneliness; something seems to have suddenly gone out of his life. Every tree seems to say, "Why have you been so hot and noisy, my little sir?" His sensations are somewhat akin to those of a drunkard who has been under alcoholic stimulation for a long time and suddenly has his drink taken from him. His whole nervous system feels the lack of the irritation and stimulation of the city noise, to which it has become accustomed. The stillness actually appals and depresses him.

The streets of New York are deep, narrow channels, and they are growing constantly deeper as the buildings increase in height. These large reflecting surfaces on three sides of him make the condition of the man in the street like that of the workman who suffers from reflected noise while he hammers rivets on the inside of a boiler.—Munsey's Magazine.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG 9, 1901.

☞ A few days ago Homer B. Grant of this city, late an officer in the 26th Regiment, U. S. V., in the Philippines, was appointed by President McKinley Second Lieutenant in the U. S. A. Artillery Corps, and will probably be assigned to duty within a short time. Lieut. Grant was examined by the Military Board two or three weeks ago in New York and passed all right, as his appointment proves. He would have preferred the Infantry arm of the service rather than the Artillery, but only because he is better acquainted with it from long experience in the State Militia and Uncle Sam's Volunteer Army than any other. He understands, however, that the Artillery is considered the most desirable service of the Army and is well satisfied with the class of duty to which he has been appointed. Lieut. Grant has had a military bent from boyhood, and as the time for his discharge from the Volunteer service in the Philippines drew near he took steps to obtain an appointment in the Regular Army. These proved successful, and the JOURNAL congratulates him on having secured the military position and honor he desired.

☞ A "bright young" reporter of a leading Boston daily, the name of which we forbear to mention, has settled the Mayoralty question in this city for good and all. According to a late statement made by him Mayor Davis is to be a candidate for a fourth term, and the "Blodgett interest" will be obliged to swallow the "bitter pill." He "points out" very plainly the reasons for his conclusions and "makes it clear" that the schoolhouse question is to overshadow all others in the campaign. The battle will be fought "along those lines," and Davis is to win hands down.

☞ It is understood that a movement is on foot to secure the election of Mr. John M. Potal to fill the vacancy in Ward 4 occasioned by the resignation of Ald. J. Grafton Murdock. The City Council will hold an election on Sept. 5, at which date others beside Mr. Portal are expected to be present, backed by numerous friends, with a view of capturing the plum. However, no one is looking for a very hot fight over the matter.

☞ Considerable curiosity is felt concerning what Mayor Davis's action will be in filling the vacancy resulting from the resignation of City Solicitor F. P. Curran, Esq., who has recently taken up his abode in another city and consequently would hold the office no longer. In casting about for Mr. Curran's successor the Mayor will discover a large number of good lawyers to choose from.

☞ All things considered, perhaps it is not surprising that it has never occurred to those people who have been firing broadsides of paper pillets into Lexington of late for her uncomplimentary reflections on what she calls "The Woburn Gang" that they are doing Woburn a great deal more harm than good.

☞ Now that it has been discovered that the mosquito disseminates typhoid fever germs why not start a State Mosquito Commission for their extermination? It might take the place of the defunct Gypsy Moth Commission, or obviate the necessity of a Bluetail one.

☞ Our thanks are due to Congressman W. S. Knox for a copy of "The Geographical Names of the Philippine Islands" just issued by the U. S. Board of Geographic Names. It makes a pretty good text book for gaining a knowledge of the Spanish language.

☞ Signs point to a hot contest over the nomination of a candidate for Attorney General at the Republican State convention.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Whitcher—Extra.
J. M. Ellis—To Let.
C. A. Jones—Citation.
Co. Com.—Pet. & Order.
O. F. Bryant—For Sale.
G. H. Reed—Mort. Sale.
Medford P. Com.—Salt Grass.
Winthrop S. B. Co.—Excursions.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this pag e

— Mr. Eustis Smith is at Ogunquit, Me.

— Julius H. Bryant is visiting in N. H.

— Mr. Charles Haber is touring in Nova Scotia.

— Mrs. Eustis Smith has gone to Laconia, N. H.

— Miss Fannie Soles has gone to Laconia, N. H.

— Miss Josie A. Randall visited Woburn last Friday.

— Please read ad "Bids for Salt Grass" in this paper.

— Huntley & Co.'s soda fountain is "always on the jump."

— Dr. P. A. Caulfield is taking his vacation at Old Orchard.

— Mrs. Henry T. Smith and daughter have returned from their outing.

— Huntley & Co.'s "Joss Sticks" knock mosquitoes higher than a kite.

— Miss Addie Simonds has returned from a visit with relatives at Portland, Me.

— The Phalanx and Stoneham Rifle team will shoot off a match at Brookside tomorrow.

— Miss Jennie Brown's doll party on Court street a few days ago was a delightful affair.

— Please notice a small ad, "For Sale," which Mr. O. F. Bryant, Executor, has in this paper.

— Rev. Mr. Crane, D. D., pastor of the Woburn First Baptist church, is taking his annual vacation.

— When the line is finished to Billerica the Lowell and Boston electric road will have a rush of business.

— LOST — An umbrella, Thursday evening, between the postoffice and Mishawum Road. Finder please leave at JOURNAL office.

— We had a pleasant visit from Mr. G. W. Stetson of the Medford *Mercury* the other day.

— Aberjona Court, F. of A., will hold a picnic tomorrow at Horn Pond, one of the finest spots on earth for such an affair.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Clemson and daughter Helen are vacating at Francestown, N. H. Miss Ada Newton is with them.

— Builder George E. Fowle, City Supt. of Public Buildings, is changing the west end of Mechanic Building in a manner that greatly improves it.

— A moderate rain—a gentle summer rain—last Sunday afternoon refreshed the earth, cooled off the atmosphere, and thus made itself a welcome visitor.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— It has been hinted in more quarters than one that the "deer" which someone saw on Winn street the other day was a yearling calf strayed away from home.

— Mr. E. C. Cottle and family will endeavor to secure a few seaside pleasures before the season is over. The Ex-Alderman deserves a share of the best there is going.

— Dr. Ephraim Cutter of New York, formerly of Woburn, will wed a Boston young woman tomorrow in Boston. Several relatives and friends of the Doctor have been invited.

— Prof. Gowing, Magnetic Specialist, Acute, Nervous and Organic diseases successfully treated. Consultation free. Call or address No. 6 Wyers Court, Woburn, Mass.—4t.

— Francis P. Curran, Esq., is to resign the office of City Solictor, or has already done so, for the reason that he is to settle in Cambridge. He has held the office several years and given good satisfaction.

— Next is Labor Day which falls on Sept. 3. We call to mind no holiday to follow until Thanksgiving, which always comes on the last Thursday of November. Then Christmas, and so on the end of the chapter.

— Mr. and Mrs. H. Eustis Smith are at the Continental, Ogunquit, Wells, Maine. Other Woburn people, among them Rev. H. C. Parker and family (at the Sachem), are taking comfort at that pleasant seaside resort.

— When last heard from Dr. Robert Chalmers was actively engaged in making preparations for an early visit to his family at the seaside. He hoped to be able to tarry there until he should get well rested and recuperated. So mote it be.

— The Boston Catholic Temperance and neighboring Unions are to hold a grand Field Day at Combination Park on August 24, in which St. Charles C. T. A. S. of this city will participate. Plans are being perfected for a splendid celebration.

— J. W. Smith, Section Director, Boston, of the U. S. Climate and Crop Service for New England, in his report for the week ending August 5, says crops within his jourisdiction are all right, and a fairly good yield of everything is promised.

— Copeland & Bowser's dissertation on "A Little Money" in this issue of the JOURNAL is something everybody ought to read. It tells the whole story in a nutshell, and is so easy of comprehension that a man on a trotting horse cannot mistake its meaning.

— Mrs. Putney may rest assured that the JOURNAL will do all that lies in its power to have only the very best and most agreeable weather all the time she and Mr. Putney are visiting here. Mr. Putney will return to their Georgia home about Sept. 1, but not so his spouse.

— Another hotly contested baseball game was played here last Saturday concerning which our sports reporter writes: "The Water Streets defeated the Wakefields last Saturday afternoon 28 to 6. The features of the game were the pitching of McCarty, and the catching of Coyle."

— Mr. Edward Fessenden, a former resident of Woburn now of Middleboro, called upon some of his old friends here on Monday. Mr. Fessenden is employed by the Murdock Parlor Grate Co., and for them has made some of the fine iron work in the elevated stations in Boston.

— By referring to the advertisement of E. J. Gergory, auctioneer, it will be seen that the contents of the home stable of the late Dr. J. H. Conway is to be sold at public auction, instead of private sale. Last week's JOURNAL contained a full description of the property to which the reader is referred.

— Captain William Woodberry is occasionally seen driving on our streets with his daughter, Mrs. H. M. Aldrich, and grandchildren. He is one of the oldest persons in the city, for many years and until the weight of age compelled him to retire, a prominent merchant, and still as bright as a dollar.

— Mr. T. Marvin Parker and his grandson welcomed quite a party of Woburn people on Monday last at his summer residence at Lebanon, Me. Those who made up the party are Mrs. T. M. Parker, Mrs. Elfie Francis, Miss May Francis, Miss Laura Tibbets, Mrs. Angie Harrington and Miss Lois Una Harrington.

— One day last week a party of Gloucester people numbering 104 came all the way from that city to this by electrics and from here to Lexington, thence somewhere else, just to view historical spots and things and to store their minds with historical knowledge. They were as fine a looking party as a body would wish to see, and a merrier one we don't believe could be found anywhere.

— The Woburn Branch of the Boston Flower Mission is in a flourishing condition. Many kind hearted people are interested in it, the weekly meetings are well attended, and flowers are being contributed in generous quantities. It is a noble charity and every person in this city, especially the young, should take a deep and active interest in it. At the meeting last Friday afternoon 211 bouquets were contributed, making a total since the opening of the season of over 4000. These and thousands of others the poor children of Boston receive as soon as Hart's Express can take them to the Boston headquarters of the Mission.

Our business was established in 1817. During all the succeeding years we have steadily increased our trade by those legitimate methods comprised in the expressive phrase, "right storekeeping."

Our assortment of

CARPETS

is now, and has been for years, altogether the largest in Boston, and our prices are *always* moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
658 Washington St., (Opposite Boylston St.) BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.
AT LIGHT WEIGHT PRICES.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.
Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.
Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

Chinese Incense or Joss Sticks.
Latest Foe to Mosquitoes.
HUNTLEY has just received another large fresh lot, and they are going fast at
"The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

Pasturage for Cows
AT BILLERICA, MASS.
6 miles from Woburn. Plenty of grass, water and shade.
TERMS: 50 Cents per Week.
Address: Box 179, Billerica, Mass.

— The Boston and Maine Railroad Co., have given a generous donation of $6,000 to help the Young Men's Christian Association work among their employees. This will be used, with another $6,000 to be raised by the Association, to eqip a building which the road will donate to the cause.—*Wakefield Banner*. Which proves that corporations do have souls, the ancient saw to the contrary, notwithstanding.

— One of the hottest games of baseball that has been witnessed on any Woburn diamond field this season was that played by the Jones Courts and Warren Academys, on the Hill, last Friday afternoon. It was a genuine contest of science, thews and pluck, in which Jones Courts scored 14, while the Warren Academys got only 12 marks. The batteries were: Jones Court, McCarthy and McDonald; Academy, Duncan and E. Melendy.

— After a term more successful than any of its predecessons the Woburn Industrial School at Warren Academy is to close for the season on Aug. 17. An exhibition of the work of the term will be held from 9 to 11 a. m. on that day, to view which everybody in Woburn is cordially invited. Supt. Carter wants the public to see the work and note the impovements made by the pupils.

— The new street cars on the N. W. Division of the B. & N. Road are beauties and as easy to ride in as a cradle. They are of about the same pattern as those on the Woburn & Boston and Lowell & Boston, and are up to date in every particular. Woburn may well boast of the multiplicity of her trolley lines and the modern style of their equipment. They cannot fail to bring people to our city, some of whom, it is to be hoped, will stick.

— Hon. E. D. Hayden and Mrs. Hayden hope to be able to depart for their forest home on Roach Pond, Maine, which is located a few miles east of Moosehead Lake, some time next month. Roach Pond is several miles northeast of Lily Bay, a part of Moosehead Lake, with Mt. Katahdin, a famous peak still farther to the northeast, in full view of the Hayden vacation home. It is a wild country, but our Warren Avenue friends like it and have passed many pleasant seasons there.

— More unfavorable weather for a Merchant's Day than that of last Wednesday could hardly have been produced. It was the genuine typical dogdays article and doubtless upset many a well laid plan for a pleasant outing by the traders and clerks. Nobody pretended to remember a day on which so much rain fell; powerful downpours occurred at short intervals; and everything was as wet as a drowned rat. There couldn't possibly have been any grove picnics, or going to the beaches, or, indeed, any outdoor pastimes; therefore Merchant's Day must have turned out, from circumstances over which the traders had no control, a great disappointment, if not a total failure, although the weather conditions were better in the afternoon. The barbers, fruiterers and most of the druggists kept open just as though no Merchant's Day was on hand.

— The Boston *Post* of August 7 contained a story of the killing of James Cunningham by a railroad train at Braintree last week Monday and the identification of the body by means of photographs of his three children and himself found in a small bag near the spot where he was hit and killed by the train, which pictures are reproduced in the *Post*. He was returning on that day from his first visit to his family who live on No. Warren st. this city, in five years.

— Driver Charles P. Buckley of the Gilcreast Hook and Ladder team hopes to find a few days of rest before snow flies. The exact date of his expected vacation has not yet been fixed, and he is beginning to learn that hope, as a regular diet, three times a day, and Sundays, while, like mush-and-milk, it may be filling, does not figure conspicuously as an agency for covering the ribs with fat. But Charlie's patience compares favorable with that of Job of olden times, and by that token he grins and bears it.

— Fred O. West, son of Mr. Geo. W. West of Plympton street, has made a record in the High School to be proud of. As a member of the Four Years Course he has in three years fitted and been successfully examined for Harvard University and will enter there this fall. Few students are able to make a showing so creditable. Harry H., his brother, will finish his education at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where so many smart young gentlemen are amply prepared for high places in the business of life.

— As an advertisement builder Arthur W. Whitcher is an artist. His designs in this line are incomparable. He turns out unique combinations, striking to the eye, fetching, and skilful. That he will win the first prize, and deserve to, does not admit of a rational doubt. He is an advertisement architect of rare ability—a past master, so to speak, of the business. Please note carefully his this week's ad. The next curious thing he has in store for the reader will be "The Brownies," on exhibition in his store windows.

— Cars on the N. W. Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway began making regular trips to Wilmington last Monday, and it was expected they would run through from Medford to Tewksbury yesterday. The only break in the line is at the bridge in Wilmington which has to be crossed on foot, but will probably be completed in the course of a couple of weeks. It naturally necessitates a change of cars, but that annoyance will not last long. On Monday also the new cars began to make regular trips from Symmes's Corner to Wilmington, and will run to Medford Square as soon as the new rails are laid on that end of the line, which will be about a fortnight. The completion of the road to Wilmington and Tewksbury is a great note for Woburn; likewise for the corporation. It makes a straight trolley line from Boston to Lowell and from thence to the four quarters of the earth The people will do well to watch out for 15 minute trips from Woburn to Medford in the near future.

— Notice particularly what Capt. J. M. Ellis says about a nice tenement he wants to rent to a good family.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney and family of Warren Avenue, will return tomorrow from a fortnight's outing at Old Orchard.

— Mr. John T. Trull and family will pass the balance of this month at the Sippewissitt House, Falmouth, Mass., where they are at present most comfortably located. Many people spend the hot weather at Falmouth.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney, senior member of the Law firm of J. P. & J. E. Feeney, is putting in some spare time at Old Orchard in good shape. He and the salt water of O. O. have a strong affinity for each other, and the Lawyer enjoys it.

— Mrs. Mary E. Plannet and her niece, Miss Bertha Smith, left here a few days ago for Sanbornton, a nice New Hampshire town where these estimable women have passed several pleasant summers of late years. They will be away about 3 weeks.

— Mr. Fred Percyval Lewis, organist at the Unitarian church and Harvard student, and his mother, Mrs. Annie M. Soule Lewis, the well known pianoforte teacher, left here last Thursday for Northport on Penobscot Bay, Maine, where so many Woburn people enjoy their summer vacations. They expect to stay there a couple of weeks and perhaps longer.

— Mr. Angelo Crovo, the old and reliable Main street fruiterer, keeps plum up with the times and the demands of the public for the best there is in the market. Another thing about it is, Angelo is a square dealer and gives full value received for all the money he takes in. His goods are just what he says they are, and no dealer is fairer in the way of prices.

—Speaking of a candidate for Mayor the other day, a prominent business man and Republican of this city said he was in favor of the nomination of Mr. Lawrence Reade and gave substantial reason for his choice. He thinks Mr. Reade has the necessary qualification for a a good business Mayor, and the scurvy manner in which he was treated by his own party last fall entitles him to favorable consideration by the fair minded voters in the city who easily outnumber the other kind. This looks as though Mr. Reade might be a Citizens candidate for Mayor in the approachiug campaign.

—The flowerbeds at the Centre Railroad Station never looked so inviting as they do now. Wisely the former system of bunching them into a few displays was changed this spring into one of scattering them in artistic fashion over the entire grounds, with spaces of greenswad between, and the general effect is fine and a decided improvement. A good deal of labor has been bestowed on them by Agent Eaton, Olsen and O'Reiley, and with the exception of geraniums, which are a partial failure everywhere this year, the flowers are in splendid condition and the ensemble is really beautiful.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond, Chairman of the general evening store closing committee, and Mr. Willis J. Buckman of the soliciting committee, are quite sure that the traders will agree unanimously to close the stores Monday and Wednesday evenings and make the rule permanent, and they feel sanguine that at least one other evening will be included in the closing order shortly, giving clerks and salesmen three evenings in the week to devote to their own affairs. Patrons of the stores favor the closing movement almost to a man and woman, so there appears to be no obstacle in that direction. Proprietors, as well as clerks, will find it a good thing.

— The work on the Congregational Church by a professional steeple climber has attracted considerable attention this week. The steeple is nearly 200 feet high and when employed at the top the man looks about the the size of a thumb. The church has not been painted since 1892, the year of the great 250th jubilee, and while it is one of the tenets of the Congregationalists to keep the inside of the platter clean at all hazards they believe in tidying up the outside once in awhile, which accounts for the present painting, cleaning and embellishing the edfice in this city. Wakefield painters, it is said, have the job, the price of which is in the neighborhood of $650. These reports are not vouched for by the JOURNAL.

— Included in the several changes, enlargements and improvements in the rooms of the Five Cents Savings Bank Treasurer Charlie A. Jones has decided on putting up steel ceilings, which is a wise thing to do. The condition of the present ceiling demands this, and it is probable that Wedger & Co. of India street, Boston, will do the job. The room arranged for Hon. E. E. Thompson is on the front side of the building, next to Goddard's insurance office, and is one of the pleasantest of the suite. Treasurer Jones's room also runs along in front with windows that amply light it, furnsihed with mahogany desk, tables, etc. The changes give more elbow room for the Treasurer and clerks, more light, and the entire arrangements are about as near perfect as they can be. And they were needed.

— If there is any person in the world that laboring people should fight shy of it is the self-elected Working Man's Friend. We have some of them here in Woburn. They are, without exception, natural born demagogues. They care nothing for the wellfair or illfair of men who do manual labor for a living and are his friends only for his vote. We have a few specimens of the tribe in our mind's eye now. Not one of them is worthy of being trusted by workingmen or anybody else. Their pretensions lack honesty and sincerity. So long as they are able to use the workingman to further their politcal ends they pose as his special Guide, Counsellor and Friend; but when the hollowness of his profession is laid bare, and his deception exposed, and workingmen drop him, then he sours on his late dupes, throws them over, and is transformed into an enemy. Yes, it is true, there are pretended friends of the Sons of Toil in this city, demagogues, and strange to say, now and then a poor deluded man is found who believes them honest.

— Frank H. Sawyer and Edward T. Brigham have gone to Newfoundland Lake, Bristol, N. H., and other members of Wobegon Club will soon follow.

— Mrs. Dennis Doherty and her two little daughters and sister Miss Mary Harris, left last Saturday for a two week's vacation at Bangor, Maine.

— There was a strike by workmen in one of the trust leather factories in this city a few days ago.

— 8 A. M., Aug. 9. Wind W., clear, temp. 65.

BARGAINS!

in Women's and Children's Shoes. Some at less than cost.

If goods are not as we represent them send them back and get your money back.

Ladies' French Kid, $3.00 Boots, Goodyear Welt.		$1.50
Ladies' Vici Kid, $2.50 Boots,		$1.50
" Box Calf, $2.00 "		$1.50
" Vici Kid, $1.50 "		$1.25
" " " $1.25 "		.98
" " " $1.50 Oxford,		$1.00
" " " $1.00 "		.75
$1.00 "		.50
	That Were.	Now
Men's Shoes, Lace or Cong.,	$3.50	3.00
" " " "	3.00	2.75
" " " "	2.75	2.50
" " " "	2.50	2.00

These are hand sewed welts and Goodyear welts.

Pfister & Vogel Milwaukee Calf Skins and Velours Calf.

BLACK VICI AND TAN VICI KID.

The best stock made in America. This is a rich man's shoe at a poor man's price

We have a line of Men's Calf Lace Shoes that sell everwhere for $3.00. OUR PRICE $2.50 These shoes are all up-to-date styles. All widths from 3 to 8 wide.

I saw there many Bargains,
I nailed some on the spot.
There may be others just as good,
But
I
guess
not.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., WOBURN

Bring Your Boy
to us when he needs
Clothing or Furnishings

We have a special department for boys, reached by a special elevator—entirely separate from the rest of the store.

High Quality—Moderate Price.

Macullar Parker
COMPANY,
400—Washington Street, Boston, Mass.—400

Awaiting New Building.

BOSTON JOURNAL IN ITS TEMPORARY QUARTERS UNTIL MILLION-DOLLAR STRUCTURE IS ERECTED.

The Boston *Journal* has successfully accomplished the tremendous feat of moving its entire plant from one location to another and setting its machinery running as usual within a period of 15 hours. The departments are now in their temporary quarters, awaiting the erection of the *Journal's* million-dollar structure on the site of its old building and that adjoining. So great an undertaking is the putting up of an 11-story, steel, fireproof structure that even in these times it will take something more than a year before the paper can return to its former location. Meantime, the Boston *Journal's* business office is at 15 State Street, just around the corner from Washington Street, and the editorial and mechanical departments are at 14 and 16 Oliver Street, near Post Office Square.

A Moth-Eaten Game.

Evidences multiply that there will be an attempt to make another raid on the State treasury by a bill for a brown-tail-moth" Commission. The people who are already planning this move may as well save their strength. The wretched fiasco of the gypsy moth work is too recent a matter of State history for a similar raid on the treasury to have any great chance of success. A few members of the Legislature there are, who will vote for any proposition to make the State spend money; but the prevailing sentiment of tax-payers all through Massachusetts is that we have had enough of such nonsense and that there are already too many State Commissions. If towns are troubled with moths, let the towns see to it that the moths are wiped out. It is not the business of the State to spend its money in organizing armies of office-holders for the extinction of the moth, the cock-roach or the green-headed fly.—*Boston Advertiser*.

"Why, Yes,"

The Kodak Girl

answered, "I use an

EASTMAN

because it is so light and handy, I sometimes think it is my purse."

In the ads—along the street
This "Winsome Dainty" you will meet.
In her hand, compact and light,
A POCKET KODAK she holds tight.

Say boys, don't you think when you travel thro' life
That a "Kodak Girl" ought to make a good wife?
She gets through the sensitized films, celluloid,
A knowledge of nature,—that's why she's enjoyed.

Whitcher's Kodak Agency
Opposite Railroad Station,
WILL TELL YOU
All About Kodaks
AND WHY
They are Best and Cheapest.
POCKET
A KODAK BEFORE YOU GO.

Their Secret is Out.

All Sadieville, Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whittaker, who had for a long time, endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little grand-daughter of a severe attack of Whooping Cough." It positively cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe. Bronchitis, all Throat and Lung troubles, Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00 Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

See Our Show Windows

for the Greatest Bargains in MEN' SUITS ever shown in Woburn.

$7.95

buys any one of nearly 200 odd suits left from large lots formerly $10, $12, $15.

We have sold a lot of Suits at the regular prices and made some money on them. We shall lose some on these. But we shall clear our stock, make new friends, bind the old friends closer to us, and keep our people busy and happy through the usually dull month of August. Just think of the almost absurd price for a good suit—$7.95.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
Established 1851. Open Evenings except Wednesday.

MISS BANCROFT
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

The Variety of
Breakfast Foods
Is Constantly Increasing.

Below we give a list of some of the leading kinds and call attention to the low prices at which we are selling them.

	Per Package.
Cream of Wheat,	13c.
Germea,	13c.
Shredded Wheat Biscuit,	12c.
Wheat Germ,	12c.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,	13c.
Grape Nuts, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Malt Breakfast Food,	13c.
Flaked Rice,	13c.
Pillsbury's Vitos, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Pillsbury's Flaked Oats,	10c.
Mother's Oats,	9c.
Quaker Oats,	8c.
Self-rising Buckwheat, 10 and	15c.
Self-rising Pancake Flour,	10c.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co's.

A "Garden in the Ocean."

Week days and Sundays, when the weather is hot, the steamer O. E. Lewis, which sails from Winthrop wharf, 400 Atlantic avenue, Boston, at 10.30 a. m., for Salem Willows, is filled to its carrying capacity with people eager to enjoy the five hours on the water and three hours and a half at the Willows with its spreading willow trees, 300 years old. Situated as they are near the water's edge and beside the band stand of the Salem Cadet band, it is possible to enjoy the shade, the cooling breezes from the water and the music at the same time.

There are other attractions, too, at the Willows, such as the celebrated fish dinner at Washington spa, dancing at the Casino, boating, bathing and vaudeville shows.

Picnic parties, with basket lunches, are most welcome and the steamer O. E. Lewis makes special rates for carrying large parties to the Willows.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—10th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. No Evening Service during August.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Rev. A. M. Crane, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor
Sunday School at 12 M.
Holy Communion at 5.45 P. M.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Friday, at 8 P. M., Services in Winchester.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—10th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Tears of Jesus."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Closing Exercises of Vacation School.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, July 19, by Rev. James J. Keegan, William H. McDonough and Mary McGonigle, both Woburn.

In this city, August 1, by Rev. Daniel March, Herbert S. Smith and Amy Hill, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, August 2, Martha MacQuarrie, aged 21 years, 2 months, 9 days.

In this city, August 5, Elizabeth Bearisto, aged 75 years, 11 months, 6 days.

In this city, August 6, Arthur T. Burnham, aged 23 years, 5 months, 28 days.

In this city, August 6, Rosanna, widow of Peter Creighton, aged 51 years.

In this city, August 7, John F. Driscoll, aged 19 years, 6 months, 4 days.

A Little Money

will go a long way in purchasing goods at our store these warm days. We are closing out our lines of Shirt Waists, Colored Dimities, Summer Dress Ginghams, Baby's Bonnets at very low prices.

Job Lot of Ventilating Corsets.

Short Lengths in Dress Goods. Your attention is called to these lines and we know it will pay you to look them over.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Locals.

— While down in the Provinces lately Capt. John E. Tidd met people he wasn't expecting to see. At his hotel in St. John and Halifax a Maryland gentlemen scraped his acquaintance and on comparing notes it was found that the gentleman used to live and work at leather making at Cummingsville and that he and Capt. Tidd were schoolmates many years ago. They hadn't seen each other since long before the Civil War. "For the fun of the thing" the Maryland gentleman and wife were going along the street to a Halifax fortune teller's rooms and insisted that Capt. Tidd should accompany them. He went and fell into conversation with the fortune teller, a woman about 65 years old. Her name was Clough; she used to live in Woburn, on the corner of Montvale ave. (then Railroad st.) and a lane, now Prospect street—the house opposite the Auditorium—and she and the Captain and the Maryland gentleman passed a pleasant hour in talking over old times and discussing Woburn people. Curious how things come about, and what odd meetings sometimes take place after years of forgetfulness.

— When Judge George S. Littlefield of Winchester was met near the Woburn postoffice last Tuesday afternoon his face was beaming with happiness. He had tested before that day the virtues of every street railroad within 20 miles of Boston except the Lowell & Boston from Woburn to Burlington and a few moments before he was met at the P. O., he had returned from a trip to Burlington on that road. That, he said, completed the programme. Satisfaction settled serenely on his brow. But there awaited him a surprise which was also a regret, a disappointment, so to speak. It was not in the shape of an electric road exactly, but in that of a steam freight automobile, a new thing under the sun, and the first to appear in the vicinity of Boston. It was built for the Merrimac Chemical Company at North Woburn for the purpose of hauling the products of their extensive plant to Boston and made its first run on Tuesday afternoon. It carries from 5 to 10 tons of freight, and is itself, with its boiler, engine and machinery, a heavy concern. It does not run on tracks, but on the street surface, and as it goes ahead no wonder horses are frightened nearly out of their boots. It is said these cars are common in New Jersey, but not east of there. They are capable of running 10 or a dozen miles an hour loaded. The Merrimac Company propose to make two trips a day to Boston and the same to Lowell, 13 miles distant. They expect to save money by freighting their own productions, but it is a tough looking machine they are going to do it with. Judge Littlefield's disappointment consisted in his inability to ride from Woburn to Winchester on that monster freight automobile.

Personal.

Mrs. Joanna Converse went on a little land voyage the other day.

Capt. John P. Crane, golf champion, is in N. H. on a tour of pleasure.

Mrs. George H. Taylor and her daughter Marion are at Salisbury Beach for the season. Mr. Taylor is there a large part of the time.

Mr. John E. Moore expects to go off on a vacation tour about Sept. 1 and have the best time he can find. He returns to Harvard University the first of October.

Mr. Fred Stanley of the old and prosperous firm of Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch, and Mrs. Stanley are at Intervale, N. H., for their vacation.

Dr. Lewis's dental office will be closed during August. He and Mrs Lewis are taking their vacation at Centreville, Mass., Cape Cod. Office will be open Sept. 2.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Marvin Parker and grandson are at Lebanon, Me. Their P. O. address is Milton, N. H., just across the State line from Lebanon. This is the season of the year when Marvin is an agriculturist.

Some Facts.

A recent issue of a Woman's Home Mission paper devotes its columns to temperance as affecting religious progress in the remote parts of our country. It is shown that the W. C. T. U. is the chief factor in promoting this reform. This is an encouragement to those who believe that, notwithstanding the occasional enquiry whether that organization has any reason for its existence, the White Ribbon Army is still a great power for good. Some of the facts given in the Home Mission paper may interest voters, as well as women:

"The census of 1890 shows that in 15 of our largest there were 465,514 arrests during the previous year, 339,737 of which were due directly to drink."

"The report of the commissioner of internal revenue shows that our army of liquor dealers numbers 238,683, or nearly four times the number in the United States army, under the new law."

This from an Alaska paper. "The Indians, especially the better class, feel it, that six saloons (to a white population of possibly three hundred) will be licensed in Fort Wrangel the coming year. They feel that they are being compelled to carry more than their share of the "white man's burden." If Indians are compelled to live among saloons it is unfortunate that they have not the right to vote on the question."

A resident of Porto Rico says of the drink habit there:

"In some small hotels the rum bottle is set on the table and the boarders are expected to use it, if desired, as they use the salt or pepper."

These facts are given in the hope of arousing in some minds a spirit of inquiry, as to what can be done to check the spread of this evil; not only in the older parts of our common country, but in our newer possessions. There is abundant room for more W. C. T. U. workers in Woburn. There is also room for better legislation as regards the more remote places under our Flag.—PRESS SUPT., W. C. T. U.

A Young Lady's Life Saved.

AT PANAMA, COLOMBIA, BY CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Colombia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale by all druggists.

Senatorial Situation.

A good deal of feeling is being worked up over the situation in the Middlesex Essex District as to whether Senator Wood is to be renominated, or not. Mr. Walter S. Keene's name has been freely mentioned in this connection, and some have gone so far as to state as a fact that Mr. Keene is in the field for the Senatorial nomination.

In some instances, no doubt, the wish is father to the thought. But we know that Mr. Keene is not in pursuit of that nomination. What may come hereafter is altogether a matter of guess work. There was at one time considerable dissatisfaction with Mr. Wood's course on the "Dean bill," and from that comes this talk of setting him aside this fall.

Thus far the matter is only talk. Nobody can tell how things may shape themselves as caucus time approaches. But this we can say, that there must be very good reasons before the custom of giving the incumbent a second term is set aside.—*Stoneham Independent.*

That's right. The *Independent* states the case just as it is, and being a neighbor of Representative Keene its statements may be regarded as semi-official at least. That Mr. A. S. Wood will have another term in the Senate admits of no reasonable doubt.

Curious Combinations in Marriages.

Morris Salmonson, who issued marriage licenses at Chicago during the year 1897, is responsible for the following combinations. It is to be hoped as actors say in an old play, that they "all lived happy ever after." Licenses were issued to:

Thomas Black and Mary White.
Peter Day and Ellen Knight.
Solomon Bank and Katherine Vale.
James Hill and Susan Dale.
Isaac Slater and Jane Thatcher.
John Barber and Mary Butcher.
Stephen Head and Nancy Heart.
William Stately and Jessie Smart.
Joseph Reed and Julia Hay.
Thomas Spring and Mary May.
Joseph Brown and Kitty Green.
John Robbins and Jennie Wrens.
William Castle and Nancy Hall.
Peter Chatter add Fannie Call.
Joseph Mann and Eliza Child.
John Merry and Lucy Wild.
Thomas Bruin and Mary Bare.
James Fox and Catherine Hare.
Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone.
Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone.
John Cloak and Julia Hood.
Edward Coal and Nancy Wood.
James Broom and Ellen Birch.
Charles Chapel and Susan Church.

—*Skilo.*

If you are exhausted by the Hot Weather or Hard Work

Tonc Appetizer

WILL HELP YOU.

Manufactured by

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

Literary Notices.

Evidently no effort has been spared to make *The Ladies' Home Journal* for August a positive boon to its readers during these warm midsummer days. Its light, readable articles, bright stories, clever poems, charming music, and numerous beautiful illustrations afford the easiest and pleasantest kind of entertainment for leisure hours. Enchanting views of the lovely scenery in the Engadine Valley and among the Swiss and Italian lakes, as well as such delightful articles as The Singing Village of Germany and What Girl-Life in Italy Means, allure the thoughts to foreign lands, while there are timely suggestions about The Picnic Basket, Keeping a House Cool in the Dog-Days, and Sea-Side Toys and How to Make Them. Other Thoroughly interesting contributions are The First White Baby Born in the Northwest, My Boarding-School for Girls, and the usual serial and department articles. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

A Cure For Colera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwalter, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in a single instance." For sale by all druggists.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Since its opening as the home of vaudeville, nearly one year ago, Boston Music Hall has done more for the advancement of that form of entertainment than any other local theatre which caters to lovers of variety. In twelve months its list of important, novel or sensational features has assumed extremely dignified proportions, and the end seems to be not yet. The latest success, coming on top of the triumphant engagement of the Castle Square Opera Company in a repertory of operettas, is the Beaux and Belles Octette, an organization which has proved a tremendous hit on the New York roof gardens, and which at Boston Music Hall this week has proved a veritable magnet to attract music lovers. The Octette includes four very pretty girls and four clean cut young men, who sing and dance extremely well. The songs are tuneful and catchy, and the dances are exceedingly artistic and effective. So great has been the success of the Beaux and Belles that they have been retained for another week, when new selections will be offered.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of La Grange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

Changes in Age Limits for Clerk and Carrier, Postoffice Service.

The Civil Service Commission announces that in accordance with an amendment to the rules made by the President on August 1, 1901, applications will hereafter be accepted for the grades of Clerk and Carrier from persons between the ages of 18 and 45 years. By this change a maximum limit has been placed on clerks; the maximum limit for carriers reduced from 21 to 18 years, and the maximum extended from 40 to 45 years.

The age limits are waived in connection with those persons who were discharged from the military or naval service of the United States by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty, as provided for by Section 1754 R. S.

What most people want is something mild and gentle, when in need of a physic. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets fill the bill to a dot. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Policeman Brown is visiting in N. H.

Many Winchester people are at the seaside.

A man caught a turtle in Wedge Pond.

The canoe races will be sailed in September.

The Calumet Gun Club is another organization cherished by our people.

Rev. Mr. Lawrence of the Unitarian church is spending his vacation in Canada.

The police and newspapers are waging unrelenting warfare on hoodlumism.

On account of the high price many of our citizens have banished potatoes from their menus.

The Winchester Branch of the Hospital for Incurables will give a lawn party in aid of the same on Aug. 16 on the McKenzie estate.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

ADULTERATED COFFEE.

GROCER WHITE FOUND GUILTY OF VIOLATING OHIO'S PURE FOOD LAWS.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Roasting of Coffee Brought Out by Scientific Experts—Presence of Bacteria.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 3.—The jury in Judge Meck's court in this city has found James White, a local grocer, guilty of selling adulterated coffee. The prosecution was based on a package of Arbuckles Ariosa coffee.

The State of Ohio, through the Pure Food Commission, prosecuted White. The case was on trial for nearly a month and attracted national attention.

The manufacturers of Ariosa coffee conducted the defense for Grocer White. The best attorneys in the country were retained to defend him, but, after a short consultation, a verdict of guilty was returned by the jury. The State of Ohio considers this a big victory. Pure Food Commissioner Blackburn has been waging a warfare on spurious food articles and the department has been successful.

The complaint of the State of Ohio was that Ariosa coffee was coated with a substance which concealed defects in the coffee and made it appear better than it is. The State charged this coating or glazing was a favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria.

Prof. G. A. Kirchmaier, of this city, a well known chemist, was the principal witness for the State. He had made scientific examinations of samples of Ariosa purchased from Grocer White in the open market. He found that each Ariosa berry contained an average of 300 bacteria. Mr. Kirchmaier further testified that other coffees he examined contained few bacteria or none at all. He declared that the glazed coffee was not a wholesome food product.

Chemist Schmidt, of Cincinnati, corroborated the testimony of Prof. Kirchmaier. The State did not present further testimony.

The defense through the Arbuckles, who prepared this glazed coffee, secured some of the most eminent chemists and scientists in the United States to give testimony in their behalf. Prof. H. W. Wiley, of the United States Agricultural Department; Prof. Vaughn of Ann Arbor University; Profs. Bleile and Webber, of the Ohio State University, were called to defend Ariosa. Dr. Wiley had made a careful examination of the method of manufacturing Ariosa. He told of the 19,000,000 eggs used by the Arbuckles yearly in the preparation of this glazing. On this point in cross examination, the State's attorney deftly drew from him the information that these eggs might be kept in cold storage by the Arbuckles for a year or two at a time.

The experts who heard Dr. Wiley's testimony were pleased to be able to "catch" so famous a chemist. The doctor at one point in his testimony explained very clearly how it is that the egg put into the coffee pot by the house wife settles the coffee. He said that the heat coagulates the egg, and as it sinks to the bottom of the pot it carries the fine particles of coffee with it, and thus clarifies the drink. It is the act of coagulation in the coffee pot that does the work. Later on in his cross examination, he had to admit that when the egg was put on Ariosa coffee at the factory it became coagulated, and as egg cannot be coagulated but once, that the coating on coffee was practically no value, as a "settler" when it reached the coffee pot.

Prof. Wiley acknowledged that the glazing might be a favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria, although he would not testify positively either way because he was not a bacteriologist.

Prof. Vaughn, of Ann Arbor, also a witness for the Arbuckles, said he found bacteria on Ariosa coffee.

Prof. Bleile, another witness for the defense, found any number of lively bacteria on Ariosa coffee he examined, and he agreed that glazed coffee surely was a more favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria than unglazed coffee.

Pure Food Commissioner Blackburn says: "The State is very much elated over its victory against this corporation. We are now considering the advisability of informing every grocer in the State of Ohio that it is an infraction of the laws to sell Ariosa, and at the same time give warning to consumers that the coffee is an adulterated food article."

The verdict of the jury in this case is of national importance because a great many other States have pure food laws like that of Ohio, and it is natural to suppose that similar action will be taken by other Pure Food Commissioners to prevent the sale of glazed coffees.

Washington's Fastidious Kinsman.

Lawrence, earl of Ferrers, a distant relative of George Washington, had a most tyrannical temper, and one day in a fit of passion he cut down with his sword his steward, an old gentleman named Johnson. The latter had given no provocation for the deed, and the crime was an act of brutality inexcusable save that the earl may not have been well balanced mentally. He was brought to trial for killing Johnson and demanded and received the privilege of being tried by his peers.

The house of lords was thronged during the hearing. The evidence proved to be conclusive, and Ferrers was sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn. Appeals were made to the king for clemency, but in vain. Ferrers met his fate with considerable bravado. He was carefully attired for the occasion and insisted on providing a silken cord for the ceremony. To this whim the executioner agreed, and the earl was turned off otherwise like any other felon.

Apple Pie Order.

To feel in apple pie order is a phrase which dates back to Puritan times—to a certain Hepzibah Merton. It seems that every Saturday she was accustomed to bake two or three dozen apple pies, which were to last her family through the coming week. These she placed carefully on her pantry shelves, labeled for each day of the week, so that Tuesday's pies might not be confused with Thursday's nor those presumably large or intended for washing and sweeping days eaten when household labors were lighter. Aunt Hepzibah's "apple pie order" was known throughout the entire settlement and originated the well known saying.

A Financial Discussion.

Chronic Borrower—Can you lend me $20 for a few days?

Weary Friend—Why don't you pawn your watch?

"Because it is a keepsake from my dear mother, and I don't like to part with it."

"My money is a keepsake from my dear father, and I don't like to part with it, either."—Exchange.

GRANT'S RETREAT.

The General Went When a Policeman's Club Pointed the Way.

Speaking of nightsticks reminds me of seeing General Grant in his to my mind greatest hour, the only time he was ever beaten, and by a policeman. I told his son, Fred Grant, of it when he became a police commissioner in the nineties, but I do not think he appreciated it. He was not cast in his great father's mold. The occasion I refer to was after the general's second term in the presidency. He was staying at the Fifth Avenue hotel, when one morning the Masonic temple was burned. The fire line was drawn half way down the block toward Fifth avenue, but the police were much hampered by the crowd and were out of patience when I, standing by, saw a man in a great ulster with head buried deep in the collar, a cigar sticking straight out, coming down the street from the hotel. I recognized him at sight as General Grant. The policeman who blocked his way did not. He grabbed him by the collar, swung him about and, hitting him a resounding whack across the back with his club, yelled out:

"What's the matter with you? Don't you see the fire lines? Chase yourself out of here and be quick about it."

The general never said a word. He did not stop to argue the matter. He had run up against a sentinel and when stopped went the other way. That was all. The man had a right to be there; he had none. I was never so much an admirer of Grant as since that day. It was true greatness. A smaller man would have made a row, stood upon his dignity and demanded the punishment of the policeman. As for him, there was probably never so badly frightened a policeman when I told him whom he had clubbed. I will warrant he did not sleep for a week, fearing all kinds of things. No need of it. Grant probably never gave him a thought.—Jacob Riis in Outlook.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Mercury's year is only 88 days, that of Venus 225 days and of Mars 687 days.

Cumulus, or thunder clouds, rarely rise over two miles. Seven miles is the outside height for any cloud.

The edge of the moon is so broken by peaks, ridges and valleys that the length of totality during a solar eclipse is affected by them.

The sun's heat raises from the earth 37,000,000 tons of water a minute. To do the same work artificially a cube of coal 200 miles deep, wide and high would have to be burned every second.

The archaic, wasteful "beehive" oven process of making charcoal has been superseded in many parts of Germany by modern methods which save all the ammonia, gas, tar and other products of the wood.

A human body contains some of the small things of nature. The blood, for example, is a colorless liquid in which little red globules are floating. Every drop of it contains about a million of the globules, and they are susceptible of division into smaller globules still.

Making the Blind See.

Success in desperate cases by conservative treatment is the lesson often repeated and yet never quite sufficiently learned by any physician or surgeon. The infinite ingenuity behind the healing processes, the never renounced struggle toward normality, is an ever renewed source of wonder. All that is needed to elicit it is confidence in it, delay in doing anything radical, watchfulness to follow up the hints to action as they begin to show themselves.

We know of a living and happy patient who ten years ago had albuminuric retinitis from long existing Bright's disease despite what all the textbooks say as to "two years" in such cases. "Don't do the irrevocable thing until forced to do it" is the warning that has saved many organs and lives. Above all, never proceed with surgery ("the despair of medicine") until physiologic and medical methods have been exhausted.

The Wiener Klinischer Wochenschrift tells of the success of Herr Heller, director of an asylum for the blind, in educating the remnant of visual power retained by a "blind" child. There was only perception of light in a narrowed field left, but this by education was made to yield such indications to the eager mind that after 14 months of endeavor the boy has very useful vision, can distinguish colors and forms and even can read.

There are possibly thousands of blind people who have renounced vision instead of cultivating it to a degree that would render the blind types useless.—American Medicine.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The pouch of a pelican is large enough to contain seven quarts of water.

For mountain climbing camels are very inefficient and seldom used in Abyssinia and other mountainous countries.

Sparrows begin housekeeping very expeditiously. A pair of them will build a nest and furnish it with an egg inside of 24 hours from the time when the site was selected.

The female red grouse is said to vary its dress according to surroundings. It is a fact worth remembering that the red grouse occurs in no other part of the world but the British isles.

No one has been able to give a satisfactory reason for the formation adopted by the wild duck or mallard in flight. The birds arrange themselves in two converging lines, like a huge V, the leader occupying the point.

The ostrich is a descendant of a genus of bird which in prehistoric times attained an enormous size. In the alluvial deposits of Madagascar evidence has recently been found to show that ostriches 14 and 15 feet in height once lived on the island.

Stevenson's Cup of Misery.

R. L. Stevenson, writing in 1893 to George Meredith, in an epistle quoted in a new edition of his "Letters," says, with heart touching pathos:

"For 14 years I have not had a day's real health. I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long, it seems to me, I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now—have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific—and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle so that it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least, I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head."

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by the 200 Associates Real Estate Co. to Mary E. Brigham dated Nov. 4, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2609, Page 424, for breach of the condition thereof, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, September 4th, 1901,

at four o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, viz:—A certain parcel of land, with the improvements thereon, situated in Woburn, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, containing 7114 square feet, more or less, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Broad street the line runs west of south by land of the City of Woburn 127 and 4-10 feet to a corner; thence north of west by land now, or formerly, of one Ellis, and land now, or formerly, of John Winn and Charles W. Bennett, 55 feet and 3 inches to a stake; thence east of north by land now or formerly of John G. Flagg 124 feet to a stake; thence south of east on and by said Broad street 57 feet and 9 inches to the point of beginning.

Above described premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles and assessments, if any.

$200 cash at sale.

MARY E. BRIGHAM, Mortgagee.

GEO. H. REED, Att'y,
7 Water St., Boston.

WILMINGTON, MASS., July 31, 1901.

TO THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:

Respectfully represent the undersigned, Inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, that High Street in the northerly part of said town extending from Woburn street to Middlesex Avenue is in need of relocation and alteration, particularly near the house of G. Arthur Sidelinker.

Wherefore we pray you will cause said street to be relocated, widened and altered.

G. W. SIDELINKER and seven others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the first day of August, A. D., 1901:

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the North Wilmington Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad in said Wilmington on the ninth day of September, 1901, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy attest

EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Luther A. Gould, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Ellen J. Gould, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

BIDS

—FOR—

SALT GRASS.

Proposals will be received up to and including August 15, 1901, for the standing salt grass on the marshes bordering the Mystic River in Medford, Mass., taken by the Park Commissioners, comprising about 175 acres. Full particulars can be obtained of B. C. Leonard, Chairman, No. 87 Milk street, Boston, to whom all bids should be sent. The right to reject any and all proposals is reserved.

B. C. LEONARD,
Chairman Park Commissioners.

Medford, Mass., August 9, 1901.

Salem Willows

DAILY 10.30 A. M.

"A Garden in the Ocean."

Five hours' sail, band concerts, dancing and many other attractions. Weather permitting.

50 Cents for the Round Trip.

Steamer at Winthrop Wharf, 400 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

For Sale

AT A BARGAIN.

At No. 53 Pleasant street, a **Second-hand PIANO**, and other articles of Household Furniture.

OLIVER F. BRYANT, Ex.,
371 Main street.

Woburn, Aug. 9, 1901.

An Anecdote of General Jackson.

General Jackson, while on one of his journeys to Tennessee about the time of the nullification excitement, arrived at a Virginian village in a very impatient state of mind, both with public affairs and with the state of the roads. The president was entertained as a guest at the house of a lady in the village, and, although he tried to be polite, the state of vexation which he was in affected him visibly.

His hostess, at the supper table, was much alarmed to see the general swallowing with great rapidity a cup of almost boiling hot tea.

"Wait—wait, general!" exclaimed the lady; "let me give you some cold water."

"No, thank you, ma'am," said the general, continuing to drink.

"But I don't see how you can drink that boiling hot tea without scalding yourself."

"No wonder you can't, ma'am," said Jackson. "I am scalding myself."

"But, sir, why do you"—

"Good gracious, ma'am!" exclaimed the general, "don't you see that I want to scald myself?"

The lady refrained from making any further suggestions as to her distinguished guest's comfort.

Information Desired.

The rural postoffice is the bureau of general information no less so in Georgia than in Vermont, and the Atlanta Constitution reports a conversation precipitated by an old darky who approached the village postmaster and said:

"Any letters fer me?"

"No."

"Any postal cards?"

"No."

"Is my paper come?"

"No."

"Got any almanacs?"

"No."

"Well, does you know anybody what wants to buy a live alligator?"

Sliding to Happiness.

Old Lady—And so you expect to get married when you grow up?

Little Girl—Of course. Everybody gets married. I won't say "no" like Aunt Lucy did and be an old maid. No, indeed.

"Perhaps you won't like those who ask you."

"Oh, yes, I will. I feel sure that when a real nice little boy—I mean man—comes to ask me to get married I'll be so happy I won't wait to run down stairs to meet him. I'll just slide down the balusters."

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX SS.

MALDEN, July 18th, 1901.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on **Saturday, the 31st day of August, A. D., 1901**, at 9 o,clock A. M., at my office, No. 17 Howard street, in said Malden, all the right, title and interest that Horace S. Buck of Reading, formerly of Wilmington, in said County had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the 22nd day of March, A. D., 1901, at 1.15 o'clock P. M., that being the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described real estate, to wit: A certain lot or parcel of land, and the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northeast corner of said lot at a stake and stones at Woburn street; thence running westerly by land of the heirs of Isaiah Baker, as the fence now stands, to the wall at land formerly of Melcher Kramer's heirs, but now of Henry L. Carter; thence southerly by said land of said Carter, as the fence now stands, to the corner of the ditch in the meadow; thence easterly and southerly by land of Nathan B. Eames and land now or formerly of Joshua Gowing, by the ditch, to the corner of the wall at land now, or formerly, of Joshua Gowing aforesaid; thence easterly by the last mentioned land to land formerly of Jonathan Buck 2nd, but now of Charles Buck; thence northerly by land last mentioned to a stake and stones; thence easterly by said land last mentioned to said Woburn street; thence northerly by said Woburn street to the bound first mentioned; containing eighteen acres, more or less; being the premises described in a deed from Otis C. Buck to Nathan E. Buck, dated May 12, 1855, and recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds in Book 2, Page 285.

ALSO ANOTHER parcel of land situated in the easterly part of said Wilmington containing two and ninety-two hundredths acres, and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stake on the northerly side of Concord street, distant about sixty-three feet from land of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and at land of Henry L. Carter; thence easterly one hundred and forty-seven feet; thence southeasterly three hundred and thirty feet; thence northerly two hundred and thirty-one feet to a stake at Lubber Brook; the three last boundaries being on land of said Carter; thence in a generally easterly course nine hundred and seventy feet, more or less, by said brook to said Concord street; thence northwesterly by said street eleven hundred and fifteen feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises described in a deed from L. H. Eames and H. M. Eames to said Nathan E. Buck, dated December 23, 1896, and recorded in said Registry in Book 282, Page 378.

Intending to include in both the above descriptions all the land in Wilmington of which the said Nathan E. Buck died seized, however otherwise the same may be bounded or described. The interest of the defendant therein is supposed to be one undivided tenth thereof which came to him by descent from his ancestor, the said Nathan E. Buck, subject to the inchoate right of dower of the defendant's wife, the whole estate being subject to an estate of dower unassigned, to which the widow of the said Nathan E. Buck is entitled.

LYMAN H. RICHARDS,
Deputy Sheriff.

BEST TRIPS. BEST BOATS.

BAY LINE

The Magnificent New Steamer Cape Cod for

PLYMOUTH

Every day, at 10 A. M.

The New, seagoing Steamer Martinique for

PROVINCETOWN

Week days 9 45, Sundays 10 A. M. Music by Bay Line Band and Orchestra From Bay Line Wharf, 410-430 Atlantic Ave., Boston, (weather permitting).

Fare—Plymouth, (round trip), $1 00 Provincetown, Daily Excursion, $1 00; stop-over tickets, $1 50. Children, half fare. Staterooms. Refreshments. Tel. 2216 Main.

Subject to change without notice.

J. R. BACON, Gen. Mgr.

Daily Ocean Trips

See (without a Telescope) the Picturesque North and South Shore from the

STEAMER

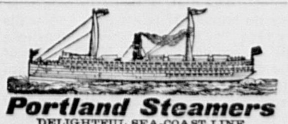
New Brunswick

(weather permitting,) every day except Saturday at 10.30 A. M. Saturday at 2 P. M. From Union Wharf, Commercial street (near North Ferry.) Concerts by Colonial Military Band and Orchestra. Grand Staterooms. Elegant Dining Saloon, with perfect hotel service.

Fare, 50c. Children, 25c.

Take East Boston Ferry cars. Special rates for Day Parties and Moonlights.

COLONIAL S. B. CO., Union Wharf, or 64 Federal street.



Portland Steamers

DELIGHTFUL SEA-COAST LINE.

The Superb New Steel Steamship, "Gov. Dingley," and the Staunch and Palatial Steamer "Bay State" En-Route to Old Orchard Beach, White Mountains, Booth Bay and other Sea-Coast points, also Interior Resorts of the State of Maine.

Largest, finest and most powerful steamers on the New England Coast, and their unsurpassed accommodations make travel a rest and pleasure.

Leave India Wharf, Boston, and Portland every evening, at 7 o'clock. Connections made at Portland with the earliest trains and steamers to all points East.

LOCAL FARE, $1.00. Through excursion rates *lower than any other route*. Send for circular.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Manager, Portland.
CHAS. R. LEWIS, Agent, Boston.

To Let.

A House with all modern improvements, in one of the most desirable locations in this city, at a reasonable rent. Apply at the JOURNAL office.

Public Attention

Is called to the unusual opportunity of securing a splendid pair of Horses, (or will be sold singly,) also one Handsome Double Carriage and Harness, One Nearly New Stanhope Buggy, two Pheatons, two Sleighs together with all the Harnesses, Robes, Whips and other contents of the stable of the late Dr. James H. Conway.

All the above are in First Class Condition and can be seen at his late residence, No. 19 Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Per order ANNIE M. CONWAY
Administratrix.

To Let.

A neat and pleasant 6-room Tenement with attic, centrally located, rent reasonable.

Apply to J. M. ELLIS,
Salem street.

C. M. Strout & Co

AGENT FOR THE

"Palace Regent"

Furnace

One of the best and most economical on the market today. It took a prize at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Rubber Hose at All Prices.

The "National Blue Flame" Oil Stove is the Best.

Telephone 124-7.

Brown's Charcoal

10c. Bag

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Telephone 133-2.

By E. J. GREGORY, - Auctioneer,
Office: 10 Tremont St., Boston.

Public Auction

Administratrix Sale on

Wednesday, August 14,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, No. 19 Winn Street, Woburn, will be offered for sale to the highest bidder without reserve, the Horses and Carriages of the late Dr. J. H. Conway, viz:—2 good Horses, (matched), three Buggies, Stanhope, Corning, Phaeton, one extra fine Double Carriage, rubber tires, cost $400, almost new, with pole, double and single Harnesses, 2 Sleighs, 2 genuine Buffalo Robes, Robes, Whips, Weights, Stable Tools, &c. This is a rare chance to secure horses and carriages, as Dr. Conway always had the best in that line. All can be seen at the stable at any time up to the sale.

We Are Headquarters

—FOR—

Hampden Cream.

FRESH DAILY.

It's here for you. At

J. LINNELL,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telep one, 128-6.

"Steal Sealins."
"Steil Ceelings."
"Ceal Steelings."
"Tin Sealings."

(A few choice extracts from our mail.) They al mean one thing, and that is that

STEEL CEILING

is the only practical remedy for old and broken plaster. Not necessary to take down the old plaster ceiling. Send for catalogue.

Inexpensive—Decorative—Durable.

W. L. WEDGER & CO.,
10 India Street, BOSTON.

To Let.

THE DR. CONWAY RESIDENCE,

No. 19 Winn street, Woburn, late home of Dr. James H. Conway, for rent on reasonable terms. It is a desirable location for a Doctor. In perfect order.

Apply to MRS. ANNIE CONWAY, on the premises.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Strong Again.

The woman who knows the full value of health is the woman who has lost it and regained it; the woman who from being weak and sickly is once again made a strong woman. Half a million weak and sickly women have been made strong and well by the aid of Dr. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription." It cures the ills which weaken women. It regulates the periods, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It nourishes the nerves and so cures nervousness. It promotes a healthy appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College Street, Jacksonville, Ills. "Words cannot express what I suffered. *I sought relief among the medical profession and found none.* Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pain, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."

Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets with "Favorite Prescription" if the bowels are inactive or irregular.

"TOILER, CANST THOU DREAM?"

Toiler, canst thou dream
At the seam, at the plow?
Higher heritage than kings
Hast thou.

Canst thou read in star or weed,
Answer to thy heart's deep cry?
Gold nor gem nor love's own crown
So satisfy.

Toiler, canst thou wait,
Through the storm black hour, elate,
Ruler of thy recreant will,
Dominant of fate?

Toiler, canst thou trust?
From the dust stand and tell,
Though the tears come streaming, all—
All is well!

—Lulu W. Mitchell in Century.

A MAD RIDE.

A Philadelphian's Adventure on a Stagecoach.

A party of gentlemen composed of half a dozen prominent citizens were assembled recently in the smoking room of the Art club when the conversation drifted to modern traveling conveniences, and one of the number observed that while we had gained most marvelously in point of rapidity and luxury we had lost the poetry of travel as exemplified by the old fashioned coach, with its belled and caparisoned horses, its flourish of tasseled whip and the merry winding horn. The speaker was stopped by another of the party, whose face had signified his uneasiness at the description.

"Don't, my dear sir," said this gentleman, who is a power in the financial circles of Philadelphia. "Your reminiscence is very pretty, but your mention of the antebellum stagecoach revived a memory which is even yet a horror to me, though it is over 35 years old. I had an experience in one of your lauded vehicles once that afterward made me walk nearly 100 miles to keep from entering another, and to this day whenever I am unwell or troubled in any way I am sure to dream of the occurrence, and my wife, hearing me groaning, will awaken me, with the cold perspiration flowing from my body, and say, 'Dreaming again of your stagecoach fright, aren't you?' And yet I flatter myself that I am not more cowardly than most men."

The company insisted on the story. It was given, as follows:

"As most of you know, my father's death followed close on the heels of his failure in business, leaving me, his son and only surviving member of his family, without a penny. I left college; but, wholly unfitted for any work, I found myself on the verge of starvation, so I left Philadelphia and started west, turned up finally in Virginia City. I was pretty desperate by this time and glad enough to accept an offer made me to drive the stage to Sacramento. It was not a long drive nor an unpleasant one, though in parts rather dangerous or at least requiring careful driving and steady horses.

"I had made several trips very successfully, when one morning I left Virginia City with a single passenger. This was a man of slight, delicate build, rather undersized, too; dressed in heavy clothes, which struck me at once as peculiar, for the day was a lovely June one. Another thing impressed me disagreeably in my passenger—his eyes were a bright, unnatural blue, with something in their furtive glance that spoke ill for his conscience or his wits, though I did not think of the latter then.

"It was a very unusual thing for the stage to carry so light a load, and I found myself lingering a few minutes behind time to see if more were not coming, for I had a vague dislike which must have been a presentiment against setting off alone with my queer passenger. There was nothing for it, though, but to go, so I started, hoping to pick up others on the road. I did not, however, and gradually I lost my depression, though it was a lonely ride without any one to speak to, for, unlike most people who patronized the line, the man showed no disposition to talk or to question the driver, so after one or two attempts to draw him out I let my gentleman alone.

"After awhile, however, he began to complain aloud, though to himself, at my management of the horses, but I took no notice of his growling. We had by that time reached the mountains and entered on a narrow strip of road along the brow of a canyon, at the bottom of which gleamed a tiny thread of silver, which I knew to be the river. It was a sheer descent of 700 feet, and I usually checked the horses at that part of the journey. I had done this, when my passenger stuck his head out of the window and demanded if I meant to keep up that funeral pace, but did not give me time to answer, and thrust out his hand with a revolver clasped in it.

"'Get off that seat,' he yelled. 'I will drive myself!'

"I saw he would not hesitate to shoot me, so climbed down with alacrity, when he advanced toward me and, threatening me still with the pistol, made me get into the stage.

'Do you know who I am?' he asked. 'Well, I'm the devil, and I'm going to drive you to hell.'

"This speech and his looks, which were those of a lunatic, and a dangerous one, too, in his excitement, told me the truth, and I can tell you I felt the icy sweat break over me, but I climbed meekly into the coach and watched the madman mount to my seat. I could only hope that he would still retain wit enough to drive slowly, but the first thing he did was to bring the lash down upon the horses with a viciousness that made them start into a frenzied run, and then the maddest, most terrible journey a man ever undertook began.

"The stage spun along like a crazy top, the horses galloping wildly, springing wildly now and then to a cut from the shouting driver's whip, while, absolutely sick with terror, I had not strength to leap into the road, as I made up my mind to do time and again. I would undoubtedly have been killed at the rate at which we were going, and it was the bare shred of hope, which they say never wholly leaves us, that kept me from springing out. Part of the time I crouched on the floor, hiding my face in the cushions; but, fascinated by the terrible scene outside, I could not refrain from looking out upon it again and again. On one side rose a perpendicular wall of rock as bare as my hand. On the other and barely five feet from where I looked out were the canyon and certain death.

"The stage swayed fearfully, and every time the whip cut into the horses they would swing it to the very verge of the precipice, when I could look down the wall and see the river's gleam, when I would throw myself against the opposite side of the vehicle. Once the hind wheels literally hung over the edge for the thousandth part of a second, though it seemed an eternity to me, but were jerked on to the road again just as I felt the stage drag back into the chasm.

"I remember screaming like a frightened child and standing up in the stage laughing horribly when I saw the wheels back in the road. I doubt if the madman on the box was further off his balance than I at that moment. He was standing up, though how he could have retained his footing was a marvel to me, and yelling with delight, occasionally breaking out into a screaming song, varied by bursts of laughter.

"We had covered nearly five miles when the road widened several feet, and all at once I saw as we tore by the faces of a group of men drawn to one side to let us pass. I shrieked to them in a wild cry for help, but as our speed was undiminished made up my mind the noise we made had kept them from hearing me or that it was impossible for them to overtake us. But even as I despaired I heard a hoarse cry and, looking out, saw my lunatic's body hurled from his seat into the road and the next minute felt the horses checked and finally stopped. The door of the stage was flung open and a bearded face thrust in, when I threw myself into a pair of strong arms and knew no more.

"When I came to, I heard a voice say: 'Give the chap 'nother swallow o' the stuff, Jim. He's comin to.' Some fiery liquor trickled down my throat, and, opening my eyes, gasping, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of roughly dressed men, but they, to my eyes, had the appearance of angels. They were miners, who, judging from the driver's actions, had guessed something of the truth and, hearing my cry for help, had stopped the stage. This was accomplished by two of them catching hold of and climbing up over the boot behind and over the top and thus reaching the seat, from which they knocked the madman and secured the lines.

"On examination the lunatic was found to be only stunned, when we bound him securely and took him back to Virginia City, where he was identified as a prosperous merchant from Carson City who had recently lost his mind through grief over the death of his wife. I joined my rescuers in their search for gold, and in six months we had struck it rich, when, selling out my share for $50,000, I returned to Philadelphia, having had enough of the west and its adventures."

An Interesting Old Watch.

A curious treasure, a watch which belonged to Louis XIV, is preserved in the presbytery of Ragnonnas, in Avignon. The king gave away the watch under the following interesting circumstances: Before the building of the suspension bridge from Avignon to Ragnonnas a ferry was made use of, which from time immemorial belonged to a family by the name of Arnoux. A member of this family one evening 200 years ago took over a company of great noblemen and in so doing showed extraordinary skill. One of the gentlemen presented him in recognition thereof with a handful of louis d'or and also with a watch. This man was Louis XIV.

This large, round watch, a masterpiece, has a silver case, which is so artistically chased that it resembles a fine spider web. On the lid is the bust picture of the king in laurel wreaths, held below and in the middle by two cupids. The dial, with Latin notations, has no hands. It is pivoted, and while turning the numerals come opposite a lily chased on the edge. The interior of the watch is of the same fine workmanship and the mechanism a marvel of precision. The watch is still attached to the same now faded cord with which 200 years ago Louis XIV took it from his pocket to present it to the ferryman of Ragnonnas.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Tales of the Finger Nails.

That the mental condition of a person who is suffering from some physical ailment may be judged from the condition of the finger nails was recently shown by Dr. Marco, an Italian physician, who has for some time been making investigations in this direction.

According to him, a patient whose nails are not quite smooth, but contain many furrows, is subject to acute diseases, since it is the inability to take adequate nourishment, caused by such diseases, which makes the nails defective. He also maintains that a series of grooves will be found in the nails of those persons who are mentally unbalanced and especially of those who are periodically afflicted by some form of mental disturbance and that from a simple examination of the nails any skilled physician can tell how frequent and how violent the mental attacks will be.

Artistic.

"An artistic girl," said the painting teacher, "is one who will pin blush roses upon a sky blue frock. An inartistic girl is one who will wear blue ribbon with a pink frock. Some eyes might not see any difference between the two combinations, but there's all the difference in the world. One girl has no warrant for what she does. The other has all nature for her authority."

Mrs. Frank Carter,
3 Merrill Street, Amesbury, Mass.

This letter should carry Faith and Conviction to the Hearts of all Sick Women.

"I suffered with inflammation and falling of the womb and other disagreeable female weaknesses. I had bad spells every two weeks that would last from eight to ten days and would have to go to bed. I also had headache and backache most of the time and such bearing down pains I could hardly walk across the room at times. I doctored nearly all the time for about two years and seemed to grow worse all the time until last September I was obliged to take my bed, and the doctors thought an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to have done.

"Then a friend advised me to try the Pinkham medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, four boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Dry Form Compound, three boxes of Liver Pills and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and I am as well now as I ever was. I am more than thankful every day for my cure."—Mrs. Frank Carter, 3 Merrill St., Amesbury, Mass.

$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

What We Most Remember.

Memory is for the most part "a trivial fond record" of the affairs of everyday life, and our intense desire not to lose the remembrance of these unimportant everyday matters is one of the greatest testimonies to the predominance of happiness over unhappiness in the world. Do we not feel sorry from our hearts for any one who has lost such an infinitely precious possession without even wondering whether or no there was anything in their past lives worth recollecting? After all, how few are the hours which any of us would blot out of our lives! Those perhaps during which we have witnessed or suffered acute physical or mental pain, the moment when we engendered the worm of remorse which dieth not or those few minutes of humiliation which, whether we trace them to fault or fate, remain in our minds to "vex us like a thing that is raw." But how small is the part we would have taken away compared to the part we would retain!—London Spectator.

An Execution In China.

The poor wretches were made to dig a large square pit, and one by one they were made kneel at the edge with their hands tied behind their backs. A Japanese officer stepped forward and with the ordinary service sword drew it back and forward over the poor wretch's neck, and then with a swift blow it descended, cutting off the head.

The next one was as successful, and then came a terrible spectacle. The Japanese officer, after wiping his sword, drew the back to and fro over the poor wretch's neck three or four times before he struck the fatal blow. Down came the blade on the apex of the skull, cutting about two inches into the neck.

The poor wretch fell into the pit, the Japanese officer climbing down and sawing away at the neck until the head was severed. The heads were immediately carried over to the main road and strung up on poles as an object lesson to the large number of Chinese who were congregated around with blanched faces.—Canadian Magazine.

Recipes For Happiness.

Happiness is not to be procured like hard bake in a solid lump. It is composed of innumerable small items. The recipes for its acquisition are simple, and therefore we ignore them. Love in marriage, fidelity in friendship, affection between parent and children, courtesy in intercourse, devotion to duty and perfect sincerity in every relation of life—those are the ingredients of a happy life. In the quest for happiness one could not do better than put into practice the precepts of the great Persian: "Taking the first step with the good thought, the second step with the good word and the third step with the good deed, I entered paradise."—Sarah Grand.

An Observer.

A correspondent writes: "I was visiting a friend some time ago and naturally in due time wished to take a bath. So, having let a goodly supply of water into the tub, in I stepped, with much pleasure at the prospect of a delightful scrub, when a most matter of fact voice said, 'Going to take a bath?' My heart stood still with terror, and, vainly endeavoring to stretch my washrag to the dimensions of a sheet, I glared wildly around and saw a parrot placidly blinking at me from his cage in the window."—New York Tribune.

The Karroo Bush of South Africa.

The karroo bush provides against drought by roots of enormous length, stretching under ground to a depth of many feet. At the end of a ten months' drought, when the earth is baked brickdust for two feet from the surface, if you break the dried stalk of a karroo bush three inches high you will find running down the center a tiny thread of pale, green tinted tissue still alive with sap.—Fortnightly Review.

Misinformed.

Little Mabel—Papa, does our family own a planet?

Papa—What nonsense, child! Who put that idea into your head?

Little Mabel—Why, I asked the teacher last night what big star it was above us, and she said it wasn't a star, but a planet, and that it was Ma's.—Town and Country.

It Wasn't Necessary.

"What are you doing, Freddie?" said the painfully smart boy's uncle.

"Drawin pictures on my slate."

"What is this supposed to represent?"

"A locomotive."

"But why don't you draw the cars?"

"Why—er—the locomotive draws the cars."—Exchange.

A Reason.

"My dear," said Growells, "you are simply talking nonsense."

"I know it," replied his better half, "but it's because I want you to understand what I say."

A Mint Julep Tragedy.

A northern man stopped at the home of an Alabama planter of the old school and was cordially invited to "Light, sah, and be welcome."

He "lit" and was forthwith invited to take a toddy, in accord with the Alabama rules of hospitality.

"Why," he said, "I saw a nice bed of mint back there. Suppose I get some of it and make a mint julep instead of a toddy."

"A what, sah?" said the planter.

"A mint julep. Haven't you ever tried them?"

"No, sah, nevah; but I'm willing, sah."

They did try the fascinating beverage, not once, but many times, and the northern man went away next day with reluctance.

Two years later his business took him there again. At the gate he was met by the old colored butler, on whose hat, as he doffed it, was seen a band of crape.

"Where's your master, sir?" he inquired of the old darky.

"He's dead, sah; died yestiddy."

"Dead! I'm shocked. What was the cause?"

"Why, sah, 'bout two years ago one o' dem Yankees cum down heah and showed ole marse how to drink weeds in his red likker, and he never stopped twell he died fum it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Four and Its Multiple of Ten.

The number four was anciently esteemed the most perfect of all, being the arithmetical mean between one and seven. Omah, the second caliph, said, "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity." In nature there are four seasons, and the four points of the compass.

Forty, a multiple of four by ten, is one of the sacred numbers. The probation of our first parents in the garden of Eden is supposed to have been 40 years. The rain fell at the deluge 40 days and nights, and the water remained on the earth 40 days. The days of embalming the dead were 40. Solomon's temple was 40 cubits long. In it were ten lavers, each four cubits long and containing 40 baths.

Moses was 40 years old when he fled into the land of Midian, where he dwelt 40 years. He was on Mount Sinai 40 days and 40 nights. The Israelites wandered in the wilderness 40 years. The Saviour fasted 40 days and nights before entering upon public life. The same time elapsed between the resurrection and the ascension.

Didn't Teach Him That Trick.

"That's a werry knowing animal o' yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal through his glass.

"Surprisin!" retorted the keeper. "We've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with half a crown."

The cockney handed the elephant half a crown, and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is very hextraordinary—hastonishing, truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out and 'and it back."

"We never learned him that trick," retorted the keeper and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.—London Tit-Bits.

The Deserving One.

Hoyt, with a playwright friend, was once witnessing the production of a play—not his own—says the New York Clipper. The leading man was well known to be a poor "study," and this night was on very unfamiliar terms with his part. The voice of the prompter was continuously in evidence, though this was overlooked, for the actor was a great favorite.

Just before the end of the act Hoyt went out, but returned a moment later just as the curtain went down on deafening applause.

"Who are they calling for?" he asked of his friend, who answered by naming the leading man, whom, to spare his feelings, we will call X.

"——! (This stands for a little swear word.) I don't see what they want X for. I should think they would call for the prompter."

Just the Same.

Augustus Hare tells this story in his autobiography of a friend who in some ways was one of the most absentminded men in the world:

One day, meeting a friend, he said: "Hello, what a long time it is since I've seen you! How's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead." "God bless me! I'm very sorry."

The next year he met the same man again and had forgotten all about it, so began with: "Hello, what a long time since I've seen you! How's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead still."

The Fisherman's Gamble With Death

In bad weather, the fisherman's wife said, when the boats were out, she could never stay in the house because of the clock. As it ticked she heard nothing but "Wife, widow; wife, widow," over and over again. And, she said, 'tis but the swing of the bob which name should be the true one.—"Cynthia In the West."

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 11.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xv, 1-18. Memory Verses, 5-7—Golden Text, Gen. xv, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision." Among the "these things" must be included the Melchisedek story of the previous chapter which the Holy Spirit considered of such importance that He speaks of it and its relation to Christ in Ps. cx and in Heb. v, vi and vii. Let no teacher therefore pass it by. Note the new name of Deity "the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth," and consider its use elsewhere. The blessing of Him who owns all things enables us to rise above the temptation to look at or long for the things or the help of this world. All believers, as children of Abram, must not fail to give at least the tithes to our Melchisedek. Note the suggestiveness of the bread and wine. We have in our lesson today a good many words and phrases used for the first time, such as "the word of the Lord," "fear not," "shield," "reward," "believed," "righteousness," etc., and as the first use of a word helps us to understand its significance, we have a most important lesson. "The word of the Lord" may refer to the message which came to Abram or it may refer to the messenger, the Lord Himself (John i, 1; Rev. xix, 13). When we read the word of God, we must accept the messages as specially for us. This first "fear not" takes us to the many other similar words in this precious book, among which these have been and are a great help, Isa. vii, 4; xli, 10, 13; xliii, 1; Joel ii, 21; Mark v, 36.

2, 3. "And Abram said, Lord God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless?" He reminded God that he was still childless and seemed to wonder how and when the promised seed would come. His faith was still weak, but growing. Faith cometh by hearing the word of God (Rom. x, 17), and the more of His word we hear and receive the more faith we will have. In the New Testament record the failings are omitted, and only the mighty faith is seen. So when our story is finished it shall be seen that the precious blood has put away all that was of us, and therefore sinful, and only that which was wrought in us by God shall be seen. Note Heb. xi, 8-19; Rom. iv, 18-21.

4-6. "And he believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness." Abram is assured that his heir shall not be any one merely born in his house, but shall be his very own child, whom heaven shall in due time give him. How suggestive the words "Look now toward heaven!" This should be the attitude of every believer at all times, never relying upon an arm of flesh nor upon any human device, but upon the Lord alone. The record of the next chapter had never been if Abram had persisted in looking heavenward. In last lesson we noticed the promise that his seed should be as the stars and its probable significance. Abram received the word. Literally he amen'd God or said amen to God. The Holy Spirit has noticed this three times in the New Testament (Rom. iv, 3, 21, 22; Gal. iii, 6; Jas. ii, 23) and strongly emphasizes this great truth, that the righteousness which God requireth can never become ours by any works of ours, but only by faith in Jesus Christ (Rom. iv, 5; Eph. ii, 8, 9; Titus, iii, 5).

7. "I am the Lord." That should settle everything and dispel every fear. Notice how it begins and ends the seven great "I wills" of Ex. vi, 6-8. Notice it as a sufficient reason for all that God requires of them (Ex. xx, 2; Lev. xxii, 31-33; xxiii, 43) and an all sufficient assurance to them that He will do what He says (Ezek. xxxvi, 22, 23, 32, 36), and the great truth that all nations have yet to learn (xxxviii, 23).

8-11. "Lord God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" Strong and weak, steadfast and wavering, up and down, seems to have been the way with him as he grew in grace and in the knowledge of God. Therefore be not discouraged, weak and trembling one, for the Lord will perfect all that concerns you for His name's sake. The creatures that he took at God's command and prepared as a sacrifice comprised all ever used as types of the great sacrifice of the Son of God. If you ask, "How shall I know?" the answer is, "Behold the Lamb of God." See the love of God in the gift of His dear Son and believe Rom. viii, 32.

12-16. The shadow of coming events casts itself upon him, and the Lord tells him of the coming centuries, of a great bondage and a great deliverance at an appointed time. And so it came to pass. He declares the end from the beginning and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure" (Isa. xlvi, 10). Compare Ex. xii, 40, 41, and note how all came to pass just as the Lord said. See also I Kings xii, 2, and II Kings xxiii, 16, 17, as an illustration of the literal and exact fulfillment of prophecy. Neither Abram nor his seed could inherit the land just then because the iniquity of the inhabitants was not yet full. One reason why our Lord does not come and judge the nations is because their iniquity has not yet come to a head. There is a proper time to lance a boil. Our Lord will not be too late in attending to the gathering.

17. The smoking furnace and the burning lamp describe the way of the people of God as they journey to the kingdom. There will be the furnace, but His word will prove an unfailing lamp. In the world we shall have tribulation. We must through much tribulation enter the kingdom, but we need not be troubled (John xiv, 1, 27; xvi, 33; Acts xiv, 22; Math. xxiv, 6), for nothing can come to us that will not prove to be the best for us in the light of the glory, and His presence will always sustain us (Rom. viii, 28; Isa. xliii, 1, 2).

18-21. Here we have for the first time the boundaries of the land well defined, not simply what we know as Canaan, but from Egypt to the Euphrates, an abundant possession for all Israel when they shall have returned to their own land from all the nations where they are now scattered, for they are to dwell in their land, a united people under one King, never to be scattered or pulled up out of it any more (Ezek. xxxvii, 21, 22; Zeph. iii, 19, 20; Amos ix, 14, 15). He will yet perform the truth to Jacob and the mercy to Abraham which He has sworn from the days of old (Mic. vii, 20). May we be fully persuaded that what God has promised He is able to perform and, fearing no evil, walk humbly with Him in quietness and in confidence.

Crane Island.

In Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, there is a picturesque island which takes its name from the fact that it is uninhabited by man and given over to the cranes. Generations back these birds decided upon this spot for a summer resort. As times went on and the surrounding islands populated no man had the heart to disturb them, until now Crane island is pointed out from passing boats as one of the curiosities of the northwest.

Shaves and Colds.

It is not generally known among men that close shaving is apt to bring on a cold. Barbers, however, are acquainted with this fact, and it is rather on account of it than through any desire to bring their patrons back soon again that they do not, unless ordered to, administer close shaves.

Knew His Papa.

Visitor—Charlie, your father is calling you.

Charlie—Yes; I hear him, but he is calling "Charlie." I don't have to go till he yells "Charles."—Tit-Bits.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Two sisters they; one wanton, light of heart,
Who takes us to her breast and laughs goodby;
One, chaste as ice, in her white room doth lie,
But him she loves she never lets depart!

—Arthur Stringer in Ainslee's Magazine.

Stackpole's Stump Fence

Old Cyrus' Lucky Escape From the Recoil of His Own Hate.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"I don't see but what you will just have to submit, Cyrus," said Colonel Bowker. "The law seems to be pretty clear on the subject. When the state grants a railroad a charter and a town grants it the right of way, the railroad company can take at a fair appraised value any property lying in the line of its survey, provided the owner refuses to sell at an agreed price. That covers the facts in this case. You refuse to sell the company a strip on the south side of your orchard. The state says to the company, 'We give you the right to appropriate that land at our appraisal.' It's no use for the owner to protest. The law can do nothing for him. If there was a ghost of a chance to fight, Cyrus, I'd be glad to do what I could for you. But a lawyer can't do anything when there's no law on his side."

Colonel Bowker tipped his chair back and threw one leg over the corner of his littered table. An old man, trembling with impotent rage, sat in a rickety armchair on the other side of the table. His chin quivered and his thin lips kept opening and shutting as the senior village lawyer spoke.

"Then ef the law can't do anything for me I'll do it for myself," cried the old man, bringing his withered fist down on the arm of the chair. "I'll see ef a man kin be robbed of what's be'n his'n for 50 year and be'n in the family for more'n a hundred!"

"I hope you won't do anything rash, Cyrus," said the colonel blandly. "It's a case where the welfare of the many overrides the welfare of the individual, you see. The law provides no recourse for the individual in such a case."

"I got done with the law, I tell ye!" shouted the old man fiercely. "I'm dependin on myself now. I said ef the law couldn't help me I'd help myself. I'll see ef they kin run their consarned trains through my orchard without my permission. A man's proputty's his own. The' ain't no law that kin knock that fact out o' the Ten Commandments."

Colonel Bowker accompanied his irate client to the door. "Better be cautious, Cyrus," he said as the old man plunged down the steps. "Don't do anything in a hurry. Take time to think it over. And remember that I am always ready to advise you on any point that may come up."

Cyrus Stackpole drove home in a blind rage. He was one of those old men who are as set as the everlasting hills, and the fact that everything seemed to be arrayed against his will in this instance only served to make his resolve the stronger. He was bound and determined that the new railroad should not pass through his orchard. There was no particular reason why it should be denied this right of way except that Cyrus had taken a notion not to allow it. The trees in the orchard had been set out by his father's father, and their knotted and wrinkled trunks and limbs had long since passed the age of fruit bearing. They only served to cumber the ground, but Cyrus would not cut them down and plant new ones. They were a part of the old order of things, and Cyrus was a conservative of the conservatives. A peck of bitter, worm eaten windfalls from the old trees was more to his liking than a bushel of sound and toothsome fruit from younger and more vigorous stock. That the pert modern railroad should desecrate his venerable orchard was not to be endured. It went against the old man's grain, and that grain was exceedingly tough.

As it happened, however, Cyrus Stackpole fell into the clutches of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism soon after his visit to Colonel Bowker's law office and about the time when the railroad men came to grade and prepare the roadbed across his orchard. The work was all done while the old man was groaning and fuming in bed, and by the time he got about again the ties and rails were laid through his orchard. Then the first train came along, roaring triumphantly and vomiting black smoke over what remained of the ancient apple trees.

Upon this Cyrus bestirred himself, though physical exertion still sent excruciating pains through his joints. The regular passenger train schedule had been in operation just a day when he began to do for himself what the law could not or would not do for him. At 3 o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, his wife having driven to the village, Cyrus hitched up a yoke of oxen and began to drag stumps from the stump fence on the north side of the orchard to the railroad bed. He chose the largest and soundest and toughest stumps he could find and by 6 o'clock had a formidable fence built across the railroad on the exact boundary of his orchard. The roots of the stumps bristled in the direction from which the next train would approach, the train from Wilmington, due to pass at 8 o'clock in the evening. Should a locomotive strike those formidable roots the butt of the stump would only be driven firmer into the ground. Something would have to stop or smash, and Cyrus felt confident that it would not be the stump.

It was several minutes past 6 when the horn blew for supper. Cyrus was glad of the extra time and glad that his field of operations was hidden from the house by a rise of land. When he came slowly up from the orchard with the tired oxen, his wife met him at the back door.

"Here's a letter for ye," she said. "Supper's a leetle mite late, but the old mare limps so I couldn't git home as soon's I planned. Better read the letter 'fore ye set down to eat, hadn't ye?"

"No," answered Cyrus, limping to the barn with the oxen. "It'll keep until arter I've had a cup o' tea, I reckon."

Cyrus Stackpole ate his supper deliberately and then sank into the old padded rocker by the window and opened his letter. Hardly had he commenced to read it when, with a startling cry, he sprang to his feet again and ran stumbling to the barn. Her husband's cry and sudden leap caused Mrs. Stackpole to drop a lot of plates she was carrying to the sink, but not even the terrific crash of broken crockery elicited the slightest attention from Cyrus. The letter had fluttered from the old man's hand to the floor as he ran, and Mrs. Stackpole stooped and picked it up with shaking fingers. Something in that letter, she knew, had caused her husband's sudden dismay.

She turned first to the signature. It was from Frank, their own dear boy, from whom they had not heard for two years and whom they had about given up for dead, since he disappeared in the Alaskan goldfields. He wrote:

Dear Father and Mother—I am coming home at last—a rich man! Have been out of the world, practically, since I wrote you last—living in a hut 200 miles beyond civilization. Will tell you all when I see you. Look for me next Tuesday evening. I learn that you have a new railroad now, and I can reach you by train the same evening I get to Wilmington. God bless you both! Lovingly, FRANK.

What was there in that blessed letter that could have caused her husband such distress? Mrs. Stackpole wiped the tears of joy from her eyes and sped out to the barn.

"Cyrus," she cried, "what on airth air ye doing?"

Cyrus was hurriedly replacing the yoke on the necks of the weary oxen. His hands trembled. His face was overspread with an ashen gray pallor.

"Git out o' the way!" he shouted as he lashed the oxen from the barn, the long chain that dangled from the yoke clattering behind. He caught a lantern from a nail and hurried after the startled and bewildered beasts.

"Where air ye going, Cyrus?" demanded his wife, following the distracted old man as he led the oxen over the crest of the hill to the orchard bars. Cyrus made no reply, and his wife followed him. Then she saw the bristling stump fence across the railroad, and the whole dreadful truth flashed upon her. Cyrus had built a fence to stop or wreck the next train, and that was the very train that Frank had written he should take from Wilmington!

The village station was a mile beyond the Stackpole farm. The train would not have even begun to slow down when it passed through the orchard. It was already getting dusk. It would be pitch dark by the time the train came along in just an hour.

Cyrus Stackpole never looked at his wife, but worked with feverish haste, and she did not interrupt him, for she knew that every moment was precious. The oxen strained mightily at the great stumps, but they were so crowded together and interlocked that it was hard to get them off the track. Cyrus had performed his defiant task unfortunately well.

"Light the lantern!" cried the panting old man at last. His wife took the match he flung her and kindled the slight flame in the dusty globe. Cyrus bent and adjusted the chain anew by the candle's feeble light. Then the oxen strained together once more, but the biggest stump of all would not move. The long, tough roots were wedged between and under the rails.

"God!" groaned the old man. It was the shortest of prayers, but it was a prayer and not an imprecation.

"Hark!" cried the trembling old wife. From far off through the darkness came a faint rumbling sound. It was the evening train from Wilmington!

"Cyrus," exclaimed the woman, "red light 'll stop 'em. I've heard so. Hain't we got anything to make a red light with? Quick!"

Cyrus disgorged the contents of all his pockets at one sweep. Among them was an old fashioned red bandanna handkerchief. His wife seized it, with a cry of joy, and, catching up the lantern, hastened down the track toward the approaching train. She turned up the wick of the lantern until it smoked furiously. Then she wrapped the red handkerchief around the globe, held the lantern up in both hands and slowly swayed it to and fro.

The train was almost upon her before the engineer saw the faint red signal. But the airbrakes did their magic work, and the engine stopped within 20 feet of the last huge, bristling stump of Cyrus Stackpole's fence across the railroad. Frank Stackpole was one of the first passengers to leap from the intercepted train.

"What in thunder—why, father's old orchard!" he exclaimed. "And here's—mother!" He caught a tottering, gray haired figure in his strong arms. Mrs. Stackpole, like all heroines, had first accomplished her deed and then fainted away.

The railroad company did not enter a complaint against Cyrus Stackpole. His big, black bearded, healthy son may have had something to do with that and he may not. Very likely the unrestricted and undisputed right of way through the old man's orchard was an inducement. At any rate, the matter was dropped, and Cyrus Stackpole proved to be so subdued in spirit that only two days after his stump fence disappeared from the track he rode through his own orchard on one of the detested trains on his way to Wilmington with his son to buy a brand new suit of clothes and "see the sights."—New York Evening Post.

Timid Applause.

During the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria dramatic performances were given at Windsor castle under the management of Charles Kean. The audiences being limited and stiffly aristocratic, the applause was naturally not especially hearty, and the comedians felt the absence of the more demonstrative approval manifested in the regular theater.

One evening the queen sent an equerry to Mr. Kean to know if the actors would like anything (meaning refreshments), when the actor replied, "Say to her majesty that we should be grateful for a little applause when the spectators are pleased."

Back went the equerry and conveyed the message. At the end of the act there was a slight suggestion of handclapping and exceedingly gentle foot tapping. James Wallack, who knew nothing of the message sent to the queen, hearing the mild demonstration, pricked up his ears and inquired, "What is that?"

Mr. Kean replied, "That, my dear Wallack, is applause."

"God bless me!" retorted Wallack. "I thought it was some one shelling peas."

The Promenade Stopped.

It is related of Captain Deering that once when he was in command of a steamer running from Portland to St. John, he was unable to sleep on account of the ceaseless tramp, tramp of some star gazing passenger on the hurricane deck overhead. After turning and twisting in his berth for half an hour, and the tramping still continuing, Captain Deering, enraged at the loss of his sleep, rushed out in his nightshirt and climbed the ladder to the hurricane deck.

The promenading passenger was frightened half out of his wits by the specter in white climbing up the ladder, but was somewhat reassured when the specter bawled out:

"Say, you; where are you going?"

"To St. John," replied the promenader.

"Got a ticket?" pursued the ghost.

"Of course I have."

"Well, then, you confounded fool, go and lie down somewhere—you needn't walk all the way to St. John," roared the enraged Deering, and the promenader stopped right there.—Baltimore News.

A STRANGER ON THE BLOCK

And How She Showed the Spirit of True Neighborliness.

True neighborliness is lacking in city life. The essence of it is wanting in that woman who calls on the newcomer in the block whose child is taken for its airing by an English nurse in a uniform of black gown, white cuffs, collar and cap and whose door is opened by a man in livery, but who leaves uncalled upon the modest lady who so far forgets herself as to have her marble steps cleaned by a small colored girl with her hair done up in pigtails.

True neighborliness makes no such invidious distinctions. It doesn't depend upon servants at all nor upon the presence of marble statues in drawing room windows, and therefore it is not to be found in the mercenary city. Its real home is in the rural town, where the one curtain stretcher on a street is looked upon as public property and is just as often to be found in the home of Mrs. Brown as it is in that of Mrs. Smith, though the latter, simply because it was paid for with her money, sometimes selfishly tries to delude herself into believing it belongs to her.

A woman visiting in Baltimore tells this story to illustrate the feeling that exists between neighbors in her native town in a county of western Maryland: The woman is looked upon as an authority in most matters by those who surround her, and so one morning, when the maid awakened her at 7:30 o'clock to tell her that a young person wished to see her in the library, the woman jumped up hastily and donned the things she could get into quickest, wondering meanwhile whether Mrs. Allen's baby had another spasm or it was merely an embassador from Mrs. Fuller seeking to borrow the ice cream freezer for the day.

If it were the latter, she determined that she was just going to nerve herself to refuse it, for the last time Mrs. Fuller had borrowed the freezer she had sent it home one Sunday with the handle so broken that the whole thing was useless and with a note saying that she was sorry she had been unfortunate enough to break it, but that she hoped its owner could have it repaired.

It was not an emissary from Mrs. Fuller, however. It was an entirely strange individual who faced the woman when she finally reached her library.

"Good morning," said the stranger politely. "You don't know me, do you? Well, I'm Mrs. Cleve. We've just moved in this block, and I ran in this morning to ask you if you could suggest a way for me to have a lawn dress made. I noticed you had on a pretty one when you passed the house last evening, so I concluded you had good ideas. Do you mind advising me, or perhaps you would lend me your frock to copy."

Now, this was neighborliness—the very essence of that quality, indeed. It was of the sort that waits not for introduction and stays not for formality. But, alas, it can never be injected into city life. It is incidental to living near to nature's heart, and bricks and mortar frighten it out of existence. Had this request been made of a city woman how indignantly would she have spurned it, but the woman who comes from the rural town admits sadly that ten minutes later her new organdie was being carried home by the stranger in the block in triumph.—Baltimore News.

"Trun Down."

"Thrown down," to indicate a rude disappointment or the unexpected wrecking of hope, had its birth in strenuous political times when ex-Representative in Congress Timothy Campbell was in constant and heated action in his district. A political worker had played shuttlecock between Campbell and his opponent until both had lost patience. One of those amiable persons who always know people in trouble approached the double dealing worker one day and said:

"Say, youse got the chanst of yer life. Campbell says he can't turn de trick widout youse. Take a spiel over to de meetin t'night and declare yourself in. He'll take youse up all right."

The political worker went to the meeting that night. The next day when his friend met him he was swathed in bandages and walked with the aid of a cane.

"Hello, hello!" cried the friend. "Did youse go to de Campbell meetin las' night?"

"I did," was the reply.

"Well," asked the other, "didn't Campbell take you up?"

"No," was the funereal response. "He trun me down, an he trun me hard."

"Thrown down" was thus started on its career.—Review of the Republic.

A Comical Blunder.

One of the most ludicrous mistakes made by the telegraph was caused by the loss of a single dot in a telegram from Brisbane to a London news agency. As it reached London it read, "Governor general twins first son," which the news agency "edited" and sent around to the papers in the following form: "Lady Kennedy, the wife of Sir Arthur Kennedy, governor general of Queensland, yesterday gave birth at government house, Brisbane, to twins, the firstborn being a son."

The telegram arriving in the small hours of the morning, there was no time to check it or refer to Debrett, and it was published by most of the newspapers in London and the provinces and caused an unexpected sensation. Sir Arthur's friends pointed out with conclusive force that some one had blundered, as there never was a Lady Kennedy, Sir Arthur being a bachelor.

The repeat message which followed read:

"Governor general turns first sod," referring to a railway ceremony.

His Only Request.

It happened once that a faithful Moslem married, but when he saw his wife she proved to be very unprepossessing. Some days after the marriage his wife said to him, "My dove, as you have many relatives, I wish you would let me know before whom I may unveil." "My gazelle," he replied, "if thou wilt only hide thy face from me I care not to whom thou showest it."

Extremes.

Mrs. Crawford—So you haven't found the course of lectures on cooking you attended to be of much practical use?

Mrs. Crabshaw—No, my dear. They either told you how to prepare terrapin and canvasback or else how to live on 15 cents a day.—Life.

Japan is the largest consumer of rice in the world, the average being 300 pounds a person a year. The Americans use but four pounds per capita.

It has been estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 deer feed in the forests of Scotland and that 4,000 stags are killed annually.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LI. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 16. 1901. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 37.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00 A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. Sunday at 8 45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M., Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and, every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Boston & Northern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 7.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8 15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET
— AND —
PEACH CREAM
MADE FROM
NEW FRUIT.
Crawford's - -
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TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
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TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

The Wise Man
Does not wait until he sees a storm coming before he sets about mending his leaky roof. Neither does he await the approach of another Winter to repair or replace his defective heating apparatus. Prices are lower now than for several years, with a rise in prospect.
EDWARD E. PARKER,
HEATING ENGINEER,
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Telephone 28-2.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

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Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
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B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate. By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Seth T. Gifford and Phoebe A. Gifford his wife; in her own right, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank dated December 1, 1887 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1828, Folio 534, and duly assigned to me, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Tuesday the 17th day of September, 1901 at eleven o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., all and singular the premises conveyed in and by said mortgage deed, substantially described as follows:—namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon situated on the northerly side of Pleasant street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises, on said Pleasant street, at land of Rufus P. Crosby; from thence the line runs northerly, by land of said Crosby, two hundred and twenty-six feet, more or less, to land now or formerly of Andrew D. Craig; thence easterly by said land of Craig, thirty-five feet, more or less, to a corner of the fence, to land formerly of Stephen Dow; thence southerly by said land of Dow, two hundred and twenty-six feet, more or less, to said Pleasant street; thence westerly, by and with said Pleasant street, forty-five feet, more or less, to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to said Phoebe A. Gifford by George W. M. Hall, by deed dated March 2, 1878, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1467, Page 246. Said premises will be sold and conveyed subject to any and all taxes and assessments thereon. Terms of sale $500.00 cash at sale, and balance within ten days.

EDWARD L. GOODWIN,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

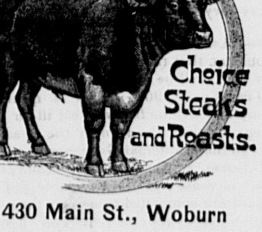
Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward


430 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

UPHOLSTERING!
C. L. SMITH,
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass
(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

☞ Office closed during August.
DR. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

BALLAD OF LOST SHIPS.

Where are they gone, those galleys fair,
The treasure ships that sailed the main
With snowy sails that caught the air,
Sun gilded as a golden stain
On ocean's limit? Not again
Will they o'er rolling waters sweep,
With seaweed wrapped; they long have lain
In darkened caverns of the deep.

What matters now the quick despair,
The shriek of cordage, clank of chain?
They went the way that all must fare,
And brief the struggle, dull the pain,
A blurring of the sense and brain,
As the engulfing waves upleap,
And now they rest on ocean's plain
In darkened caverns of the deep.

They lie in halls of ocean, where
Forever, with a murmuring strain,
The softly swaying waters bear
With myriad tongues a low refrain.
These light dissolved depths contain
What hopes and quests and so shall keep,
While sun shall shine and moon shall wane,
In darkened caverns of the deep.

ENVOY.

Captains and crews who would attain
Both fame and wealth, how fast you sleep,
And find your dreams of riches vain
In darkened caverns of the deep.

—H. E. Millholen in New York Commercial Advertiser.

FOR TOM'S SAKE.

How a Mother Protected the Good Name of Her Son.

Outside the apple trees were black and silver in the moonlight, and the daffodils that bordered the path shone faintly golden. Inside the two old women rocked and knitted. It had been so long since either had spoken that the last words seemed like dim memories of some far distant past. When Martha Whipple brought her chair to a sudden stop, the movement had something startling in it. She leaned forward impressively, her round florid face settling into heavy lines of determination.

"It's borne in on me to say something to you, Mary," she began. "I've set out to do it more'n once, an then I've backed out. It's jest what everybody's sayin. I hope you won't lay it up against me if I tell you what's for your own good. It's four years now since Tom went away, an three since he was married, an he ain't never come home, though he knows you're a-lookin for him. I guess there ain't been a night since he was married that you ain't lit up the best room an opened the front door as if you thought he an that city wife of his might come walkin up the path any minute. Sometimes I've got fairly ragin over it. All this time you've been a-watchin an a-waitin, an you've never set eyes on him nor his wife nor baby. Now I tell you what it is: I'd jest make up my mind if I was you to let it all go. 'Tain't right for a perfessor to wear herself out so."

She stopped short, staring at her friend. The little old woman had risen to her feet, trembling with excitement. "We've been neighbors 30 years, Martha Whipple," she said, "but if you say another word I'll never forgive you as long as you live. I guess you'd better go. I guess 'twould be safer so, an, besides, I've got considerable to do tonight. I didn't tell you before, but I'm goin down to Tom's tomorrow."

Miss Martha had risen with tragic indignation, but the news was too much for her. She turned back in undisguised amazement.

"For the land's sake, why didn't you say so?" she exclaimed. "Can't I help you get ready? How long do you calculate to stay?"

"I calculate I'd be gone about a week. Being the spring of the year, I can't stay longer, for there's the garden to see to. I ain't got much to do to get ready. If you'd feed the cat once a day—'twouldn't do no good to bring him over; he wouldn't stay—but I'll leave a saucer on the back porch, an you can put his milk there."

"I will certain," answered Miss Martha. She had quite forgotten her resentment in the keen relish of the news. The sewing circle would meet the next day. She looked back when she reached the doorway and bade her neighbor good night.

"Good night," the elder woman answered. Her voice had a curious, half frightened tone in it, and her eyes were full of dismay. She gave a sigh of relief and shut the door; then she looked around her, and the look was that of an exile about to leave home forever.

"I dunno what made me say it," she cried. "I said it before I thought, an now I've got to go. An I don't know how I can either, with things all starting to bloom so pretty. An Tom might come too. Supposin we should pass each other, an he come while I'm gone. But I've got to go. Folks shan't say any such things about Tom, as if Tom wouldn't be glad to see his mother!"

When morning came, she made herself a cup of tea before going carefully over the house for the last time. Then she dragged her valise out on the doorstep and locked the front door behind her.

When the stage came, she walked steadily down the path between the daffodils. She looked straight ahead, but her old face was working pitifully, and the yellow blossoms seemed to dance like flickering lights before her eyes.

The day was close and sultry, an unseasonable one for spring. The old woman sat bolt upright beside her valise, holding her ticket in her hand. As they left the fresh air of the hills the heat became worse. She grew faint and a terrible fear began to sweep over her that she would never reach the city.

As they neared the city the train began to be crowded. Presently a lady stopped beside her and asked if the seat was engaged. She did not understand the phrase; but, obeying a sudden instinct for companionship, she moved her valise.

"You can set here if you want to," she said. "The car's real full now."

The lady thanked her and took the seat. She was evidently used to traveling. The old woman looked at her wistfully. Presently she leaned over and touched her.

"Is—is Boston very big?" she asked timidly.

The lady glanced at her companion with a quick smile that changed as she saw the worried old face.

"It is pretty big," she replied gently. "Are you going there?"

The old woman smiled up at her eagerly. "Yes," she said, "I thought I'd go. You see, my boy Tom he married, an I haven't seen him for four years. I ain't even seen the baby. They kept tellin me to come, an last night I made up my mind to, an I up an started. I hope it won't be hard to find the place."

"Won't Tom be at the depot to meet you?" asked the lady indignantly.

The old woman looked up with quick suspicion. "Of course he would if he'd 'a' known," she answered eagerly. "Tom was allus the best boy. But I couldn't seem to make up my mind till last night, an then I thought I'd surprise them. I picked a bunch of daffodils for him—he used to notice daffodils when he was jest a little fellow—but they're real withered now."

The stranger tried to cheer her. "Your flowers will freshen in water," she said, "and Tom will feel like a boy again when he sees them. Suppose you tell me the address, and then I can put you on the right cars."

"I'd take it real kind of you," answered Tom's mother gratefully.

She pulled a piece of paper from her glove and unfolded it carefully. The stranger read it, and her face cleared.

"That will be easy to find," she said. "It is right on the car line, and the conductor will put you off very near the house if you tell him the number. There, now, let me take your valise and put you on the car."

The old woman rose confusedly; the train had rolled into the depot, and the sudden change of light and sound bewildered her. She clutched the flowers and looked with desperate eyes across the crowd. Then, before she realized what had happened, her friend had put her on a car and said goodby. She had never seen a street car before, and she clung to the seat, her tired, frightened face set in lines of rigid endurance.

Every moment she expected an accident, and when the conductor helped her off her first feeling was one of almost incredulous relief, then suddenly she saw the number that she wanted and darted forward. She was panting with the weight of the valise, but she did not know it. She hurried up the high stone steps and eagerly rang the bell.

The bell echoed through the house, but no one came. She pulled it again and again, a nervous terror stealing over her. She must make Tom hear! Presently a window opened in the next house, and a girl's pretty face smiled down at her.

"Did you want to see Mrs. Haswell?" she called. "They went away yesterday."

The old woman looked up. Her hand dropped from the bell.

"What did you say, dear?" she faltered. "I didn't understand. I want to see Tom. I'm his mother."

The girl's pretty face softened with quick pity. She left the window and ran down the steps and across to the old woman.

"I'm so sorry," she said gently. "Don't you understand? They've gone away. I don't know when they'll be back. They couldn't tell. Oh, don't look so! Come in our house and rest. You must come. You can't stay here, you know."

The people were very good to her. She wanted to go back that night, and they had to tell her over and over that there was no train before they could make her understand, and even then she seemed dazed and bewildered. So they gave her a quiet room and left her alone. For hours she sat there in the dark trying to order her dizzy thoughts, and gradually one idea became clear that no one must ever know. It was all her fault, all hers, but people would not understand, and they would blame Tom, and they must not blame him.

In the morning she was pale and tired, but quite her old self again. The girl was delighted at the change and sat beside her at breakfast, coaxing her to eat, and finally went to the depot with her and put her on the train. When late in the afternoon the train began climbing up in the hills once more, she pushed open the window and breathed the keen air with a sigh of deep content. She had left the city behind forever.

The train would reach Holmesburg about 7. Four miles before that was Farrar's, a new station, and between Farrar's and Holmesburg was a road nearly all through the woods and not much used except in summer. She had never been over this road but once, but she was sure she could find the way. Only one or two other people, strangers to her, left the train at Farrar's. That was as she had hoped, and she plunged resolutely into the woods. It was a long walk, and her valise was heavy for her. As it grew dark, too, she began to stumble on the road. She had to stop and rest more and more frequently, but her resolution never faltered.

It was 10 o'clock when she finally reached the house. She had crept around through back ways and felt sure she had not been seen. Indeed, for an hour the lights had been out in the houses. She stood still for a moment in the sweet, silent night. The apple trees were all silver in the moonlight, and the daffodils gleamed faintly down the path. She unlocked the door and dragged in her valise. She was home at last.

For a moment she stood thinking. Then softly opening the door she crept out to the wood pile. As she was returning with her arms full she stumbled over an animal at the door. Checking her exclamation, she leaned down. It was her cat purring softly about her feet. With a little cry of joy she picked him up and carried him into the house with her. She made a fire and went busily to work, so that by daylight, when she put out her fire, her breakfast was ready, and fresh bread and cakes were in the closet. About 8 o'clock she heard Miss Martha come and call the cat. After she had gone the old woman took in the milk and gave it to him, but she did not let him go out—she wanted some one to talk to.

She was very lonely and oppressed by a strange sense of unreality. As she sat behind her closed blinds and watched the neighbors go by she felt almost as if she had died and from another world was looking back upon her old life. Once the minister came to the gate, and she heard Miss Martha call across to him that Mis' Haswell was in the city visiting her son. A hot flush burned in her cheeks, and she turned hastily away.

Monday was the last day of her imprisonment. At daylight Tuesday she slipped out of the house with her valise and began the journey back to Farrar's.

The first up train from Boston came at 10 o'clock, so that she had several hours to wait, but she had known that, and until the station was opened she sat on the platform outside with stoical patience. When the train came, she rode the four miles back to Holmesburg and then took the stage to the house. She drew a long breath as she walked again up the path between the daffodils. She went in the front door and began pulling up the shades and uncovering all the ornaments. When Martha came over, she talked much of the city and of Tom's nice neighbors, but little of Tom and his family. After her visitor had left she dropped her face in her hands.

"Oh, Lord, I hope I ain't done anything dreadful," she cried, "but I couldn't let her say anything against Tom—I couldn't."

She looked very old and tired as she went feebly about getting supper, and for once she forgot to set open the front door. She remembered it as she was going to sit down to her supper, and she hurried to open it. A young man was just coming with springing steps up the path between the daffodils—a sturdy young fellow, with a yellow haired baby in his arms. She looked at him absently, but he ran forward and caught her.

"Mother, mother, don't you know me?" he cried as he hugged and kissed her.

After supper she went over to the Whipples. Tom sat out under the apple trees, as he used to do years ago, but Tom's baby was clinging to her with one dimpled hand, while the other was full of daffodils. Miss Martha met her at the gate.

"Well, now I guess you are happy," she said. "When I see you come, thinks I, 'Well, that explains it. I couldn't understand what made Mary seem so sort o' numb this afternoon, but now I see.' An this is Tom's baby! It certainly does favor him! Do come in"—

"I've got somethin to tell you first," she said. "I deceived you awfully, Martha. I was mad because of what you said about Tom, so I went off in a hurry, an when I got to the city the house was all closed up. Flora's mother was taken sick sudden, an they had gone there, but I didn't know it then. Some folks was real good to me an took me in, an I came back the next day. I've been livin in the house ever since. I thought folks would talk against Tom if they knew it, an I wasn't goin to have it."

She was looking ashamed, yet defiant. But Martha was blind to all fine expressions. "For the land's sake," she exclaimed, "you've been livin there all the week!"

"Yes. I got off at Farrar's an come through the woods. I want you should tell everybody. 'Twas real wicked of me, but I wasn't goin to have anybody talkin against Tom. He'll come over an see you tomorrow before he goes, but the baby's goin to stay with me all summer. Flora's mother's real sick, an Flora's got to be there. I must go back now an see Tom, but I wanted you to know what I had done. Come along, Mary."

Martha's eyes followed her with admiring interest.

"The baby's named for you, ain't she?" she said.

The old woman turned back, her face all alight.

"Yes," she answered. "Tom said she shouldn't have any name but his mother's. Tom allus was good to his mother."

She stopped a moment and then caught the child up in a passion of tenderness. Her bright brown eyes looked with sudden softening over the yellow baby head.

"She ain't ever goin to do such a wicked thing as her grandmother did," she said.

Then she went silently back between the rows of daffodils to Tom.—Household Companion.

Ant Eaters.

Ant eaters are in the curious position of being practically unable to open their mouths. It may almost be said, indeed, that they have no mouths to open. There is just a small, round orifice at the end of the snout, through which about two feet of wormlike tongue can wriggle out, and, as this tongue is bathed with liquid glue instead of saliva, every ant which it touches adheres to it, and the animal licks the insects up by hundreds at a time.

The Life Line In One's Hand.

There are three prominent lines in the palm—the line of life, that of the head and the heart line.

The line of life begins on the inner boundary of the palm, about midway between the thumb and the forefinger. If we imagine the left hand to be a map, with the fingers pointing north, this line runs toward the southeast, then curves toward the south and in some hands curves finally toward the southwest. It thus skirts the base or "uprise" of the thumb, known as the uprise of Venus. If it is deep, broad, of good color and extends nearly or quite to the wrist and if the rest of the hand indicates vitality and cheerfulness, the subject may be expected to live to a green old age; he has a good disposition and the qualities which good health and good temper usually create.

THE NEW EVE TO THE OLD ADAM.

I charge thee, love, set not my aim too low.
If through the cycling ages I have been
A partner in thy ignorance and sin,
So through the centuries that ebb and flow
I must, with thee, God's secrets seek to know.
Whate'er the conflict I will help to win
Our conquest over foes without—within—
And where thou goest, beloved, I will go.

Set no dividing line between the twain
Whose aim and end are manifestly one.
Whate'er my loss it cannot be thy gain.
Wedded the light and heat that makes life's sun;
Not thine the glory and not mine the shame.
We build the world together in one name.

—Annie L. Muzzey in Harper's.

The Street Car To Topo Chico

WHY PATRICIA ROBBED THE DRIVER.

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Four miles above Monterey toward Topo Chico, uplifted from the dust and dead heat of the plain, lies the hacienda of Jose del Casa, the alcalde. His white home sits enshrined in a wilderness of green, encinctured by 5,000 acres of vines and corn lands and billowing meadows that reach from edge to edge of the steep walled table fountain of which his estate is the crown and glory.

Patricia, his only child, 18, with sloe black eyes, hair like a stormcloud and the oval, luminous face of a Botticelli Madonna, had spent three years with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in Paris. She had seen the boulevards and sniffed from afar the gallantry and gayety of the French capital. Therefore she yearned and moped amid the desolate splendor of her Mexican home.

Have you ever seen the queer little street car line with its tandem of small brown mules that runs, or, rather, creeps, between the Hotel Hidalgo, on the plaza in Monterey, down through the narrow streets, away across the dusty fields, where sage and cactus, dry and gray, cover the rising plateaus with desolate monotony; out past the beetling buttes of Casas Hacienda, which tower red and hot in the sun, to the uprising canyon that leads to Topo Chico, the boiling spring, the health giving waters in whose fountain pool Aztec and Indian, peon and patrician, have sought and found health for a thousand years? This Topo Chico is the terminus of the little narrow gauge street car line that starts in Monterey. Its single car, with open seats running across the width of it, are seldom crowded. In the morning a few tourists bound for the baths smoke and idle through the tedious trip, but in the evening, when the summer sun sinks behind the green, cool shoulders of Del Casas, the lone car is always empty except for the driver or an errant shepherd returning from market in Monterey.

It was at this time in the evening that Patricia chose for a little jaunt on that queer little street car. With ancient Madre Anselma, her nurse when she was a romping child, her governess, maid and duenna by turns as the girl grew to womanhood, Patricia would ramble down the long stone stairway and in the purple shadow of the roadside thicket wait for that empty car to come droning out of the haze. Anselma neither spoke nor understood English, and so it was her wont to sit in the rear seat while the beautiful Patricia, her mantilla now fallen from before her radiant face, would sit on the front seat near the driver and urge or bribe him to send the little mules galloping.

The driver was a great, yellow haired giant, with blue eyes and a laughing mouth. For Patricia he would speed his queer little team till the car swayed like a boat on running billows and her delighted laughter fell upon his willing ears like the music of tinkling mandolins. As for Anselma, so long as the car was empty but for themselves she was content to sit in the rear seat, black, motionless, but alert, smoking her cigarettes, as Mexican women must and wondering what Patricia could have said to the big, fair Gringo to make him drive his mules so fast, to make him smile so benignantly.

Every summer evening till the chaparral lost its luster and the willows in the river bed began to scatter crackling leaves across the sands Patricia and her chaperon stole away to this clandestine frolic on the street car till it became the event of the gay child's days and a habit even with the withered woman who watched the harmless frolic.

One night as the blond American car driver was laughing and thrashing over the road with the laughing senorita at his elbow a horseman with his rifle presented loomed across the narrow road. The mules hesitated, stopped, backed up in their trace chains. The driver put down brake and ceased to smile. He seized the switch bar, bade Patricia lie down, faced the enemy.

"Money or your life!" commanded the outlaw in good English.

"You can have the box," roared the driver, "but if you rob the woman you must fight."

The robber dismounted, boarded the car, and while Patricia and the old woman looked on he smashed in the money box with the butt of his rifle and pocketed the few pitiful centavos that jingled in the bottom. If Patricia had left the car, or drawn up her lace mantilla, or even turned her face away, the robber might not have seen the diamond brooch glistening at her throat. But the sight was too much for him. The big American saw the flash of his eyes as he leveled his rifle, and at the same moment the switch bar swung above his head. The rifle cracked, the driver lurched over and fell in the dust by the road and the robber held out his hand to the woman.

"Give me the diamonds!" he bellowed.

She gave them without a word, then her watch and her ring, while the old woman, screaming like a harpy, clung to his rifle and cursed and prayed in incoherent Spanish. But the robber had no notion of harming them. He kicked the fallen driver as he ran toward his horse, and in another moment the clatter of hoof beats across the bowlder strewn valley told them that he was gone.

It was nearly dusk now, and from the stairway a hundred yards off the voice of Jose del Casa could be heard calling Patricia. She paused a moment as she heard it, then leaped to the ground and bent over the insensible driver. With her small, brown hand she pushed away the yellow curls and bent her face low above his. For a moment old Anselma could have sworn that the girl was kissing his white face, but no, after all, she was only examining with tear wet eyes the facial signs of returning life. Then she unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, fumbled beneath its folds and, snatching away a cluster of trinkets that hung about his neck, thrust them hastily into her corsage.

Then old Del Casa and two of his rancheros came up. The wounded man was placed on a bench in his car. The mules were hitched to the other end and one of the rancheros drove them back to Monterey.

"Senorita, mio muchacha, what did you take from the Gringo? What was that you snatched from his neck? Tell me, pretty one, you did not rob him?"

Patricia's smile came struggling through her tears.

"No, no, Mother Anselma," she murmured; "not so bad as that, but bad enough, too. You won't scold me, will you, mother?"

And she pulled from her bosom the poor car driver's cluster of trinkets. There were a little medal of the Virgin, a tiny amulet—the relic of Our Lady of Guadaloupe—a silken scapular and a golden locket.

"Look, mother, and forgive me," said Patricia as she opened the locket and displayed a miniature portrait of herself. "I gave it to him myself. I was afraid they might find it, and so—and so I robbed him of it."

"But you will not give it back, Patricia?" asked the scared and staring old woman.

"Yes, mother, I'll give it back to him, and more, too, mother. I'll give him that and more—everything—when he's well."

And old Anselmina could only pray.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Chinese Mourning.

If a son, on receiving information of the death of his father or mother, or a wife, suppresses such intelligence and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased, such neglect shall be punished with 60 blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but previous to the expiration of the term discards the mourning habit and, forgetful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments or participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offense to 80 blows.

Whoever on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned suppresses the notice of it and omits to mourn shall be punished with 80 blows; if previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements, he shall be punished with 60 blows.

When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if, in order to avoid such retirement he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt or cousin, he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows, be deposed from office and rendered incapable of again entering into the public service.—American Law Review.

How He Found Out.

He had been in town several days, had taken in pretty much all the places of interest and concluded that he would take a trip out on a Woodward avenue car. On the car which he boarded were several students from a stammering school. Two of them were sitting in front of him and were very much absorbed in an animated conversation, talking in that long drawn out, monotonous voice and beating time at every syllable with the hand. One was saying: "I—was—down—town—the—other—day—and—met—an—old friend!"

"Did—you?" his friend answered in the same way.

Turning to a young man sitting next to him, the stranger inquired, "What sort of dum fools are those fellows?" when, much to his surprise, the young man straightened up and, getting his arm in action, only beating about 75 strokes a minute more than his friends were doing, said, "I—am—one—of—those—dum—fools—myself."

The stranger nearly fell off his seat, and every one in the car was on in a moment. He pushed the button, got off at the first corner and waited for the next car, wondering what sort of people he had bumped up against.—Detroit Free Press.

Cause For Low Spirits.

She—You are very depressed. I didn't know you cared so much for your uncle.

He—I didn't, but I was the means of keeping him in an insane asylum the last year of his life, and now that he has left me all his money I've got to prove that he was of sound mind.—Exchange.

Hunting the Kangaroo.

When brought to bay, the kangaroo jumps like a flash for the hunter's chest and tries to crush it in with his fore feet. To prevent this each man wears across his breast a two or three inch thick matting. Armed with a spear, with a club attachment at the other end, they ride upon swift horses into a herd.

With the agility and equipoise of circus riders they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs.

The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned, and the skin is stretched on the ground and pegged down to prevent shrinkage. The flesh furnishes meat for the camp.

Each man places his private mark upon his booty, and when they have 100 apiece they return back to civilization. There are 20 varieties of kangaroos, among them the blue, red wallaby, black, gray and forester, the latter furnishing the best leather, as it lives mainly in wooded sections.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG 16, 1901.

RILEY A CANDIDATE.

The announcement that Herbert S. Riley, Esq., is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative to the Legislature from this District meets the hearty approval of leading Woburn Republicans. Indeed, it was only after a well attended conference of the most influential members of the Party had unanimously urged it that the step was taken by Mr. Riley. Thus he goes into the campaign earnestly and honestly supported by men who plan the battles and win Republican victories in this city. The conference expressed entire confidence in his nomination and had no fear of his election.

Mr. Riley deserves the honor which the Republicans propose to bestow on him, and will make a Representative of whom the District can have no reason to be ashamed. He has served nine successive years on the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee; one as private, two as Secretary, and six as Chairman, a position now held by him. In this long term of public service he has demonstrated his ability to conduct campaigns, and also his loyalty to the Republican Party. As Chairman he has enjoyed the confidence of the members and their cordial co-operation, and he has always been free to acknowledge his obligations to them. This service entitles Mr. Riley to the support of every Republican in this city and District.

Mr. Riley is Chairman of the Woburn School Board and before his election to that office two years ago had served six years as a private. His influence on the Board has always been exerted for the promotion of the best interests of our schools.

Mr. Riley is a native of Woburn, in the prime of life, a College graduate, and a Lawyer of honorable standing at the Bar. He is not a politician in the offensive sense of the word, but believes in the principles of his Party, and is ready and willing to work for their success without promise of reward.

With an unsullied reputation, sound character, and the strongest element in the Republican Party back of him, the nomination and election of Mr. Riley seems to be assured.

SENATORIAL CANDIDATES.

The matter of a Republican Senatorial candidate in our District is being agitated in some quarters, and the delegate caucuses for the various conventions will soon be upon us. It is remarkable, however, that this agitation comes from members of the Democratic party, and it is safe to say they do not intend to promote the interests of their Republican opponents. The plan is to induce Mr. Keene, of Stoneham, to run as candidate for the Redublican nomination against Mr. Wood, of Woburn, the present incumbent, whose faithful service last session should ensure for him the customary renomination.

The only thing urged against Mr. Wood is that he did not lend himself to the schemes of those local politicians who tried to stir up strife in Wakefield on the water question and force the town into the Metropolitan water district. A large majority of the voters of Wakefield, and especially the Republican voters, recognize that Mr. Wood acted conscientiously and wisely in his course in the Senate, and helped save the town from getting into a hole.

With Mr. Keene candidate for Senator and Mr. Dean for Representative the Democratic leaders think they would have a popular slogan of "Down with the Water Company," for campaign uses, and if Mr. Keene were not elected, a Democrat would be, and the Republican party in the District be disrupted.

However, we do not believe the plan will work, for in the first place we think Mr. Keene is too honorable a man and too loyal a Republican, to allow himself to be placed in such a position, and try to pull Democratic chestnuts out of the fire. In the next place we believe the Republicans of the District are not ready to turn down an honest and able public servant after one year of honorable service, on the specious allegations of his enemies. We may occasionally see in the Boston and local papers articles adroitly worded to foment discord among Republicans in this district, but we may know from what source they proceed. "Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."

The water question is a very important matter to the people of Wakefield in various ways, but it is first of all a business question, and can be settled by the people of Wakefield on business principles, and should be kept out of the mire of politics.—*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

It is singular that any Wakefield Republicans should be found playing into the hands of Democratic politicians. Will they allow a local issue to endanger the interests of the Republican Party of the District? Can't they see through the scheme?

☞ It appears from a letter sent by him to the Lowell *Journal*, reproduced by us this week, that Chester W. Clark, Esq., who represents the Wilmington District so satisfactorily in the present Legislature, is not to be a candidate for re-election this fall. He certainly takes a manly stand towards those who he thinks have better claims to the nomination than he has, nevertheless, our neighbors of Wilmington and Billerica will pardon us, we hope, for the suggestion that they could not more certainly promote the best interests of their towns than by sending Mr. Clark back to the State House for one more term at least.

☞ The adoption of a new basis of representation in the State and other Republican conventions, except the Representative, reduces the number of Woburn delegates to 12, a cut-down of 7. The reason given by the State Central Committee for the change was that the State convention had become too large and unwieldly and there was no other way to remedy the evil than to reduce the representation, which was done. Cities of the first class will hardly feel the loss of delegates, while the smaller ones will be seriously effected by the action of the Committee.

☞ As has before been remarked by the JOURNAL, Mr. John H. Ponsland of Amesbury is a candidate for the office of Councellor to the Governor from this District and from all accounts stands more than an even chance of securing it. Amesbury basis its claims to the nomination on the ground that while other sections of Essex county have been abundantly favored in this respect it has never had a Councillor. Fair play, the Amesbury Republicans think, entitles them to the office this year, and they present Mr. Ponsland as their candidate. Woburn Republicans are not vitally interested in the matter but the Amesbury gentleman has friends here who will undoubtedly make an effort to secure a delegation for him. A few of them know Mr. Ponsland and like him, and besides, he is a Veteran of the Civil War, which is a credential that counts with the Republicans of this city. Mr. Ponsland is a pleasant man to meet and talk with and makes a favorable impression on those with whom he comes in contact. That he is intelligent, honest, and well qualified for the office of Councellor is not disputed in any quarter of the District.

☞ The other day the Boston *Transcript* contained an Editorial on the Senatorial situation in this District the object of which was so thinly covered up that no difficulty was experienced in tracing its authorship to a clique of Wakefield politicians. The only strange thing about it was that the *Transcript*, which professes to be fair and just in all things, should have admitted such statements to its columns. The position of Senator Wood in the Wakefield water controversy is made a handle of by a crafty Democratic politician to hoodwink Republicans and induce them to help him accomplish his ends. A large share of the Republicans of Wakefield understand his motives and will let him severely alone this fall.

☞ The tide of public feeling seems to be running strongly in the direction of another term of Davis administration for our city. Of late a number of prominent citizens have expressed themselves in favor of the re-election of Mayor Davis, and if his consent can be obtained a fourth term for him hardly admits of a doubt. Several strong reasons are given for the conclusion that many men have reached to the effect that a change of administration next January would not be advisable, and these, with others equally potent, will probably result in the re-election of Mr. Davis.

☞ The Boston & Maine Railroad Company have increased the pay of their locomotive engineers to $3.50 a day, and shortened the the day to 10 hours. This is certainly magnanimous on the part of the Company, and will be duly appreciated by the engineers. They also provide "hostlers," which is a concession to the firemen. The Company have resumed oiling their roadbeds to lay dust, having found the practice a good one in years past.

☞ Senator A. S. Wood will please accept our thanks for a copy of "A Souvenir of Massachusetts Legislators, 1901," of which Mr. A. M. Bridgman is Editor and Publisher. It is a handsome book and worthy of being carefully preserved.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Ad.—Lost.
City—Taxes.
Dr. Church—Notice.
C. E. Smith—Portraits.
Prof. Gowing—Healing.
Co. Com.—Pet. & Order.
Co. Com.—Pet. & Order.
Sturgis Street—For Sale.
Advertiser—Legal Notice.
J. J. Martin—Probate Notice.
Sulpho-Napthol Co.—Sul-Nap.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page

— 8 A. M., Aug. 16. Fair; wind W., temp. 72.

— Read the ad. Diamond Ring lost, and note offer of reward to finder.

— Brooks's Woburna is a specific remedy for many kinds of autumn ailments.

— An advertiser offers to sell cheap an open buggy and highback sleigh. See ad.

— Have C. M. Strout & Co. put your furnaces and stoves in order before the fall rush.

— The St. Charles and North Woburns will play several games of baseball during next month.

— Labor Day always comes on the first Monday in September which this year will be the 2d day thereof.

— While diving in Horn Pond last Saturday Fred T. Hovey stepped on a tin can and was quite severely cut.

— Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan chaparoned a merry party of picnickers to and about Shaker Glen last Monday.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— The chilly breath of fall is felt in current evenings. The rays of the sun are still ardent enough, but night brings relief.

— The Notre Dame Reading Circle will give a Lawn Party on the evening of August 28. The price of admission is 25 cents.

— We have had some of the prettiest weather this week that was ever known. Beach and mountain visitors could boast of nothing finer.

— A distressingly hot Sunday followed the gentle and refreshing rain of last Saturday night. There was not much church going that day.

— Major Henry C. Hall has got home from a nice visit to Alton Bay, N. H. He was there several weeks and enjoyed every minute of it.

— Kenneth Johnson, Harry Dimick and Albert White of the Mt. Pleasant Tennis Club defeated the Medford Club on the Mt. Pleasant Courts last Saturday.

— The electric wire poles which have replaced the old ones on Pleasant street this week must be more useful than ornamental, else they would not be put up.

— Pond lilies were first seen in this city last Sunday. Possibly there might have been an earlier appearance this season of the beautiful and popular flower, but if so, we failed to learn of it.

Our business was established in 1817. During all the succeeding years we have steadily increased our trade by those legitimate methods comprised in the expressive phrase, "right storekeeping."

Our assortment of

CARPETS

is now, and has been for years, altogether the largest in Boston, and our prices are *always* moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,

658 Washington St., (Opposite Boylston St.) BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.

AT LIGHT WEIGHT PRICES.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,

BY FRANK A. LOCKE.

24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable. Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

Chinese Incense or Joss Sticks.

Latest Foe to Mosquitoes.

HUNTLEY has just received another large fresh lot, and they are going fast at

"The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

Pasturage for Cows
AT BILLERICA, MASS.

6 miles from Woburn. Plenty of grass, water and shade.

TERMS: 50 Cents per Week.

Address: Box 179, Billerica, Mass.

— The name is The Cottle Leather Company, lately incorporated, of which William Richardson of Boston is President; John W. Johnson, Clerk; and Fred E. Cottle, Treasurer and General Manager.

— The anniversary of the birthday of Master Harry Dearing was celebrated last Wednesday. There was quite a party at his home, and the girls bought him a handsome express wagon as a birthday present.

— Our policemen claim that this city is about as near "dry" as they make them this year, and the guardians know. Intoxicating drinks are a rare article of commence here and kitchen-barrooms are numbered with the bygones.

— Leathe, the boots and shoes merchant, makes a specialty of quality and low prices. In these he is a success. A purchaser can always be perfectly sure of getting just the article he bargains for, and equally sure that the price is a bottom one.

— The Katydid put in a first appearance here this summer on August 10. That means, of course, that the first frost of the rapidly approaching fall will come on September 21. By that date field and garden crops will be well out of the way of a freeze.

— Prof. Gowing has a card in this paper, to which we direct particular attention. He has had remarkable success in the magnetic treatment of sick people and enjoys a fine practice. Electricity is life, and that is what he puts into his patients and restores them to health.

— Innitou's delegates to the American Canoe Association meet at Mudlunta Island, Canada are, Fred E. Leathe, Clifton G. Buchanan, Frank S. Eaton, Fred T. Dow, John C. Andrews, C. William Buchanan, Edward F. Wyer, Willard K. Fowle, Harry A. T. Dow.

— If reports are true some small boys came pretty near losing their lives from excessive drinking of intoxicating liqours last Saturday at Horn Pond. They found the "stuff" in a curious way and drank it ignorant of its effect. Doctors were summoned and they found it no easy task to save some of the lads.

— It is in the fall of the year that malaria puts in its best and biggest licks. Decay of vegetation is the source of malaria. Germs generate in the rotting mass. Dr. Gordon's Malaria Tablets ward off the desease, or kills it dead if it has a lodgement in the human system. See ad.

— The St. Charles Catholic Abstinence Society are laying plans for a vigorous temperance campaign this fall and when city election matters come to the fore they will be heard from. When the issue is liquor licenses, with their train of ills, and no license with its blessings, the St. Charles men have no use for political parties but are found fighting on the side of temperance and morality every time, and their good work counts. They hold a strong hand and it will be felt more effectively next December than ever, if possible.

— Read Dr. B. T. Church's "To the Public" in this paper.

— Mantles for Welshback Burners from 8c to 25c at C. M. Strout & Co.

— August 15 was Assumption Day, celebrated by the Roman Catholic church.

— Mr. A. J. Nowell the photographer has just returned from a three weeks trip to Bar Harbor going and coming in his yacht.

— The auction sale of the Dr. Conway property by E. J. Gregory, auctioneer, attracted bidders from Boston and all surrounding towns. Excellent prices were obtained for everything sold.

— A dispatch to the Boston papers last Tuesday from Groveton, N. H., stated that a 100-horsepower boiler in the Weston Company's lumber mills, with which our former townsman, Mr. Fred W. McDonald, is officially and actively connected, blew up that day and resulted in the death of one man, an employee, and damage to the building.

— J. W. Smith, the Section Director of the U. S. New England Crop and Weather Conditions, in his weekly report ending Aug. 10, says everything is lovely in this part of the Lord's heritage, so far as the crops are concerned. This ought to be, for more favorable weather for vegetable growth than that for 3 weeks past was never vouchsafed to any people.

— C. E. Smith has secured the services of Mr. W. Stevenson of New York who is an experienced portrait solicitor and for the next few weeks will offer to the people of Woburn and vicinity special inducements in enlarged portraits in crayon, water color, pastel, and sepia. Mr. Stevenson will make a tour of the city very soon with samples and thoroughly explain this special offer.

— Mr. John Duncan died at his home on Arlington Road Tuesday, August, 13, aged about 80 years. Formerly he was a currier and worked in the factories here, but of late years has lived a quiet retired life. He came to this town many years ago and his intercourse with the people has always been such as to secure and retain their respect. He left four sons and two daughters to mourn his loss.

— On Tuesday morning we received and enjoyed a call from Mr. George C. Conn who, with his family, has been visiting New England for two or three weeks past. His home is at Milwaukee, Wis., to which city he moved from Minneapolis, Minnesota, some two years ago on his promotion to the office of General Agent of the Pere, Marquette Railroad which he now fills. He left here and the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company about four years ago to accept an official position in the Sault St. Marie Company, and has become a real Westerner. He likes Milwaukee and his business, consequently, we opine, he is reasonably happy. Mr. and Mrs. Conn and children return to their Wisconsin home this week.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond has a clear and well balanced business brain. He advertises his establishment in the newspapers of neighboring towns that have good street railroad connections with this place and thus not only increases his own trade but naturally helps all business interests of our city. A few more men of Mr. Hammond's energy and intellegence would prove a boon to Woburn.

— Building of the Cambridge street State Road this season is in doubt. The probabilities are that it will not be constructed. Serious hitches prevent progress. Some of the land damages by the owners stagger the Board of Commissioners. The route needs straightening, to accomplish which land must be bought, but the prices asked for it will not be met, and the building will probably go over to 1902.

— Time flies and those of our people who would enjoy the finest kind of a trip to Plymouth or Provincetown on the new steamers Martinique or Cape Cod of the Bay Line, must hurry up, for the sailing season for pleasure will soon close. In no other way can a person derive more comfort and pleasure, or see more interesting sights, than from these trips. Everybody should see old historic Plymouth before he dies.

— The prospect for a series of brass-band concerts on the Common this summer seems to be poor enough. Lack of money is given as the reason for this state of things. If the concerts do not come it will be the first summer in many that they have failed. They have always been a source of much enjoyment and will be greatly missed. But the season is too far advanced to hope for a repetition of them before another year.

— Leaving business cares behind, Mr. Frederic A. Flint started for Camden, Maine, last Saturday, his outing place for a quarter of a century past. Of all the delightful seaside resorts in the Pine Tree State, which are nearly as "Thick as autumn leaves that strew the brooks in Valombrosa," Mr. Flint loves Camden, on Penobscot Bay, best, and as regularly as August days, with their heat and discomfort come, he betakes himself to that charming seaboard retreat.

— Two grave questions are agitating the local public mind at the present time, namely: Who is to be the new Alderman from Ward 4 to fill the vacancy? and who is to be City Solicitor to close the gap made by the going out of F. P. Curran, Esq.? For the latter place Hon. George F. Bean and Albert F. Converse, Esq., have been most prominently named, and it would surprise nobody if one or the other of them were appointed. For the Aldermanic berth there are numerous candidates.

— On his retirement from the employ of the American Hide & Leather Company a few days ago Mr. J. Grafton Murdock, ex-Alderman and son of Alderman John K. Murdock, was presented by his fellow employees and numerous friends with a solid silver tea service as a mark of their good will and respect for him. He was paymaster of the Company in their leather factories here and popular with his employers and associates. Mr. Murdock goes into business at Portville, N. Y., at an early date in the future.

—A card of invitation, gratefully received, acquaints us with the fact that Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Corbett will receive relatives and friends at their home No. 5 Chestnut street from 7 to 10 o'clock Saturday evening, August 24, 1901, that date being the 50th anniversary of their wedding day. They are among our most highly respected people, and a large number of their wide circle of friends and neighbors will, no doubt, gladly embrace the opportunity to join in the celebration of their Golden Wedding.

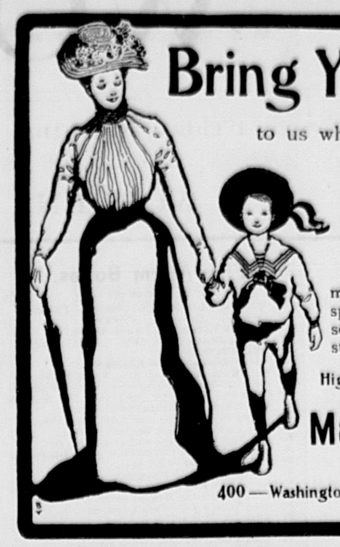
— These are great days for Massachusetts Bay steamboat excursions, for the delight of them cannot be expressed in words. One line offers the public splendid sails to Plymouth and Provincetown; another, along the magnificent North Shore, with its pretty villages, villas, mammouth hotels and fashionable life; and still a third that gives its patrons each trip 5 hours of ocean sailing and a long tarry at the famous and charming Salem Willows, and either and all of them for less money than it costs to stay at home.

— Quincy A. Brackett, the 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett, has taken preliminary examinations for Harvard. The examining board says there is no need for the lad to complete the final year's study in the high school four years' course. The case is spoken of as unusual.—*Boston Herald.* Quincy A. is one of the best scholars and smartest young men in Woburn. His successful examination for admission to Harvard this fall after three years study in the four years course of the High School proves this.

— Rev. Ludwig Akeson, pastor for several years of the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church of this city, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Swedish Second Congregational church at Worcester, and his place here will be taken by Rev. A. J. Lindquist of Naugatuck, Ct., who will begin work about Oct. 1. Rev. Mr. Akeson is an able preacher and successful pastor. He is greatly beloved by the Woburn church, and many others will regret his going to another field of labor.

— By reference to the proper column in this paper it will be seen that Mr. George Durward and Miss Emma Laura Felch, daughter of Mr. Mark C. Felch, were joined in wedlock by Rev. Dr. March, last evening at Mr. Felch's residence on Beach street. Bride and groom are well known and popular here and have many good friends who congratulate them on their union and bespeak for them a long life and a happy one. In these the JOURNAL heartily joins. Mr. and Mrs. Durward will make their home in this city.

— Ephraim Cutter, M. D., of New York, was united in the bonds of wedlock to Mrs. Annie L. Davison of Boston in Boston last Saturday. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of wedding cards. From the accounts given in the Boston papers it appeared that the solemnization of the marriage rites was quite a society event. The number and character of the guests made the fact still more plain. The bride was an old acquaintance of the Doctor's and a member of a prominent Boston family. The happy couple will be at West Falmouth until Oct. 1. May they live long and be happy.



Bring Your Boy

to us when he needs

Clothing or Furnishings

We have a special department for boys, reached by a special elevator—entirely separate from the rest of the store.

High Quality—Moderate Price.

Macullar Parker
COMPANY,

400—Washington Street, Boston, Mass.—400

The Point...

OF THIS AD IS—

THE PILL BOX. HAS THE PROPER ARTICLE IN

The Mexican Hand Carved Belt

to wear with the popular shirt waist.

Other carved goods at . . . . . *Whitcher's*

BARGAINS!

in Women's and Children's Shoes. Some at less than cost.

If goods are not as we represent them send them back and get your money back.

Ladies' French Kid, $3 00 Boots, Goodyear Welt.		$1 50
Ladies' Vici Kid, $2 50 Boots,		$1.50
" Box Calf, $2.00 "		$1 50
" Vici Kid, $1.50 "		$1 25
" " " $1.25 "		.98
" " " $1.50 Oxford,		$1 00
" " " $1.00 "		.75
$1.00 "		.50
	That Were.	Now
Men's Shoes, Lace or Cong.,	$3 50	3 00
" " " "	3 00	2 75
" " " "	2 75	2 50
" " " "	2 50	2 00

These are hand sewed welts and Goodyear welts.

Pfister & Vogel Milwaukee Calf Skins and Velours Calf.

BLACK VICI AND TAN VICI KID.

The best stock made in America. This is a rich man's shoe at a poor man's price.

We have a line of Men's Calf Lace Shoes that sell everwhere for $3.00. **OUR PRICE $2 50** These shoes are all up-to-date styles. All widths from 3 to 8 wide.

I saw there many Bargains,
I nailed some on the spot.
There may be others just as good,
But
I
guess
not.

J. LEATHE,

425 Main St., WOBURN

— Assessor E. Prior informs the JOURNAL that the tax levy in this city for 1901 will be $18.50, an increase of 70 cents over 1900. This is quite a jump and will be likely to set ill on the crops of those who furnish the needful to run the Municipal Government with. Of course, as Assessor Prior remarked, the increase is unavoidable. The Board are compelled to accept the situation just as they find it and figure out the tax on the returns made by property owners and the demands of State and County. A full and satisfactory explanation has been promised the JOURNAL in due season.

— Mr. S. Franksford Trull and family of No. 629 Main street are at Rockmere Inn, Marblehead Neck, from whence they do not intend to return until September. Tomorrow, August 17, Mr. Trull and his son Eliott F. Trull will embark on the Plant Line Steamer "Yarmouth" at Boston for Sidney, Cape Breton, among the grand scenery of which they expect to do some pleasant touring after landing there. It is becoming more and more common for Americans to choose some portions of the Maritime Provinces for the scenes of their summer outings, and they all like it. Mr. Trull and son's voyage will cover about 1800 miles of ocean sailing.

— Woburn people who come to Boston by trolley cars are obliged to change at Medford Square. At that point the City Hall steps during the wait are tempting, but a policeman brushes people off almost before they have time to alight. The other day John Jameson, License Commissioner of Woburn, was one of the officer's victims. He sat upon the hallowed steps with a sigh of satisfaction and was stretching his legs when the policeman ordered him to "get up out of that." Mr. Jameson remonstrated, but under threat of being arrested he got up. He told the officer he considered him anything but an agreeable conversationalist. He opened communication with Mayor Baxter of Medford. Mayor Baxter has written Mr. Jameson a letter, in which he says the matter will be carefully investigated.—*Boston Post August 10.*—Perhaps people will learn bye and bye to let Woburn folks alone. Under the influence of the present administration every Woburn citizen holds his head higher and wears a pink in his buttonhole. We expect the Mayor in his next Inaugural will advocate adding to the city seal the motto "*Noli me tangere*," a free translation of which John Lynch tells us is "Don't tread on me."

— Mr. William A. Hyde, who calls himself an adopted son of Woburn, has found in an old book store in Boston a number of autographs of considerable value which he has presented in the name of his son, John Fuller Hyde, to our beautiful Public Library. One of these autographs was that of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, written on a sheet of letter-paper, and including with the name, the address, in the same hand, of "Woburn, Mass., Jan'y 15, 1857." Referring to the WOBURN JOURNAL of that period one finds that Mr. Benton gave a lecture before the Woburn Lyceum on the 14th of that month, of which a long notice appears in the JOURNAL of the 17th. The lecture room in Lyceum Hall was crowded with an audience of twelve hundred persons, who listened with no small degree of interest to the words of this remarkable man. On the following day he was interviewed by that indefatigable collector, Nathan Wyman, Esq., of Woburn, and his autograph secured, as Mr. Wyman hoped, for the benefit of posterity;—Woburn, then, in the words of Mr. Benton, being "a village, whose name he had to become acquainted with, after his arrival in Boston."

Movement in Favor of Shorter Hours.

The storekeepers of this city at two well attended meetings held in Lyceum Hall decided that it was for the best interests of their customers, their clerks and themselves, to close two nights each week instead of one night, as heretofore, and it was voted that Mondays and Wednesdays are the most favorable nights for closing for all concerned, Wednesday being the present closing night. A paper for signatures has been in circulation during the past week and out of a total of about 70 business concerns 57 have signed thus far. Several have not done so because of absence from the city on vacations. Below we give the petition together with the firms who have thus far signed. The paper is still open for additional names which will be welcomed and fully appreciated, especially by the clerks.

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m. on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week, provided all others in the same line of trade agree to do the same. This arrangement to begin only after the public have been notified at least two weeks in advance."

Hammond & Son	L. E. Hanson & Co.
C. M. Munroe	Osborne Gillette
McDonald Bros.	E. S. Parker
J. Ginsburg	F. A. Hartwell
G. R. Gage & Co.	H. S. Dickinson
A. Grant	W. R. Bartlett
J. R. McMillan	Aiken & Dunton
Copeland & Bowser	J. Linnell
Alvah Buckman	Geo. Durward
T. F. McCormick	S. A. Potter
J. G. Connolly & Co.	E. Caldwell
E. Prior	M. A. Burns
Josiah Leathe	Cummings & Snow
P. Carlson	A. W. Cobb & Co.
W. J. Buckman	J. R. Carter & Co.
Fitz & Stanley	Eames & Carter
W. H. Lewis	Ham & Co.
S. K. Ames	Jacquith & Co.
E. P. Kennedy & Co.	Cummings, Chute & Co.
T. W. Stowers	J. C. Finnegan
L. W. Thompson	G. N. Othote
C. M. Strout & Co.	Wm. Haber
A. L. Holdridge	A. V. Haynes
F. P. Brooks	H. F. McKensie
J. W. Huntley & Co.	Wallace & Andrews
Edw. H. Callahan	J. D. Haggerty
J. A. Yates & Co.	E. J. Callahan
Mrs. Jennings	Mystic Dye House
E. F. Hovey & Co.	

Their Secret is Out.

All Sadieville, Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whittaker, who had for a long time, endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little grand-daughter of a severe attack of Whooping Cough." It positively cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe Bronchitis, all Throat and Lung troubles Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

WE OFFER

All our $3, $4 and $5

Bicycle Pants
At $2 per Pair.

All our $1.00

Bicycle Hose
50c. per Pair.

"Step lively" if interested.
This is our secret in keeping free from odd lots.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Established 1851. Open Evenings except Wednesday.

MISS BANCROFT

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

The Variety of

Breakfast Foods

Is Constantly Increasing.

Below we give a list of some of the leading kinds and call attention to the low prices at which we are selling them.

	Per Package.
Cream of Wheat,	13c.
Germea,	13c.
Shredded Wheat Biscuit,	12c.
Wheat Germ,	12c.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,	13c.
Grape Nuts, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Malt Breakfast Food,	13c.
Flaked Rice,	13c.
Pillsbury's Vitos, 13c., 2 for	25c.
Pillsbury's Flaked Oats,	10c.
Mother's Oats,	9c.
Quaker Oats,	8c.
Self-rising Buckwheat, 10 and	15c.
Self-rising Pancake Flour,	10c.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co's.

Remarkable Memory Shown by Young Canaries.

"St. Andreasberg people know nothing of the canary of the encyclopædia, which can imitate perfectly the nightingale, or even enunciate some words in imitation of the human voice," declares Ida Shaper Hoxie, in telling about St. Andreasberg, "The Singing Village of Germany," in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for August. "The birds of one breed, subjected to the same influences, have songs that vary with the throat muscles and vocal chords of each individual. But so remarkable is the canary memory that a bird bred to a certain song, if removed from the cage in which he has heard it from his parent, when six weeks old, will later, when he himself begins to sing, give the same song though never having heard it in the intervening period."

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—11th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. No Evening Service during August.

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Rev. J. H. Robbins of Concord, N. H., at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—11th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Why Accept the Gospel?"
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Special Service for Young People at 7 P. M.,
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, Sewing Circle at 7.30 P. M.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, August 15, 1901, at the residence of the bride's father, on Beach street, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Mr. George Durward and Miss Emma Laura Felch, daughter of Mr. Mark C. Felch, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, August 11, by Rev. Harry P. Rankin, S. Leslie Denton of Woburn, and Coral W. Babson of Wakefield.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, August 9, Marion, daughter of Thomas and Alice Smith, aged 3 years, 1 month, 27 days.

In this city, August 12, Peter, son of Edward and Catherine Cox, aged 7 days.

In this city, August 13, John Duncan, aged 80 years, 5 months, 8 days.

In Chittenango, N. Y., August 6, Hugh Doherty, aged 53 years, 9 months.

A Little Money

will go a long way in purchasing goods at our store these warm days. We are closing out our lines of Shirt Waists, Colored Dimities, Summer Dress Ginghams, Baby's Bonnets at very low prices.

Job Lot of Ventilating Corsets.

Short Lengths in Dress Goods. Your attention is called to these lines and we know it will pay you to look them over.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

If you are exhausted by the Hot Weather or Hard Work

Tonc Appetizer

WILL HELP YOU.

Manufactured by

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Personal.

Police Officer O'Neil is on his vacation.

Thomas J. Begley is at Mt. Vernon, N. H.

Bertha Cutler is at Ocean Point, Maine.

Prof. Hoag and wife are in New Hampshire.

John O'Brien, letter carrier, is on his vacation.

Miss Alice Grammer is visiting at Portland, Me.

Mrs. Julia A. Day has been visiting at Ashland, N. H.

Harry Brown is in camp at Newfound Lake, N. H.

Dr. J. P. Carroll is taking his vacation at Newport, R. I.

Mrs. Maria C. Cotton has gone to Battle Creek, Michigan.

E. J. Gregory, auctioneer, is talking of coming back here to live.

Dr. H. E. Packer and family are taking their vacation in Maine.

Dr. J. Callahan of Norfolk, Va., is visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. Milton Moore and family is at Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay.

Mr. Oliver Sevrens returned last week from a trip to California.

Mr. A. C. Cotton is General Secretary of the Taunton Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. James E. Fowle and son Silwyn are at Lynn Beach. Mrs. Whitford is with them.

Miss Emma Fitzgerald has returned to her desk in the coal office of J. F. Winn & Co.

The family of Ex-Ald. B. H. Nichols are expected home from Hope, Maine, today.

Mrs. James Begley and family are visiting Mrs. Begley's former home at Vezie, Maine.

Leonard C. Buchanan joined the Wobegon Club at Newfound Lake, N. H., this week.

Capt. A. R. Lavigne of N. Y., is in this city, where he formerly lived, visiting friends.

Miss Ella Greenleaf of North Berwick is a guest of the Taylors of Pleasant street.

Mrs. Charles H. Harrington and daughter Lois have been visiting friends at Lebanon, N. H.

Mr. W. W. Hill and family like Camp Ellis on the Saco very much. It is a pleasant place.

Mrs. E. S. Tidd of 485 Main st. has gone to visit her brother, Mr. George A. Dane, at Andover.

Mrs. Cotton and daughters Edith and Rachel, went Thursday to visit relatives at Danverse.

After a brief business trip to his home here Hon. E. E. Thompson returned to Northport, Maine, last Saturday.

Mr. Arthur U. Dickson of No. 16 Clinton street, bookkeeper for a Boston business house, is away on his vacation.

Miss M. Josephine Smith who has been staying at Manchester, N. H., for the last two years is soon expected home.

Mr. A. G. Wood, baggagemaster at the RR. station, is expected back to his post of duty soon. He had a severe illness.

Mrs. Emma H. Wright will go to Buzzard's Bay in a few days, where and at Swampscott she will finish her vacation.

Mr. Heber B. Clewley and family are taking their vacation comforts away down in Maine. Their address is Spingfield.

Miss Stella Haynes began her two weeks outing on Thursday by a trolley ride to West Brookfield, which took nearly a day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. McDonald have been entertaining lately at their home in Groveton, N. H., Mrs. H. E. Lord of this city.

Miss May Collins of Wilmington is visiting Mrs. Anna Vaughn on Court street where she spent several pleasant weeks last summer.

Chief of Police McDermott is beginning to put his house in order for a summer outing. Woods Hole is his favorite stamping ground.

Mr. Charles W. Hill, for several years a clerk in Gage & Co.'s store in this city, has opened a merchant tailoring establishment at Reading.

Mrs. E. C. Cotton (Elsie Francis) has returned to her home at Battle Creek, Mich., where her husband is General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore are at home from Pine Point on the Maine coast. They enjoyed their visit with Messrs. Ruggles & Turnbull very much.

The Ed. Shea camping party will fold their tents and silently steal away from Nutting's Pond in Billerica next Monday. They have had a fine outing.

Mr. Samuel E. D. Hartshorn, clerk at the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Co's office, got home from a fine visit to New Hampshire last Wednesday evening.

It is expected that Mrs. Abijah Thompson will return from Nashua, N. H., where she has been ill several weeks, to her home here in a short time.

Mrs. Clara Stetsen, Mrs. F. H. Hartshon and Miss Maud Littlefield are at Northport, Maine. Walter Eaton and Will Buck go there Saturday night.

Mrs. Henry Martin Eames has been at the old home at Fryeburg, Maine, some weeks, and her sister, Mrs. Alfred T. Carter, will soon join her there.

Mr. Thomas Salmon, the veteran Main street grocer, spent several days last week at Portland and York Beach, Maine. He enjoyed his outing very much.

Mrs. Charles Smith of Fitchburg, formerly Miss Julia Byrne, a popular school teacher of this city, is spending the month of August with her mother on Harrison avenue.

Mr. John C. Andrews of the *News* left here last Saturday for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. It was his intention to be absent from his post of newspaper duty about a fortnight.

Lieut. H. B. Grant received his commission as an officer in the Artillery arm of the Regular Army on August 9, and took the oath that day. That gave him a place on the Army payroll from that date.

Lawyer E. H. Lounsbury returned from Pine Point, Maine Coast, last Tuesday evening. He patronized Ruggles & Turnbull's elegant hotel there and speaks in high terms of it. He says Pine Point is the boss.

Lawyer John W. Johnson and family went to Pine Point, Maine, last Wednesday for a fortnight's outing. They will be the guests Messrs. Ruggles & Turnbull's fine new hotel there, and went away anticipating a good time.

Mr. Fred H. Rogers, Teller of the First National Bank, and an all round good fellow, if we may be allowed the expression, dropped the Bank's money-bags and books last Tuesday and hastened away for his native land, Cape Cod. There he will remain, sailing on the sea, eating clams and things, and inspecting the cranberry bogs, not less than two weeks, and perhaps a longer time than that. He loves Cape Cod, and his annual visit to ancient Hyannis cheers his soul and rejuvinates his spirits greatly.

A Cure For Colera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwalter, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in a single instance." For sale by all druggists.

Obituary.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bearisto, wife of Andrew Y. Bearisto, for nearly thirty years a resident of Woburn, died at her home 12 Sherman Place early Monday morning, August 5, after an illness of over five months duration. Early in March she was prostrated with a severe attack of the grip and could not rally. Bright's disease, with other complications, set in, causing intense suffering through the weary months until the end came.

Mrs. Bearisto, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Margaret Gray Mabey, was the daughter of Cornelius and Maria (Sentner) Mabey and was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, Aug. 29, 1825. She was married there to Andrew Young Bearisto June 20, 1855. They both united with the Methodist Episcopal church in that city in their youth, more than fifty years ago, and removed their church connection to Woburn to which they came in 1873. Of the five children born to them the oldest, Annie, died at five years of age. The second daughter, Bethia, died soon after her marriage, and the youngest, Margaret E., died also in early womanhood, eight years ago.

The bereaved husband and two children survive, a son, William N., of Somerville, Mass., and a daughter, Annie N., of Woburn, who has been her mother's constant attendant through the long weeks of her illness. Two little grandchildren, Dorris and Ernest Bearisto, and two sisters and a brother, Mrs. Lane of British Columbia, and Mrs. Curtis, and Mr. Cornelius Mabey of P. E. I., also survive her.

Mrs. Bearisto had the rare and beautiful trait of Christian charity. Always careful to speak no ill of any one, her quiet dignity was many times a rebuke to those who would sharply criticise the acts of others. Although hers was essentially a home life, where her devotion and love as wife and mother made the home a place of rest and joy, yet she never failed to remember her friends and neighbors in the hour of their distress. When sickness came to them she was ready, and her intelligent and helpful efforts brought relief to the suffering. In the darkened house of sorrow her gentle sympathy solaced the stricken mourner and her firm faith in immortal life sustained the faltering. Her life work was well done, and those who knew her but to love her feel that she has passed to a larger life beyond and met her dear ones gone before.

"And somewhere yet in the hilltops
Of the country that hath no pain
She will watch in her beautiful doorway
To bid them a welcome again."

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Wood of the M. E. church at her late home, Wednesday at 3 p. m. "After the Strife" and "Abide with Me" were sung. The flowers were many and beautiful tokens of love. There were a pillow "At Rest" of tube roses and immortelles from the Woburn M. E. Chinese Sunday School; a pillow of white roses from the M. E. Sunday School; a wreath from the family; pink roses and ferns from Mrs. E. L. Blake of Arlington; smilax from Miss Elsie Blake; white asters, Miss M. L. Bacon; white and purple asters, Miss Sellars; white asters, Mr. and Mrs. Tabor; white and red pinks, Miss Agnes Anderson; red asters, Mrs. J. R. Eaton, Bath, Maine; balsams and lilies, Mr. and Mrs. Carlson; purple asters, Mr. W. Carleton, and many other bouquets and ferns.

Interment was at Woodbrook in the family lot.

A Young Lady's Life Saved.

AT PANAMA, COLOMBIA, BY CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Colombia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale by all druggists.

Reunion of the 32nd.

The Veterans of the 32d Mass. V. I. held their annual celebration at Nantasket Beach last Saturday. Of Soldiers and wives their were about 100 present, among them Major Ambrose Bancroft of this city who never misses an opportunity to meet his old comrades in Blue around the annual banquetting board unless prevented by sickness.

Addresses were delivered by Gen. Luther Stephenson, William H. Slade of Chelsea, Maj. Ambrose Bancroft of Woburn, I. F. Hoyt of Boston, Mr. N. Lewis Savary of Plymouth, Miss Marion T. Hosmer of Woburn, Edw. McQuinn, North Weymouth, and others.

Officers for the year are: Capt. John E. Tidd, President; John R. Davis, Vice-President; I. F. Hoyt, Secretary; W. H. Thomas of Co. A., E. A. Stone of Co. B, C. H. Ramsdell of Co. C, Edward McQuinn of Co. D, Mr. Meserve of Co. E, Capt. G. M. Hudson of Co. F, Robert C. Conant of Co. G, Capt. Wm. E. Reed of Co. H, W. S. Oakman of Co. I, Hosea Hyde of Co. K, Lieut. Loring Burrill of Co. M, and on the part of the Sons of Veterans, Dr. Howard and Dr. Prescott, ex-Com.

The deaths reported were: Silas A. Cutler, Co. E, Northboro; Joseph C. Jepson, Co. I, Charlestown; George W. Ryan, Co. B, Waltham.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The season of operetta in vaudeville, which was undertaken six weeks ago at Boston Music Hall, has proved a wonderful and commendable success, and it has broken all records at this popular theatre as to continued engagements. The Castle Square Opera Company, which under direction of Max Hirschfeld has presented these operettas, has established itself as a body of prime favorites with patrons, and there is no doubt that the idea could be perpetuated through the entire winter season. Efficient soloists, a good orchestra, tuneful music and snappy action will be the features of next week's production.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Wilmington.

Mr. Editor: I have noticed in the public prints a statement that I should probably be returned to the House by the Republicans of the 27th Middlesex Representative district. That announcement was without my knowledge or acquiescence, and I desire to correct the erroneous impression that may be made by it. I recognize the kindness that prompted such a suggestion; but I cannot be a candidate for re-election. By the apportionment heretofore agreed upon, the representation for 1902 belongs to Billerica, to the Republicans of which town I am much indebted for their generous support last November. It will therefore afford me pleasure to give what aid I can toward the election of the candidate who may be the choice of that town.

Very respectfully,
CHERTER W. CLARK.
Wilmington, Aug. 6, 1901.
—*Lowell Journal.*

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of La Grange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

Literary Notices.

The August AMERICAN BOY is a beautiful midsummer number. Whittier's poem The Barefoot Boy, illustrated, occupies the front page. The illustrated stories are; A Holiday Adventure, An Engineer's Story, The Way of the Transgressor, How Two Grouse Saved Their Home, How Harry Proved He Was Not a Thief, The Sequel to a Put-out, Why Tim Missed the Circus, and chapters XXI and XXII of Three Boys in the Mountains, Russell Sage, the Wall Street Millionaire, writes on When the Country Boy Goes to the City; the third and fourth letters of George Washington Jones, a typical boy; Part Three of Stansbury Norse's Series How to Learn Drawing; August in American History; The Celebrated Boy Choir of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C.; How Boys Make Money; The Boys' Exchange and Review of Boy's Books; scores of items under Boys in the Home, Church, School, Office, Store, Factory, on the Farm. Boys in Games and Sport and Boys in the Animal Kingdom occupy a page each. The Boy Photographer occupies a page, while The Amateur Journalist and Printer Department has an article on How to Build an Amateur Paper. A new department is started in this number entitled Tangler. $1.00 a year. The Spague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Stronger and more spirited than ever before—that tells the story of the August number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE in a sentence. Editor Joe Mitchell Chapple tells in quick, fresh fashion how President and Mrs. McKinley are spending the summer amid peace and comfort of their Canton home. He has found some early pictures of the Chief Magistrate and his beloved lady, and these are an intresting features of the story. They show the President as a boy of 18 entering the army, as a bearded youth returning home with a Major's rank, as a law student and as he appeared when entering his first term in Congress. The picture of Mrs. McKinley show her as a girl of 16—already in possession of that gentle beauty which has done almost as much as her serene high character to endear her to the American people; as a bride, and at somewhat later periods. One picture shows her in a group composed of herelf and her sisters. THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE gives the readers of the August number a remarkable interview with Tolstoi, obtained in June of this year by Rev. Peter MacQueen, M. A., the famous traveler and war correspondent of THE NATIONAL. The article is illustrated with a graphic, full page portrait of the great philosopher, and with several snapshot photographs of people and scenes in the Tolstoi country. A. G. Kingsbury writes from Cape Nome concerning late discoveries in the Arctic gold fields. Henry George Jr., the leader of the single tax propagandists, writes of Tom Johnson's Campaign of Social Revolution. Frank Putnam contributes a poem, The Spirit of the Pan-American. Conforming to the custom which makes August magazines fiction numbers THE NATIONAL presents several atrong short stories. There are the usual number of bright, short sketches and bits of verses. All in all, the editors of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE feel that their August number is the best that they have yet sent out—a well-balanced and accurate reflection of current American life and aspiration.

In returning home from summer residences, the housekeeper may find that disagreeable, noxious odors have collected in the traps and pipes and permeated the house. To simply air out will not be sufficient—one must remove the cause, and this is most easily and safely accomplished by using the great cleanser and purifer, Cabots Sulpho-Napthol, breaking up the processes of decomposition which result in the propagation of deadly disease germs. A little in the water to cleanse and purify everything and then poured into the traps will work astonishing results. You can obtain Sulpho-Napthol from all dealers or of the Sulpho-Napthol Company, 4 Merrimac Street, Boston. Be sure you obtain the original package.

For Sale.

Open Buggy in good condition: also nearly new High Back Sleigh. Both at a bargain. Enquire at 38 Sturgis St., Woburn.

To the Public.

All business relations, including any agencies, heretofore existing between Dr. Hervey L. Shepard and myself have this day been dissolved.

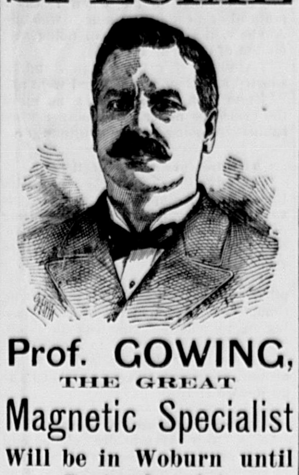
DR. BENJ. T. CHURCH,
Winchester, Mass.
August 14, 1901.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,

Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.

Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

SPECIAL.



Prof. GOWING,
THE GREAT
Magnetic Specialist
Will be in Woburn until September 1st.

There is scarcely a disease that will not succumb to the magic hands of Professor Gowing. Along the whole category of human ills, such as catarrh, pulmonary complaints, liver and kidney troubles, paralysis, and all diseases of the nervous system, tumors and goitres removed without the knife or loss of a drop of blood, all stomach disturbances, spinal and cerebral disorders, female weaknesses, of all descriptions, rheumatism in all its forms, such as rheumatic gout, inflammatory rheumatism, swelling and inflammation of the joints, deafness and all diseases of the ear and eye, no matter what the trouble may be, it will be for your interest to see Professor Gowing.

Consultation Free.

Hours from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m.

Call or address No. 6 WYER'S COURT, WOBURN, MASS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Isabella Ferrin and Lilian Collamore of Woburn in said County.

WHEREAS G. Wallace Tibbetts of Malden, in the County of Middlesex, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he holds as tenant-in-common one undivided third part or share of certain real estate lying in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and described in said petition; and, as said real estate cannot be advantageously divided, praying that partition may be made among the tenants-in-common according to law; and that the commissioners who may be appointed to make said partition be ordered to make sale and conveyance of said real estate and to distribute the net proceeds thereof:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested, who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Luther A. Gould, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Ellen J. Gould, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

RETURNING HOME,

after being away for the summer, housekeepers will do well to use

CABOT'S
Sulpho - Napthol

for all cleansing and purifying about the house. The beneficial results of a tablespoonful in a pail of water will surprise and delight the most skeptical.

Get in original packages at all dealers, or of

THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,
No. 4 Merrimac Street, BOSTON.
(Facing Haymarket Square.)

LOST.
A DIAMOND RING

on Elm, Ward or Pearl street. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the store of

PERKINS BROS.,
North Woburn.

A Rattlesnake Story.

In "Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast," Horace A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet: "My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of paradise valley. One day, during a long ride on horseback, we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few, an exceptional experience. That night my cousin woke up and saw, by the light of the moon, a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile.

"Then he quietly reached for his six shooter, but he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly, yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded, and then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket, which gently rose and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook."

Negro Superstition.

Many of the negro superstitions in Kentucky are quite interesting. An old philosopher told me with great gravity: "If you want peppahs to grow, you must git mad. My old 'oman an me had a spat, an I went right out an planted my peppahs, an they come right up." Still another saying is that peppers to prosper must be planted by a redheaded or by a high tempered person.

The negro also says that one never sees a jaybird on Friday, for the bird visits his satanic majesty to "pack kindling" on that day. The three signs in which negroes place implicit trust are the well known ones of the ground hog's appearing above ground on the 2d of February, that a hoe must not be carried through a house or a death will follow and that potatoes must be planted in the dark of the moon as well as all vegetables that ripen in the ground and that corn must be planted in the light of the moon.

What most people want is something mild and gentle, when in need of a physic. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets fill the bill to a dot. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by all druggists.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale
— OF —
Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 14, 1901.

The owners and all persons interested in the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1899, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels of real estate which will be sufficient to discharge the taxes thereon and interest and intervening charges or the whole of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 21st, 1901**, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1899, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estate is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 2.

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by other land of Holton; northwesterly by Heirs of Rufus Wyman; southwesterly by other land of Holton; northwesterly by Holton street.
Tax of 1899, 34 56

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 12 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Holton street; westerly by land of Wyman Heirs; southerly by other land of said Holton; northerly by land now or late of Henry Holton.
Tax of 1899, 11 52

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 10 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land formerly of Lemuel Richardson and land of Samuel S. Holton; northerly by land formerly of Lemuel Holton; easterly by land now or formerly of Samuel S. Holton.
Tax of 1899, 9 60

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2¾ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue and by land of Wardwell; westerly by Holton street; southerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by land now or late of McCarthy.
Tax of 1899, 5 76

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 6 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Green street; easterly by Holton street; northerly by land formerly of Wade and land of Cox; northwesterly by land formerly of J. G. Pollard; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1899, 5 76

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; westerly by land now or formerly of Sawtelle; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land now or late of Dunklee and Holton.
Tax of 1899, 4 80

WARD 4.

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 1½ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Converse; easterly by Wood street; southerly by land now or late of Kovarik; westerly by land now or late of Holden.
Tax of 1899, 3 84

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Westerly by Wood street; southerly by land of Warren Wade; easterly by land now or late of Reardon; northerly by land now or late of Kovarik.
Tax of 1899, 10 56

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully represent the undersigned, Selectmen of Wilmington, that a public way called Main street in said Wilmington, and a railroad operated by the Boston & Maine Railroad and known as the Southern Division thereof, crosses each other at or near the Poor Farm in said Wilmington, the crossing being known as the Poor Farm Crossing, the grades being separated and the public way being carried over the railroad by means of a bridge; that your petitioners are of opinion that it is necessary for the security or convenience of the public that an alteration should be made in the crossing and approaches thereto.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your Board may give due notice, hear all the parties interested, determine the case and prescribe the manner and limits within which the alterations shall be made.

Dated, Wilmington, August 3, 1901.

JAMES E. KELLEY,
CHARLES J. SARGENT, } Selectmen of Wilmington.
HERBERT N. BUCK,

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the sixth day of August, A. D., 1901.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Wilmington Station of the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad on **Thursday, the twelfth day of September, 1901**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington, and the Boston & Maine Railroad Company with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said Town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.
A true copy. Attest:
EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

The undersigned, inhabitants of the town of Wilmington in said County, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to locate anew a road within said town, being a portion of the highway called Lowell street, to wit, that portion thereof beginning at the junction of said Lowell street with Main street and extending easterly therefrom one quarter of a mile, for the purpose of establishing a boundary line of such road or of making alterations in the course or width thereof.

Dated, Wilmington, August 3, 1901.

JAMES E. KELLEY,
CHARLES J. SARGENT,
HERBERT N. BUCK,
GEORGE L. PERRY,
CHAS. W. MOULTON,
CHESTER W. CLARK.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the sixth day of August, A. D., 1901.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Wilmington Station of the Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad on Thursday, the twelfth day of September, 1901, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view; and also by posting the same in two public places in the said Town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.
A true copy. Attest:
EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

For Sale
AT A BARGAIN.

At No. 53 Pleasant street, a **Second-hand PIANO**, and other articles of Household Furniture.

OLIVER F. BRYANT, Ex.,
371 Main street.
Woburn, Aug. 9, 1901.

To Let.

A neat and pleasant 6-room Tenement with attic, centrally located, rent reasonable.

Apply to J. M. ELLIS,
Salem street.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by the 200 Associates Real Estate Co. to Mary E. Brigham dated Nov. 4, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2609, Page 424, for breach of the condition thereof, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, September 4th, 1901,

at four o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, viz:—A certain parcel of land, with the improvements thereon, situated in Woburn, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, containing 7114 square feet, more or less, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Broad street the line runs west of south by land of the City of Woburn 127 and 4-10 feet to a corner; thence north of west by land now, or formerly, of one Ellis, and land now, or formerly, of John Winn and Charles W. Bennett, 55 feet and 3 inches to a stake; thence east of north by land now or formerly of John G. Flagg 124 feet to a stake; thence south of east on and by said Broad street 57 feet and 9 inches to the point of beginning.

Above described premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles and assessments, if any.

$200 cash at sale.

MARY E. BRIGHAM, Mortgagee.
GEO. H. REED, Att'y,
7 Water St., Boston.

WILMINGTON, MASS., July 31, 1901.

TO THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:

Respectfully represent the undersigned, Inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, that High Street in the northerly part of said town extending from Woburn street to Middlesex Avenue is in need of relocation and alteration, particularly near the house of G. Arthur Sidelinker.

Wherefore we pray you will cause said street to be relocated, widened and altered.

G. W. SIDELINKER and seven others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the first day of August, A. D., 1901:

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the North Wilmington Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad in said Wilmington on the ninth day of September, 1901, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.
A true copy attest
EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

BEST TRIPS. BEST BOATS.
BAY LINE

The Magnificent New Steamer Cape Cod for

PLYMOUTH

Every day, at 10 A. M.

The New, seagoing Steamer Martinique for

PROVINCETOWN

Week days 9 45, Sundays 10 A. M. Music by Bay Line Band and Orchestra

From Bay Line Wharf, 410-430 Atlantic Ave., Boston, (weather permitting).

Fare—Plymouth, (round trip), $1.00 Provincetown, Daily Excursion, $1.00; stop-over tickets, $1 50. Children, half fare. Staterooms. Refreshments. Tel. 2216 Main.

Subject to change without notice.

J. R. BACON, Gen. Mgr.

Daily Ocean Trips

See (without a Telescope) the Picturesque North and South Shore from the

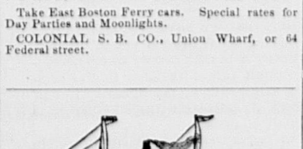
STEAMER
New Brunswick

(weather permitting,) every day except Saturday at 10.30 A. M. Saturday at 2 P. M. From Union Wharf, Commercial street (near North Ferry.) Concerts by Colonial Military Band and Orchestra. Grand Staterooms. Elegant Dining Saloon, with perfect hotel service.

Fare, 50c. Children, 25c.

Take East Boston Ferry cars. Special rates for Day Parties and Moonlights.

COLONIAL S. B. CO., Union Wharf, or 64 Federal street.



Portland Steamers
DELIGHTFUL SEA-COAST LINE.

The Superb New Steel Steamship, "Gov. Dingley," and the Staunch and Palatial Steamer "Bay State" En-Route to Old Orchard Beach, White Mountains, Booth Bay and other Sea-Coast points, also Interior Resorts of the State of Maine.

Largest, finest and most powerful steamers on the New England Coast, and their unsurpassed accommodations make travel a rest and pleasure.

Leave India Wharf, Boston, and Portland every evening, at 7 o'clock. Connections made at Portland with the earliest trains and steamers to all points East.

LOCAL FARE, $1.00. Through excursion rates *lower than any other route.* Send for circular.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Manager, Portland.
CHAS. R. LEWIS, Agent, Boston.

Salem Willows

DAILY 10.30 A. M.

"A Garden in the Ocean."

Five hours' sail, band concerts, dancing and many other attractions. Weather permitting.

50 Cents for the Round Trip.

Steamer at Winthrop Wharf, 400 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

To Let.

A House with all modern improvements, in one of the most desirable locations in this city, at a reasonable rent. Apply at the JOURNAL office.

C. M. Strout & Co

AGENT FOR THE

"Palace Regent"
Furnace

One of the best and most economical on the market today. It took a prize at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Rubber Hose at All Prices.

The "National Blue Flame" Oil Stove is the Best.

Telephone 124-7.

Brown's Charcoal
10c. Bag

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

WHAT DOES AUCTION MEAN?
Auction and Its Benefits.

Auction is the legitimate reacting to one man's pocket through the instrumentality of another man's brain. Auction is the impression upon one or many of the value of that upon which one or many are seeking to place his or their capital. It is the channel through which one sees flowing the many valuations placed upon property by others, and from which one may deduce his own value. As a river rises with the incoming tide, so does the desired value approach its mark under the skilful carrying power of the able auctioneer. Auction sales are in themselves benefits, for they bring out the desired results.

In contradistinction to private sales, in an auction you are dealing with the many, and not with one, and as you are dealing with the many so you are receiving the more results. As in everything else, so in auction: much depends upon the man. Above all, the auctioneer must be one who has or can draw the confidence of the people. With this accomplished, the road is levelled.

Experience is another thing of importance to consider in the auctioneer,—experience built upon the rock of actual and continued business.

E. J. GREGORY, Auctioneer,
Office: 10 Tremont Street, BOSTON.

We Are Headquarters
—FOR—
Hampden Cream.
FRESH DAILY.

It's here for you. At

J. LINNELL,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN

To Let.
THE DR. CONWAY RESIDENCE,

No. 19 Winn street, Woburn, late home of Dr. James H. Conway, for rent on reasonable terms. It is a desirable location for a Doctor. In perfect order.

Apply to MRS. ANNIE CONWAY, on the premises.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

"Out of Sorts."

Nothing tastes good. Nothing gives pleasure. The mind is dull and sluggish. The will is weak. Little things cause great irritation. What's the matter? The probabilities are that the stomach is deranged and the liver involved.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes a man who is run down and dispirited feel like a new being. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, stirs the sluggish liver into action, and increases the activity of the blood-making glands, so that there is an abundant supply of pure, rich blood.

Mr. Edward Jacobs, of Marengo, Crawford Co., Indiana, writes: "After three years of suffering with liver trouble and malaria I gave up all hopes of ever getting stout again, the last chance was to try your medicine. I had tried all the home doctors and received but little relief. After taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets' I am stout and hearty. It is due entirely to your wonderful medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1008 large pages, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HIS REPROACH.

Are you too tender hearted to be true—
True to your love, to me and your own soul?
Will you for pity give what is love's due
And leave love lorn and begging for a dole?
Then pity is a thief that steals love's purse
To squander in dishonest charity;
Then love is outcast, with the exile's curse
Who sees his varlets loot his seigneury.
Is love so hard it recks not where I lie,
While pity melts at aught that he endures?
I deserve nothing, save that you ensky
No other with those vesper lips of yours;
I deserve nothing, but your love of me
Deserves of you the courage to be free.
—Richard Hovey in Scribner's.

JACKIES ASHORE.

How They Saved Themselves at Valparaiso.

BY A UNITED STATES JACK TAR.

It happened in the forties. We were heartily tired of the dull monotony of our California life ere we had been in Monterey three months. To be confined on board ship in harbor is wearisome enough at any time, but more especially in so lifeless a port as Monterey was then.

In places of so great resort for men-of-war as Rio and Valparaiso various little incidents kept the mind excited and caused time to pass quickly if not pleasantly.

At different times some saluting took place in the harbor, and the cause of it formed a topic for general conversation among the men. But in Monterey bay there were none of these things—no bumboats, no strange vessels coming in or going out, nothing to see or to do or to think about.

A more tedious life than ours could not therefore well be. This experience was that of all the crew, not excepting even the officers, and heartily glad were we when it began to be whispered about that our sailing day was not far distant.

The boatswain's hoarse summons to "all hands up anchor for the United States" was received with three cheers. The capstan bar flew around, the anchors were quickly at the bows and the topsails sheeted home and hoisted, and as the ship's head swung to the breeze we manned the rigging and gave three times three cheers, which were cordially returned by the crews of some half dozen men-of-war then in port.

With favoring winds all the way, not being detained by the usual calm in crossing the line, we arrived, after a 46 days' run, at Valparaiso.

Here all hands were given a run on shore, a privilege of which we were not sorry to avail ourselves.

As homeward bounders we were looked up to ashore and among the crews of the other men-of-war in the harbor as fortunate beings, and it was with a feeling of pity that we looked down upon the poor fellows who were doomed to pass another year or two upon "the station" and presumed not a little upon our superior fortune.

The ship's company was divided into four shore parties, each division being allowed three days' liberty.

It was usual to make the division in such cases by watches or quarter watches, but in this case it was made up from a good behavior book kept by the captain and commander, those whose names stood highest on this being permitted to go first on shore, while those whose previous conduct had placed them lower were reserved for the last party. Among this last party were of course included all the worst drunkards and wild fellows, and, as often happens at sea, those whose characters for sobriety and general orderliness of behavior stood lowest on the captain's book were at the same time the smartest men in the ship, the very best seamen.

Having no liberty men to follow them, this last party determined upon having a grand spree and agreed not to come off to the ship until they were fairly driven on board. Accordingly when their allotted three days were out but very few came off. The rest, stowing themselves away where there was everything which a sailor's heart desires, awaited the turn of events. Such action was hardly prepared for on board, and one day's grace was given them in which to render themselves up. Scarcely a man availed himself of this, those who still remained having organized themselves into a band determined to resist any attempt at a forcible capture and to return on board voluntarily when they had their spree out.

The second day after the expiration of their liberty notice was given the vigilantes ashore that 20 shillings reward would be paid for every man of the crew returned on board.

Several who had carelessly strayed about town were brought aboard in the course of the day, the reward for their capture coming, of course, as it always did in such cases, out of their own pockets.

The third day came, and now the reward for each man taken was raised to 40 shillings. This set the entire police force of Valparaiso agog, as it was known that there were still nearly 100 men ashore, and the reward for their capture would prove a neat little sum. The tars by this time had had their spree out and were quite willing to return on board, but not as captives and, worse yet, with the prospect of paying for their own capture. The vigilantes, however, were unwilling to allow their prey to escape so easily and refused to let them go except as prisoners.

"Well," said one of the party when this news had been brought to them by a few of their number who had been to hold a parley with the police, "if they want us let 'em come and get us and let us be ready for 'em, boys, for we must get aboard today somehow."

All hands now armed, some having shovels, some hammers, others old chairs, billets of wood, table legs—in short, anything that came first to hand—and the entire party moved in a solid body down to Mizzentop, that part of their stronghold nearest the Mole. While consulting what was next to be done they were near being surprised by a considerable party of dismounted vigilantes, who, having skirted around the base of the hills, were then advancing upon their rear. At the same time another force appeared in front, and the party seemed about to be surrounded.

"Stick together, boys, and we'll drive these fellows before us down to the Mole, and if we reach that we are safe," said one of the leaders.

No sooner said than done. Without giving the party approaching their rear time to catch up the tars charged upon the company of vigilantes in front, and, throwing some down the steep side of the Mizzentop hill, knocking down others and driving the remainder before them, they fought their way gallantly down through the narrow street leading to the Mole and reached the plaza at its extremity without serious injury being done to any of them.

On reaching the plaza they were stopped by a multitude of the people who had congregated there to witness the capture of Jack. Forcing their way through there and still keeping the vigilantes at bay, they finally made their way to the water stairs, but there, alas, there was no boat to receive them. This was an emergency which had not been foreseen by our tars, who now saw themselves caught in a trap—the water at their backs, the police in front and flank. But they did not give up. They asserted their privilege to render themselves on board without the aid of the vigilantes, while the latter demanded the right to deliver them to their officers.

"Come and take us," was again the cry, and the police and the multitude closed in upon the little band, charging upon them with swords and lances. Our fellows, who had intrenched themselves behind some spiles, defended themselves desperately with stones, of which there was a plentiful supply at hand, and not a few Chilean skulls bore witness to the accuracy of their aims.

All this passed within plain view of us who were on board, impatient and excited witnesses of our shipmates' defense.

As ever and anon a Chilean would fall victim to some well aimed missile a little subdued shout would go up from the crowd congregated upon the forecastle, while a low murmur attended a similar misfortune to one of our fellows. But now the battle grew fiercer. The police, pressed on by the multitude behind, charged desperately and succeeded in dislodging a part of the sailors, who were driven by main force off the wharf and into the water.

Some few of these were fortunate enough to be picked up by several merchant vessels' crews which chanced to be there, but these rapidly pulled away from the scene of action, fearful of getting their boats stove by some of the rocks which soon began to fly. Those still remaining in the water clung to spiles and floating timber and were there helpless and at the mercy of the police, who stood above them throwing pieces of rock upon their heads. The little band on shore still defended themselves as best they could and maintained their position behind the timbers.

But a few minutes more and our boats were at the stairs, and, making a last mad rush at their assailants, our tars, picking up their wounded, ran hastily down the stairs, the boats shoved off, and all was over. Those in the water had of course been picked up first. The boats arrived none to soon to save our men. Many of them were wounded and several so badly hurt as to be confined to the sick bay the greater part of the voyage home. To what extent the police force of Valparaiso was injured in the melee we never learned, as we sailed the succeeding morning for Rio, which port was to be our last this side of home.

Superfluous Talk.

The late Professor Huxley, who was as shrewd an observer of men as he was of nature, once remarked, after falling into an indiscretion which annoyed him, that when a man says what he has no need to say he is sure to blunder. The truth of the observation will hardly be questioned unless by the very few, if there are any such, who never say more than there is necessity for saying. Most of us acknowledge, if we review our own experience in the matter, that we have frequently erred by saying what needed not to be said. But why is it that people so persistently commit this mistake? In the ordinary small talk of the household or of society it matters little whether it is committed or not.

But when serious matters are in question, whether in conversation, in set speech or in correspondence, a case is frequently spoiled by irrelevance or redundance. To say what you mean is comparatively easy; to leave off when you have said it is difficult and for many people impossible. In Huxley's case the fault, which he probably did not often commit, was due neither to want of clear thinking nor to want of facility in the use of words. One or the other or both of these causes will explain the inability to "keep to the point" which is usually apparent in the speech and writing of uneducated persons. But often, also, the speaker or writer forgets that extraneous considerations, interesting enough to himself, are of no interest to those whom he wishes to convince.

A Hard Job.

Carpenter—Well, boy, have you ground all the tools, as I told you, while I've been out?

Boy (newly apprenticed)—Yes, master, all but this 'ere 'andsaw. An I can't quite get the gaps out of it!—Punch.

Noblesse Oblige.

"What are you staring at, Nellie?"

"Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds you do look so like Lady Plantagenet Gingham that I was own maid to! Are you any relation, ma'am?"

"No—at least no near relation. But you can have that pink silk shirt waist of mine, Nellie."—Life.

Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine's letter, unless you act promptly. Procure **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write for advice if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women. All the persons who see private letters at Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, at Lynn, Mass., are women. All letters are confidential and advice absolutely free.

Here is the letter:—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** I felt very badly, was terribly nervous, and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. Valentine, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N.J.

MRS W.P. VALENTINE.

$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

SPOILED HIS SERMON

WHY ONE NAVAL OFFICER STOPPED JAWING ABOUT TATTOOING.

An Incident Which Caused His Heated Remarks on the Subject to Lose Force, Putting the Laugh on Him at the Same Time as Well.

"There was an officer of the line put on the retired list the other day," said an old time messenger at the navy department who put in many cruises as a petty officer in the United States sea service, "who got himself into an odd pickle one morning by taking a shower bath.

"This officer was a fine sailorman to serve under, and the men were mighty fond of him. But he had one kink. That was his opposition to the practice of tattooing. He was 'first luff' or executive officer of the ship at the time I'm speaking of, and, while he was particularly easy on his crew, he certainly had a habit of coming down on 'em like a thousand of brick for the tattooing business. There were a lot of men in the crew that did tattooing, and the 'first luff' kept an eye on them. He didn't want any of the new young chaps in the service to get themselves marked up, and when he caught the lads with new bunches of ink on their persons he invariably berated them soundly and sent the tattooers to the mast. There was no regulation then, as there is now, against tattooing, and so the executive officer couldn't punish the tattooers, but he always lectured them pretty soundly at that. But he couldn't stamp out the practice. The young fellows entering the service as landsman weren't a little bit contented until they'd got themselves marked up like the old Flatfeet.

"This executive officer, however, considered the practice foolish and barbarous and idiotic, as it no doubt is, although I've got the ink scattered over a good deal of my old frame. I remember that while I was attached to the ship of which this officer was the 'first luff' I went ashore at Nagasaki, Japan, one afternoon and came across a Jap tattooer whose work was high grade. I had a small vacant space still unmarked on my left forearm, and, being a good deal younger then than I am now and a bit under the sake, I doubt not at that, I had this Jap tattooist needle me the American flag and the Irish emblem intertwined on that vacant space. Well, the next morning I was doing my stunt on deck, with my sleeves rolled up and that raised bit of tattooing showing raw on my left arm. The executive officer caught sight of it, and he rounded on me instantly.

"'Well, you ought to have 30 days in some lubbers' jail,' said he to me. 'An old jack like you getting himself scrapped up like any beach comber after all your years in deep water! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

"I felt pretty sheepish, of course, but I told him that I wouldn't ha' had it done if it hadn't been for a bit too much rice wine the afternoon before, but he only snorted and walked aft.

"Well, only two mornings after that this kindly 'first luff' showed himself up and got the terrible laugh from the whole ship's company for'ard. The officers had rigged up a shower bath on the after deck, under which, with only a pair of small trunks on, they'd stand when they got up on the hot mornings to get cooled off. The apparatus had only been up for a couple of days when on this morning that I'm speaking of the executive officer, who was an exceedingly absentminded man, pranced out with his little pair of new trunks and, turning the water on, stood under the shower, gasping and enjoying himself. It was about an hour after 'all hands' in the morning, and all the men were on deck. Well, when they saw the 'first luff' stripped that way there went up a shout from that ship's company that sounded like a homeward bound roar.

"For the executive officer was just one mass of fine tattooing from his neck to his middle. It was all Japanese work—dragons, eagles, snakes, dainty garden scenes and all that sort of stuff—in all of the Japanese tattooer's colors. His arms had all kinds of adders and pythons and boa constrictors coiled around them, and, all in all, I don't believe any of us in the crew had ever seen a man, for'ard or aft, so completely tattooed up as that 'first luff' of ours was.

"When he heard the tremendous laugh, the executive officer looked up in surprise, and when he saw the whole ship's company doing nothing but stare at him with grins he turned as red as a beet, looked down at himself and hustled for his room at the gallop. He looked pretty sheepish and red when he emerged about half an hour later in uniform, but he took it all good naturedly, and that afternoon he said to me on the quiet:

"'You lads for'ard have got it on me sure enough, but I had those imbecile things needled on me when I was a pinhead of a cadet, thinking it was fine. Anyhow, it's not a case of doing as I do, but of doing as I say!'

"I could only grin in reply, and he snorted and then grinned and went aft.

"From then on until the wind up of the cruise he never said another word against tattooing."—Washington Star.

The Independence of Riches.

"My daughter," said the lady with the chin that lapped over itself, "is going to marry a very wealthy young man. I can't tell you exactly how much he is worth, but he can afford to go in a private car when he travels."

"That's nothing so very great," replied the beautiful old thing, who thought she still had the world guessing as to whether she was 35 or 36, "my daughter's engaged to a man who is so rich that he can afford to go around wearing a 50 cent hat."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How to Become Wealthy.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who in addition to his wide medical skill is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young, and I want you to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man and in a deliberate tone said:

"Yes; I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions, by the time you reach my age you'll be rich as Crœsus and as mean as hades."—Buffalo Commercial.

A Crank on Clothes.

Sir Harry Poland, a British magistrate noted for his brilliancy, was always careless in his dress. Once his family persuaded him to go to Poole and order a fashionably cut suit. To the chagrin of the household Sir Harry looked more outlandish in the new clothes than in his old ones. His brother-in-law went to see Poole about it.

"It is not my fault, sir," the tailor assured him. "Every care was taken, but how could we fit a gentleman who would insist upon being measured sitting down?"

And the only satisfaction that could be obtained from Sir Harry Poland himself later on was the dry comment: "Well, it's my business and not yours. I like to be comfortable. I spend three parts of my life sitting down, and I preferred to be measured so."

The Finlanders.

No northern people are hardier or more spirited than the Finlanders, with their clear complexions and dark blue eyes. In spite of their harsh climate they have the most healthful living of perhaps any of the northern races and keep equal degrees of romance, daring and good feeling in their natures. You do not find imagination, force and adventure in a race without coarse, plenteous fare, pure air and cleanliness.

He Was Accommodated.

A conjuror was performing before a rough and ready audience in one of the prohibition states of America, according to an English paper. "I am now about to undertake a feat," said he, "in which I shall need the use of a pint flask of whisky." There was a dead silence. "Will some gentleman in the audience favor me with a pint of whisky?" There was no response, and the conjuror began to look blank. "Surely," he continued, "in a southeastern prohibition town I ought not to have to ask a second time for such a thing. I give my word I will return it intact. Is there no"—

"Stranger," said a tall, gaunt man as he rose slowly from a front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do as well?"

"Why, certainly! I merely"—

But before he could finish the generous, open handed audience had risen like one man and were on their way to the platform in a body.

His Unlucky Day.

Even the least superstitious are often struck by the misfortunes which attend some persons on certain dates. A large firm in the city has in its employ a living instance of the fact. On June 12 an employee lost his left arm by coming in contact with machinery. The accident disabled him for his then employment, and he was given that of a messenger. On another June 12 he was run over in the Strand while on an errand—result, a broken leg. The next accident was a fall on the stairs in the firm's buildings, again June 12; the right arm broken this time. The fourth mishap on another anniversary broke three ribs. The firm took the case into consideration and issued an order that in future the employee was to take a holiday on that date, an order with which he has now complied for several years.—London Chronicle.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xviii, 16-33. Memory Verses, 23-25—Golden Text, Jas. v, 16—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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16-19. "And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" We must suppose that the lesson committee did the best they knew how in selecting the portions which they have assigned to us for study, but how they could be led to omit such a portion as chapter xvii is something of a mystery. We trust that all teachers will think it worth while to look at the portions passed over. Last week's lesson showed us Abram made sure, as we supposed, by the Lord's message that all would be as God had said, yet in chapter xvi we read that he turned from God to listen to an earthly suggestion, which brought much trouble into his household and led to an interval of 13 years in his life of which we know nothing. Compare xvi, 16, and xvii, 1; Jer. xvii, 5. In chapter xvii the Lord appears to him under a new name, the Almighty God (El-Shaddai), the Mighty God who is all sufficient, confirming and stating more fully the covenant and giving him the token which signified death to the flesh (Col. ii, 11); giving him also a new name by putting the principal letter of His own name Jehovah (Jhvh) in the midst of his old name Abram. We cannot know the all sufficiency of God till we are willing to have done with self and walk before Him. Sarai's name is also changed, and Abraham is assured that the time has come and within a year Sarah shall bear to him the promised son. The visit of the Lord and the two other heavenly ones to Abraham in the heat of the day, their acceptance of Abraham's hospitality and the message to Abraham confirmed to Sarah lead us to the beginning of today's lesson. Let the Lord's question to Sarah in verse 14, first clause, along with Jer. xxxii, 17, and John xiv, 13, 14, lead us to expect great things from God.

20, 21. The Lord is a righteous judge and speaks of Himself here as carefully inquiring into matters. He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes neither reprove after the hearing of His ears, but with righteousness shall He judge (Isa. xi, 3, 4). Everything on earth cries to Him, and He hears and will in due time see to it. Note carefully Gen. iv, 10; Ex. iii, 7; Hab. ii, 11; Jas. v, 4; also creation's groans in Rom. viii, 22. God hears it all.

22. "Abraham stood yet before the Lord." The other two visitors went toward Sodom, and their visit to Lot and his rescue by them are recorded in the next chapter, references to which we find from the Lord Himself in Luke xvii, 28-32. Abraham standing before God makes us think of Elijah and Elisha and also of Gabriel (I Kings xvii, 1; II Kings iii, 14; Luke i, 19). To appropriate and live in the power of Ps. xvi, 8, is a very proper and helpful thing to do, remembering that the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh upon the heart (I Sam. xvi, 7). He says, "Lo, I am with you alway."

23-26. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" In the rest of our lesson we see Abraham as the intercessor, as we afterward see Moses, Samuel, Daniel and others, all typical of Him who ever liveth to make intercession for us (Rom. viii, 34; Heb. vii, 25). We read that Abraham drew near, and it is our privilege to draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, and to come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need (Heb. x, 22; iv, 16). We may come not only for ourselves, but for others. We may forget ourselves and live chiefly for others, and the more we renounce self and live for others the more we shall be like Him who never pleased Himself nor sought His own will nor His own glory (Rom. xv, 3; John vi, 38; viii, 50). By His precious blood He has made us nigh who once were far off and has given us access to God at all times (Eph. ii, 13; Rom. v, 2), with such blessed assurances for our encouragement as John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7, 16; Mark xi, 24; I John v, 14, 15.

27-32. Fearing that there may not be 50 righteous in Sodom, Abraham continues to plead that the Lord will spare the city for the sake of 45, 40, 30, 20, 10, and the Lord said that He would spare the city if ten righteous people were found in it. Six times Abraham pleads. Some wonder how it might have been if he had still kept on, but it would appear that Lot was the only righteous man in the city, and we would not have known that he was righteous but for II Pet. ii, 7, 8. It would seem that his wife and two daughters were delivered for his sake and that he was delivered for Abraham's sake (chapter xix, 12, 29). That the righteous by their intercession can bring blessing to others is evident from the record of the centurion, the woman of Tyre and Sidan, the four friends (Math. viii, 10; ix, 2; xv, 28). That there may be such a state of affairs that even the prayers of the righteous cannot avail we learn from Jer. xv, 1; Ezek. xiv, 14, 20, where we see that such men as Moses, Samuel, Noah, Daniel or Job could not bring deliverance. Abraham did not plead on the ground of any goodness in himself, for he spoke of himself as but dust and ashes (verse 27), but only on the ground of the great need and the righteousness of God. We may learn a good lesson in pleading from Jeremiah, who said, "O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake" (Jer. xiv, 7). In Jesus' name is our great strength.

33. "And the Lord went His way as soon as He had left communing with Abraham, and Abraham returned unto his place." How near heaven is brought to earth in these interviews of God with Abraham and others! And it is the privilege of every believer to walk with God in constant communion (Gen. v, 24; vi, 9; Mic. vi, 8). It is to be feared that the majority of the righteous are like Lot in Sodom, so mixed up with the ungodly that they bear no testimony for God, while but few are like Abraham at Hebron, living above the world in fellowship with God, for this is a narrow way, and few there be that find it. Let every child of God remember that He has redeemed us to be a people for His own possession, set apart for Himself, not conformed to this world (Titus ii, 14, R. V.; Ps. iv, 3; Rom. xii, 1, 2), and let us trust Him to make us willing (Ps. cx, 3) to be all that He desires us to be, living no longer unto this world or unto ourselves, but unto Him alone.

Stock Market Tips.

Does it ever occur to those who follow journalistic tips on the stock market that they are written by men who find it worth their while to follow an arduous and moderately remunerated profession and that therefore the tipster obviously cannot trust to his tips for a livelihood?

Is it conceivable that any one whose judgment of the movements of securities was sufficiently trustworthy to make even the majority of his shots bullseyes would waste his time by compiling paragraphs for newspapers? Would he not rather spend half an hour or so in the morning at the end of a telephone instructing his broker to buy and sell and devote the rest of his day to the graceful consumption of the boundless fortune that his knowledge and acumen would, ex hypothesi, inevitably provide?

And tips from stockbrokers come under the same suspicion, for it is not reasonable to suppose that one who really had tips worth following in his possession would utilize them as baits for clients who reward his efforts with a beggarly half crown per cent.—Cornhill.

MY MAIDEN BEAUTIFUL.

O red rose in the garden!
O red rose on the spray!
Saw you my maiden beautiful
Pass hither on her way?
Perchance she kissed your petals
And turned from white to red
The rose that blushed to find itself
With fairer sweets o'erspread.

O blackbird in the thicket!
And you, sad nightingale!
Heard you my maiden beautiful
Go singing down the vale?
For, syne you dulcet measure
Dame Echo hither bore,
Methinks your plaintive notes have caught
A lilt they lacked before.
—Lady Lindsay in "The Prayer of St. Scholastica and Other Poems."

A PROFESSIONAL CALL.

By M. Quad.

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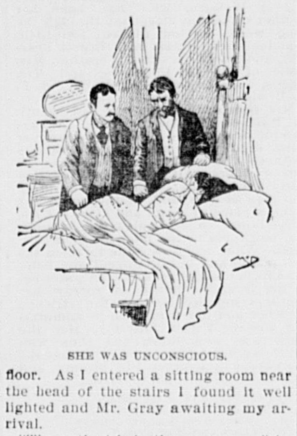
It was the public press that first gave me a lift as a young physician and surgeon, and it was the same power that almost wrought my death in the same fortnight. I had been very fortunate in a surgical operation in a charity hospital in which many people of social standing were interested, and the newspapers caught up the talk and gave me a fine send off. Not a week had passed before I received a caller who came to consult me about a case of cancer of the tongue. It was a sister of his, he said, who was the victim, and his call was to learn how I would operate and whether I would be free after 9 o'clock of an evening.

It was the fourth night after his call that the summons came. A man whom I at once took for a valet came in a cab to tell me that Mr. Gray's sister had consented to the operation and I was to go with him at once. Everything necessary except the surgical instruments had been provided, and in ten minutes I was riding through the streets of London with him. When we finally stopped after a two mile ride, the street, so far as I could make out, was a fairly respectable one, and the house we entered was detached and built of brick and stone. I took no heed of name plate or number, but followed at the young man's heels and was conducted to a room on the second floor. As I entered a sitting room near the head of the stairs I found it well lighted and Mr. Gray awaiting my arrival.



SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS.

"The patient is in the next room," he said after greeting me, "but I should like to have a few words with you before going in. I wish you to understand that I am able and willing to pay you a very liberal fee."

"Yes?" I said as he looked hard at me.

"You are a young practitioner, and I have no doubt that a thousand pounds just now, with the good words spoken by the newspapers, will help you to fame and wealth. I trust you will think of this."

"But I can think of no surgical operation to bring me such a fee," I protested. "You spoke of cancer of the tongue, I believe, and the patient is a woman?"

"Exactly. Cancer of the tongue and a woman. You will doubtless find it necessary to remove at least half the tongue. You may not think such an operation worth more than £50, but I have settled your fee at a thousand."

"Has the patient been told that it may be necessary to remove a portion of the tongue?"

"Well, no, but that is a matter for us to decide on. She must submit to our decision. Remember, at least half the tongue and a fee of a thousand pounds."

I was trying to make him out when he led the way into a bedroom farther down the hall, and the instant the door was opened I got a whiff of chloroform. On the bed, partly disrobed and covered by a sheet, was a woman of about 35. A single glance was enough to prove that she was classed as a lady, although she was unconscious and breathing heavily.

"You have had another surgeon here?" I said as I opened the door to let the room clear itself.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I simply thought it better to have her under the influence of an anæsthetic when you arrived. Good looking woman, isn't she? Too bad a portion of her tongue must come off."

He said these words in such a sarcastic tone that I looked him full in the eyes and began to doubt him, but as he motioned for me to approach the bed I did so and soon had the woman's jaws open and was looking for the cancer. There was nothing of the sort to be found. The tongue was without blemish of any sort.

"There seems to be some mistake here," I said as I turned from the bed. "You told me this was a case of cancer, but I find nothing of the sort."

"Y-e-s," he slowly replied, looking from me to the unconscious woman—"yes, there is a mistake. Instead of a cancerous tongue it is a lying tongue Instead of being my sister she is my wife. For two years she has been playing me false. You cannot remove the face, which has worn a loving smile all through my disgrace, but you can prevent the tongue from speaking more lies."

"Man, you must be crazy!" I exclaimed in indignation. "Is this what you brought me here for—to mutilate?"

"That is it," he replied as he rubbed his hands together. "You will cut away such portion of her tongue as will prevent her from ever speaking another sentence. I trusted her and believed in her, but she lied to me and dishonored me. To your work, and your fee is ready. It is a thousand pounds in hand."

"Good night, sir—I am going," I said as I started for the door, but I had not taken three steps when I was seized from behind and held as in a vise. Unheard by me, a second man had entered the room.

"But you see you are not going," laughed the husband as he rubbed his hands again, "at least not until after the operation. It is no use being foolish over it. You will either do as I order you to or—or"—

"Or what?" I asked.

"I will take revenge on you as well!" he quietly replied.

"Then take your revenge, for I'll have nothing to do with your case!"

I think he was satisfied that I meant what I said, for after a long look at me he picked up a bottle of chloroform and a sponge and after filling the sponge applied it to my nose. Do not imagine I took the situation serenely. On the contrary, I shouted and struggled, and it was only after I had been thrown to the floor by the combined efforts of the two men that they succeeded in depriving me of my senses. I knew when I was going and wondered in what part of London I was and what sort of fate would be meted out to me. The next thing I knew I was in a hospital, with a doctor seeking to revive me. I had been picked up on the street by two policemen and carried into the place. I was supposed to have taken too much wine and then been run over by a passing carriage. The hospital was a mile and a half from my office, and I had no doubt been carried to the spot where I was found by the two men and a carriage. If the husband had meant to have revenge on me, he had thought better of it.

You may be sure I put the case in the hands of the police, but nothing came of it. They found a score of streets and a score of houses which answered to the faint description I could give, but were sure of none. What the fate of the woman was I could only conjecture. Perhaps the husband relented toward her as well and was satisfied with casting her off.

A Cornet Performance.

In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign a very talented family of the name of Distin earned considerable fame both in this country and on the continent by their singing and admirable performance upon a quintet of saxhorns. Subsequently the party broke up, and one of the members essayed to start a musical instrument shop in Cranbourn street, Leicester square. He was, however, in very indifferent pecuniary circumstances, and his "store" had hardly advanced beyond its four bare walls, which Distin himself was engaged in whitewashing, when a customer arrived and demanded a cornet.

Hastily explaining that his goods were not yet unpacked, but that if his customer would wait a few minutes he would procure him what he wanted, Distin slipped out of the back door and took a cab to a wholesale house in the city, where he obtained on approval a cornet, value 25 shillings. Returning with this, he expatiated upon its beauties and to prove them performed upon it himself so superbly that his customer, convinced that he had here a really exceptional instrument, very readily paid the 10 guineas demanded.

This sum, it is said, enabled Distin to start a business which was rapidly successful and eventually sold for a considerable amount.—Good Words.

A Very Curious Plant.

There is a curious plant, said to be a native of Palestine, but which grows freely in England, which is called Calvary clover and which in appearance is like ordinary clover. It is said that to thrive it must be sown on Good Friday. The leaves as they appear above the ground have a blood red spot on each division of the leaf, which will remain for some weeks, eventually dying away. The three leaflets during the day stand in the form of a cross, with the head erect and arms extended, but with the setting sun the arms are brought together, and the upper leaflet bows over them as if in the act of prayer.

Calvary clover has a yellow flower which in time becomes a little spiral pod covered with sharp thorns and which when ripened distinctly resembles a "crown of thorns." It is thus by its blood stained leaves, its extended arms and bowed head and by the day when the seed is sown to await its resurrection that it has gained for itself the name of Calvary clover.

Franklin Slept In Salt Water.

The sleeping girl now and then comes to the front with one of her prolonged slumbers of several days' duration, and one is reminded of the feat of Franklin, as he himself tells it. The philosopher in this case is entitled to public confidence, but an unknown witness would not be credited. "Monday, July 25, at Southampton, I went at noon to bathe in Martin's salt water bath and, floating on my back, fell asleep and slept for over an hour, by the watch, without sinking or turning over, a thing I never did before nor should hardly have thought it possible."—National Magazine.

Kubelik and Paderewski.

"Oh, Mr. Kubelik," said a dazzling beauty to the great violinist after one of his performances, "you are indeed a genius! Whenever I hear you and M. Paderewski play I seem quite dazed, the effect upon me is so fascinating! Have you ever heard Paderewski, monsieur?"

"Once, madame; only once," quietly replied Kubelik. "But," and this very firmly, "I shall certainly never hear him again."

"Why not?" asked the astonished beauty.

"I will tell you," answered Kubelik. "I am conscious that I possess a certain power, a certain originality. Now, I cannot afford to lose this consciousness, for upon it entirely depends my success. I heard Paderewski once, and then I felt my 'proud consciousness' going, my faith in myself slipping. Paderewski's influence over me the only time I ever heard him play was so powerful that I felt, for the sake of my own originality, if I possess any ("Oh, M. Kubelik!" almost shrieked the beauty) that it would be safer and wiser to leave him to his own joy and genius. No, madame, there is but one Paderewski; there are many Kubeliks!"—Modern Society.

Why She Wanted to Know.

"Is this Hazel street?" asked a young woman in one of the back seats of an East Tenth street car who was carrying a diminutive poodle dog under her arm.

"No, madam," said the conductor. "I will tell you when we come to it."

Later on she repeated the question, and the conductor answered with some show of impatience. Finally when Hazel street was reached, he rang, and the car came to a stop. "This is Hazel street," said the conductor.

"Oh, I don't want to get off at that street. I only wanted to know where it was. I go to the end of the line."

Then as the car started again she looked down at the pug and said in tones of extreme affection, "There, dearie, there's where your muddy lives."—Indianapolis News.

Probably every child cherishes it against his parents that they once gave him a calf, and kept the money when they sold it.—Atchison Globe.

SAVAGES IN JAPAN.

THE HAIRY AINOS AND THEIR RESERVATIONS IN THE EMPIRE.

Odd Customs Practiced by These Aboriginal People of Japan. Unique Styles In Baby Names. Their Resemblance to Our Indians.

The Ainus, generally known to Americans and Europeans as "the hairy Ainos," are the only aboriginal people now living in Japan. They are called "hairy" in contradistinction to the smooth faced Japanese, Koreans and Chinese. Their present home is in Hokkaido, or Yesso, the most northerly part of the empire, although it is supposed that in earlier times they occupied most of the entire country. Ancestors of the Japanese of today found them in possession and by force of superior arms and civilization gradually drove them to the north, much in the same way as the savages were driven back toward the Pacific by the early settlers in America.

The Ainus live today pretty much as the Indians on their reservations in the west. They are still for the most part half savage, and the Japanese name for them, "Yesso," means barbarian. They are very skillful in hunting and fishing, which are their chief occupations. They are under the protection of the imperial government and are entirely separated from the Japanese. The latest census showed that they number very nearly 17,000.

Among the many curious customs of the Ainus perhaps the quaintest is their method of naming their children. They observe a peculiar economy in giving names. The infant must go without a name until it shows itself worthy of bearing one. If it is sickly and not likely to live, it is not considered worth while to waste a name upon it. As each child must by immemorial custom have a brand new name, used by no one in the community, names are scarce and must be guarded. If the child should be given a name borne by some one else, the ghost of the former possessor of the name may come back from the underworld to avenge the slight.

It is customary to take a name from some incident that occurred at the child's birth or it is left to the parents afterward to choose one for it. Should the infant come into the world with a smiling face it might be called Ikishimaburu, which means a smile, or fond parents may call it Kamoissage (a pulling rope of the gods) if they wish their child to be in the special care of the gods.

From the age of 7 to 10 Ainu children of either sex have their heads shaved, but after 11 they are allowed to have long hair and wear the same clothes as grown persons. They wear no clothing unless the weather is very cold.

The favorite and almost exclusive ornament is the earring, usually made of metal. What clothing is worn is made of straw. They never wear shoes or other covering for the feet except as a great luxury and mark of distinction on ceremonious occasions.

The men carry small knives and tobacco pouches, and the women carry small looking glasses and knives. The knife is used as symbolic. The maiden wears it with the blade bare, but when she marries it is worn in a sheath. The women also paint their faces, using a kind of ink for the purpose.

The Ainus live mostly by fishing and hunting. They hunt the bear and deer, catch salmon and other fish and grow potatoes and millet. Whenever they can get it they eat rice, which they regard as the best food, though they do not raise it themselves. Both sexes smoke tobacco and drink liquor.

The marriage customs differ widely from those of the Japanese. The question is first settled between the youth and maiden, who then refer the matter to their parents through a mediator, who should be a relative of the prospective bridegroom. The man must send a present of lacquered ware, which is regarded by them as one of the most precious things in the world. This, however, is reclaimed by him if his wife afterward seeks a divorce.

Ainus live in dwellings of about the same class as those of the American Indians. The rude hut has two windows, one of them for ordinary earthly uses, the other reserved for the entrance of the gods.

Woman is fairly treated and held in deep respect. The man is not allowed to enter the house when the woman is in it alone, and he is not permitted to walk behind a woman. When a man meets a woman, he must salute first, by smoothing his beard and rubbing his hands. Then she responds by touching her nose with a finger of her left hand.

During October the Ainus hold a religious fete, which is called the bear festival, because they sacrifice a bear which has been carefully fostered for three years.

Judicial punishment among the Ainus consists of a severe beating with a stick administered to the culprit. The crimes are generally theft—stealing articles or the wife of a neighbor. As there are eight men to one woman the majority of the males are not married, and wife stealing is very common. The accused is subjected to a long examination by the chief of the community and is then compelled to resort to the ordeal of fire. He must take a stone out of boiling water. If innocent, the Ainus think he will not be injured. If the question cannot be settled in this way, the principals in the dispute must fight it out.

The Ainus are polytheists, though they limit their gods to two, a god of fire and a god of water. The first is called Kabekamoi and the latter Hatokamoi. They, also, like most peoples who have a religious system, believe in some sort of heaven and hell.—Japan and America.

An Ant For a Pet.

One of the queerest little pets ever seen is the tame ant belonging to a well known scientist. This man keeps tribes of ants in nests which he has made himself and feeds them with honey or sugar through a tube that connects with the nests. One day he saw that one of the ants kept coming into the tube to eat up the honey in the glass bulb at the end. When he took out the cork that closed the bulb, the insect came to look for the food, and he offered it some honey on the point of a needle, says the New York Tribune.

The ant shrank back at first, then drew nearer, feeling about with its antennæ, until it reached the needle. Soon it learned to take the honey off its keeper's finger, although ants are among the most timid of living things, and a new odor or the least movement outside their nests usually drives these little insects away.

This ant is now so tame that it quits the bulb as soon as the cork is removed and goes to find the honey on the scientist's finger. When its meal is over, it does not try to hurry away, but waits till its master lifts it on a bristle and carries it back to its nest.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00. A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8 45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.25, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and, every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Boston & Northtern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 8.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and hourly until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET
— AND —
PEACH CREAM
MADE FROM
NEW FRUIT.
Crawford's - -
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

The Wise Man
Does not wait until he sees a storm coming before he sets about mending his leaky roof. Neither does he await the approach of another Winter to repair or replace his defective heating apparatus. Prices are lower now than for several years, with a rise in prospect.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
HEATING ENGINEER,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
Telephone 28-2.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate. By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Seth T. Gifford and Phoebe A. Gifford his wife; in her own right, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank dated December 1, 1887 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1825, Folio 534, and duly assigned to me, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Tuesday the 17th day of September, 1901 at eleven o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., all and singular the premises conveyed in and by said mortgage deed, substantially described as follows:—namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon situated on the northerly side of Pleasant street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises, on said Pleasant street, at land of Rufus P. Crosby; from thence the line runs northerly, by land of said Crosby, two hundred and twenty-six feet, more or less, to land now or formerly of Andrew D. Craig; thence easterly by said land of Craig, thirty-five feet, more or less, to a corner of the fence, to land formerly of Stephen Dow; thence southerly by said land of Dow, two hundred and twenty-six feet, more or less, to said Pleasant street; thence westerly, by and with said Pleasant street, forty-five feet, more or less, to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to said Phoebe A. Gifford by George W. M. Hall, by deed dated March 2, 1878, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1467, Page 246. Said premises will be sold and conveyed subject to any and all taxes and assessments thereon. Terms of sale $500.00 cash at sale, and balance within ten days.

EDWARD L. GOODWIN,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. A. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward

430 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

UPHOLSTERING!
C. L. SMITH,
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass
(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson)
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Office closed during August.
DR. LEWIS, DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.

The sunbeam loved the moonbeam
And followed her low and high,
But the moonbeam fled and hid her head—
She was so shy, so shy.

The moonbeam wooed with passion—
Ah, he was a lover bold!
And his heart was a-fire with a mad desire
For the moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him;
Her hair was a shining sheen,
And, oh, that fate would annihilate
The space that lay between.

Just as the day lay panting
In the arms of the twilight dim
The sunbeam caught the one he sought
And drew her close to him.

And out of his warm arms startled
And stirred by love's first shock
She sprang, afraid, like a trembling maid,
And hid in a niche of rock.

And the sunbeam followed and found her
And led her to love's own feast,
And they were wed on that rocky bed,
And the dying day was their priest.

And, lo, the beautiful opal—
That rare and wondrous gem,
Where the moon and the sun blend into one—
Is the child that was born to them.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Sergius Hotzka's Only Friends.

A Story of Russian Races and of Love.

It is the morning of the Epiphany.

The intense cold of the night has moderated, but the thermometer still marks 15 degrees below zero. From the tall steeples of innumerable churches the bells of St. Petersburg ring in the sacred feast. In an exquisitely appointed room of a palace, where tender lights filter through the golden shadows of silken hangings, sits a woman. Her attitude is one of repose, deep, unruffled. From the crown of her little flame colored head to the tip of her dainty shoe she is a perfect bit of Dame Nature's art. If she were standing, we should call her tall, but she sits crouching in her chair with all the abandon of a dozing tigress. She gives a little yawn.

"Ah, late, as usual!" she says aloud.

As she speaks the door opens, and a servant enters.

"Captain Repine," he announces.

He follows quickly on the man's heels—short, thickset, with a dull Cossack face and kindly smile, wearing the uniform of an officer of the imperial bodyguard.

"Pardon, my dear Elisaveta. Have I made you wait?"

She gives her shapely shoulders a slight shrug, but watches him with contemplative eyes as he rattles on.

"Imagine, my beloved, I thought that I should not be able to take you to the races, I was so rushed at the last moment. Oh, but they will be superb! Never has the track been more perfect —hard as a rock and not a flake of snow."

"Indeed," says the lady languidly. Putting out a lazy, beringed hand, she draws back the curtain that hides her window. "It is superb," she assents.

"You know how difficult it is to accomplish that," continued the young officer, "with this cursed wind drifting the Ladoga snow. Still I must tell you that 500 men have worked all night at it. Brave fellows!"

"The journal says something of a three horse race."

"Yes; the event of the day. But come"—

"We have still another hour," she answered and motioned him to a seat beside her.

"No, no; at your feet, always at your feet, Princess Veta," said the young man gayly, flinging his head back to better look into the opal tinted eyes above him. With her little pointed chin against the rose of her palm she sits lost in a world of reverie.

"Do you remember Sergius Hotzka?" she asked suddenly.

He shrugged his shoulders, accustomed to the willful wanderings of the great city's petted belle.

"How could I ever forget him?" he said in turn. "Was there ever a man who left more ineffaceable traces behind him? He was an original madman."

"Original!" echoes Elisaveta. "Ah, what a cowardly word! Original?" she repeated, as though interrogating her own thought. The young man frowned slightly, but she went on with calm retrospection. "Only three years ago," she said, "and he appeared among us like some brilliant meteor—fabulously rich, astonishing the world with his eccentric prodigalities. Then all those clod rooting swine, they deserted him when he was no longer wealthy."

Her lover's white teeth were like a wolfish danger signal as he turned to look at her.

"My dear," he said coldly, "you can't expect the world to be faithful to a proscript."

"Proscript!"

"Exactly. They say that political complications were his ruin. At any rate he is banished from St. Petersburg."

"Then he is in Siberia?"

With all a soldier's diplomacy he says indifferently: "I believe not. The peasants tell a story of a hermit of the steppes, who mends kettles and plows for the farmers. Many believe it to be Hotzka, with the remains of his own famous stud."

"Farmers—kettles," echoed Elisaveta absently.

Suddenly she turns on her moody swain.

"Come, Alexander," she cries, "I can see the crowds gather from here. Quick—we must hurry."

It is scarcely a half hour later and the race course presents a brilliant spectacle. The river Neva is now only a colossal roadway between two walls of splendid rose granite that line its quays. It is a mirror of polished steel. Stands richly decorated with flags occupy at least a quarter of the inclosure, and over a hundred thousand spectators surround the arena. In the center of everything a great pavilion draped in purple and gold shows that royalty is expected to take part in the city's festival. A huge figure in white uniform shows itself. The impassiveness of this countenance, with its eagle profile and small, glittering eyes, is unmistakable.

'Tis he, the autocrat—the emperor of all the Russias.

From the human hive mounts and swells a growing noise; cries, oaths, calls from the Kras senders, all blend themselves in a formidable roar, "Long live the czar!"

At this moment a rosewood sled drawn by white horses stops in front of the box nearest the royal pavilion. The president of the jury precipitates himself at the horses' feet, and aids a young woman to descend. The tall figure, with its long, loose wrap of priceless blue fox and its aureole of wonderful red hair, is well known in St. Petersburg. She is the Princess Elisaveta Palorna, the beauty of three seasons. Repine follows her. Under her little fur cap, with his jeweled fez, Veta's eyes look out, serene, impenetrable. A bell sounds and silence falls on the waiting multitude. From open gates stream a dozen or more horses harnessed to light sleds of gilded osier. They are pure blooded Arabians, thickset mustangs from the steppes, and highly bred Orloffs with sweeping manes, white and shiny as spun glass.

The people watch these preliminaries apathetically. They are waiting for the "piece de resistance," the three horse race, with princes as drivers. Already four races have been run. The track is cleared, and the 500 workers take up their task of sweeping away the powdered ice beaten up by the iron hoofs. Once more the gates open, and three splendid bays appear with the same sled of gilded osier, but larger and more elegant. They are followed by three black Finlanders, with shaggy coats and tails that sweep the ground. The last comers are Orloff stallions, white and dazzling as the snow itself. Their short hair glistens as though oiled, and silver reflections shadow their smooth flanks and elegant necks; their mouths are black and their nostrils immense, quivering and rose lined; their eyes, tender, yet prominent and full of fire, are circled by a sooty ring, like those of the Asiatic women. They are the pets of the hour. There they stand, the nine superb creatures, controlled by a splendid discipline that does not permit the most timid pawing of their impatient hoofs and with over 200,000 eyes admiring their matchless perfection.

Three sorry horses, emaciated and sad, splashed with mud and covered with a ragged harness, half string, half leather, advance slowly into the arena. Behind them trails a clumsy vehicle made from the bark of the Russian fir tree and shaped like the Laplander's hunting sled. With drooping heads and dragging limbs the weary beasts come forward and place themselves beside their aristocratic predecessors. A cry of horror rises up from the crowd. Leaning back in her box, Veta watches the late arrivals with fixed intentness.

The bell rings noisily. The race commences.

The bays lead by several lengths. The middle horse, an old favorite, lifts his feet with all the alluring charm of a star of the nation's hippodrome; his companions, brothers from the Don, thin and ardent, run without effort. After them come the Finlanders, tearing furiously on the reins. Sufficiently in the rear to astonish their backers are the Orloff stallions, veritable wonders of beauty and breed.

Finally, following at a long distance behind their royal leaders, are the three strange beasts with their Laplandish sled. They run irregularly, and their little thin bells give out a melancholy sound. It is in this order that the sleds pass for the first time in front of the judges' stand.

Half way on the second round the Finlanders fling out their sturdy heels with such velocity that they look like the half circle of a bounding hoop. They pass the bays. A quick swelling of their massive chests and they forge ahead.

"Hurrah!" shriek the people, ravished with the success of their favorites. At this moment the unknown peasant straightens up his giant frame. Pushing back the heavy hat drawn down to his eyes, he grips the reins with an iron hand and gives a curious prolonged whistle. His skeleton horses are strangely metamorphosed. As though in answer to some superhuman command, they give one gigantic leap and fairly fly. For a moment they run beside the white stallions.

"The Orloffs lead!" screams the multitude, then shudders.

Beyond the shapely heads of the city's favorites stretched six dark, pointed ears, to be followed by three heads with glaring eyes and foaming, blood flecked jaws.

With her body stretched half out of her box Veta watches them with fascinating eyes. Her chest heaves, her limbs tremble, and her face takes on the anguish of the laboring brutes.

"Don't worry," whispers Repine. "They will lose."

"They will win," she answers hoarsely. "I know them."

"The Orloffs gain," says somebody in the next box.

"Ah!" groans Veta and bites her lip to the blood.

Once more the peasant's whistle startles the still air, and with a prodigious effort his horses leave the others behind. Transfigured by the waking of their unknown blood, carried away by a secret ecstasy, with floating manes and sonorous breath, they rush on toward the expected goal.

They reach it—victorious winners—by three lengths.

For one long moment the people rest mute with stupefaction, literally incapable of applause. They stare open mouthed at the sordid beasts that have beaten the noblest blood of the land, then like one man they dash forward to look at them, to ask their race and the name of their uncouth driver.

As the victors pass Veta leans out to look at them. "I must see them," she says aloud.

At the sound of that voice the peasant starts. Lifting his head their eyes meet. She pales, but that is all.

Months have passed, and the extraordinary event that astonished the Peterbourgeois is no more than ancient history. Nobody has learned the identity of the mysterious peasant. Many believed him a sorcerer. Others thought him a great doctor of some unknown science, whose powerful potion had galvanized the exhausted beasts. But it is all only a memory now. A new sensation is on the tapis.

All St. Petersburg is talking of the marriage of Prince Alexander Repine to Princess Elisaveta Palorna.

It is evening, and Veta stands for the first time in her husband's home. She is alone on a great veranda that half circles the palace. She still wears her wedding dress, and the stones of a diamond tiara sparkle in her hair.

"Mistress," says a voice behind her. She turns to confront her husband's faithful old servant. "Mistress, a present awaits you at the palace gate. Shall I lead you thither?"

"Yes."

She follows him down the steps with all the lazy insolence of a fine lady who grants a favor; her long gown sweeps the dew off the grass, and the moonlight mirrors itself in the soft curves of her naked arms and shoulders.

Presently she stops, stricken by a mysterious influence. A moment more and a strange sight meets her view. They are the winners of the Neva. With a wave of her hand Ivan goes. The horses whinny softly at the sound of her voice and nose her hair and face with doglike gentleness.

"Why are you here?" she whispers, a sudden catch in her throat that she stifles against the emaciated cheek nearest her.

From out of the deep shadow comes a trembling voice. "Why do you weep, princess?" it says.

She sees him now for the first time, still in his peasant's garb and with head uncovered, low before her. It is a noble head, with splendid lines and a beautiful mouth, but worn and shadowed as those of the famished beasts beside him.

"Why are they like this, Sergius? The best racers in the kingdom could have brought their price. There certainly was no need to starve them."

"We have starved together, princess," he answers gently.

"Then the story that the people tell is true?"

"Quite true."

With the skeleton creatures between them they are silent a wavering moment. Then, with a mute caress of their unkempt necks, he says: "Be kind to Sergius Hotzka's only friends. Good night, Elisaveta Repine."

"Repine!" She had forgotten that.

"Is it farewell?" she asks him blindly.

"Farewell!" he repeats.

The horses whinny piteously as the gates close behind him; then turn with dumb, questioning eyes to the pallid woman beside them.

Brutes that they are, they tremble at the sight of that countenance, quivering and terrible.

"Wait," is her husky whisper.

With her face pressed tight to the iron bars she watches him turn an angle in the roadway; his footsteps die away in the distance; he is gone.

Flinging the gates wide open, she says one word:

"Go!"

A sudden rush and they are swallowed up in the night.

The next day the newspapers contain a sensation.

Three wild horses have killed a prince's bride.—From the French.

The Changed Roses.

It was a lover who discovered this trick. When he was not with his ladylove, he was studying chemistry and experimenting, and one day recently he found an easy method of changing the natural colors of flowers.

He was in the habit of presenting his sweetheart with bouquets of beautiful roses, which grew in his garden, and a few hours after he had made the discovery he took her half a dozen of the choicest white roses and told her that she could learn through them whether he was really in love with her or not.

"If you and I are destined for each other," he said, "these white roses will become crimson within five or six hours from now. Gradually but surely they will change color, and you may regard the change not only as an indication that the flowers are delighted to be worn by you, but also as an infallible sign that happiness is assured to us in the future."

Sure enough, before the eyes of the wondering maiden the roses changed color and were crimson at sunset that evening. Marvelous indeed the change seemed to her, for how could she know that the roses were originally red and that her lover had simply bleached them white by holding them for some time over a pan filled with smoking sulphur before he handed them to her?

Chopin on Piano Fingering.

This is from a fragment of piano fingering left by Chopin: "No one notices inequality in the power of the notes of a scale when it is played very fast and equally as regards time. In a good mechanism the aim is not to play everything with an equal sound, but to acquire a beautiful quality of touch and a perfect shading.

"For a long time players have acted against nature in seeking to give equal power to each finger. On the contrary, each finger should have an appropriate part assigned it. The thumb has the greatest power, being the thickest finger and the freest. Then comes the little finger, at the other extremity of the hand. The middle finger is the main support of the hand and is assisted by the first. Finally comes the third, the weakest one.

"As to this Siamese twin of the middle finger some players try to force it with all their might to become independent, a thing impossible and most likely unnecessary. There are, then, many different qualities of sound, just as there are several fingers. The point is to utilize the differences, and this, in other words, is the art of fingering."—Huneker's "Chopin, the Man and His Music."

HOME.

Cling to thy home, if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board—
Unsavory bread and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.
—From the Greek of Leonidas, by Robert Bland.

The Absentminded Doctor.

One of New York's best known physicians has also the reputation of being one of the most absentminded of men.

He was engaged the other evening stuffing a trunk and dress suit case with clothing and manuscripts preparatory to starting immediately for a western city where he was to lecture before a convention of pathologists on that branch of therapeutics which had brought him fame. A number of his professional friends who were to accompany him were in waiting. The luggage was well on its way to the railway station, the doctor and his friends following, when his friends were surprised to see the doctor start suddenly as though he had suffered a cardiac shock and clasp his breast on the left side. They threw their arms about him to support him and prevent him from falling, but the doctor waved them off and smiled.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "I've forgot to bring any money with me. It's one on me. Come back to the office a minute, and we'll have a drop of that Scotch you all know so well." The invitation was readily accepted by his fellows, who were hilarious at the joke on the man who was to devote one of his series of lectures to "the loss of memory, its causes and remedy." Seated in his study, he said:

"Boys, we are a bit early for the train, and while we're waiting I'll tell you of an embarrassing experience which happened me as a result of my treacherous memory on my last tour through the west.

"Two of us started from New York, Dr. Blank, a tall fellow, like myself, but a great deal more thoughtful of little things that make life's pathway a bit smoother at times. He had arranged everything, not forgetting even extra collar buttons. We had nearly reached Buffalo when I remembered that all my clothing as well as my manuscripts were at home in a trunk waiting for the expressman I had forgotten to send for. A few days before starting I managed to think to express duplicate copies of my addresses ahead to the city where I was to begin the course of lectures.

"I telegraphed to New York to send on my clothing, but we were already nearly 15 hours ahead of the next express and had figured to arrive in town just in time to snatch a mouthful of food and get to the lecture room.

"My manuscripts had arrived all right, but there I was in a traveling costume of linen, covered with dust and not fit to be presented to an audience who were anticipating much, even in the way of dress, from a New York specialist. My linen was thoroughly soiled on the trip, and I didn't have time to buy new shirts, collars or cuffs. Dr. Blank had brought several suits of clothes with him as well as a good supply of linen, so we overcame this obstacle and thought little more about it. But linen and outside wearing apparel weren't the only things I found I needed when I began to take advantage of Blank's generous offer to clothe myself from skin to head covering. I only wore my own shoes because Blank's were one size smaller and a trifle narrower than mine. But other than furnishing me with footwear I was clothed throughout in Blank's wardrobe. It was not evening dress, but a suit of the frock cut, which answered very well, and I considered it at least semiappropriate for the occasion.

"The lecture hall was but a short way from the hotel, and I told Blank to go ahead and I would follow immediately, as we were now some minutes late. Blank obeyed and announced that I would soon be there, as I was then dressing. After dressing I discovered I was low in funds, very low, and of course, desiring to keep up the reputation of the profession in the metropolis, I didn't care to go among strangers without enough money to sustain this reputation in case of an emergency.

"I searched through the pockets of the clothing I had discarded and, writing a check for $100, rushed to the desk of the hotel to have it cashed. I passed it to the clerk with that request. I suppose he mistook my haste for excitement and looked at me suspiciously as he read the signature on the check. I requested that he would not delay me and showed him my name on the register, where Blank had registered for me. I quickly discerned the expression of suspicion in the clerk's face, and it made me angry. Again I demanded that he grant my request at once.

"'How are we to know you are the person whose signature is on this check?' he asked.

"I told him I didn't know how he was to know it, but that I was a guest in the hotel.

"'Have you anything about you that will identify you?' he inquired.

"'I have letters addressed to me,' said I, forgetting I had on Blank's clothes, and I thrust my hand in the inside pocket and threw him a whole bundle without looking at them.

"I saw the clerk read the name on the envelopes, look at me again and retire to another room. Immediately another gentleman, who I afterward learned was the proprietor of the hotel, came out carrying the bundle of letters in his hand.

"'I beg pardon,' he said, 'but there seems to be some misunderstanding. Have you anything further to identify you; any marking on your clothes?'

"Now, I always have my initials stuck in my hat, so I snatched it off my head and, again without looking at it, handed my hat—or, rather, Blank's hat —to my interrogator. He looked inside the hat, changed his glance toward me for a moment and asked me to step into the office, an invitation I mistook as meaning he was to deliver the money and that he was convinced I was the person I had represented myself to be. He requested me to wait a moment, but I noted he still carried my hat—or, again, Blank's hat—with him as he left the room. He returned shortly, accompanied by another person, who I afterward learned was the hotel detective. Without ceremony the newcomer addressed me in no polite language.

"'We've been looking for you for a long time, and we've finally got you,' he said. 'You're a forger. Now, you write your signature again before me, or you'll have to accompany me to the police station.'

"I protested, but to no avail, so at last I accommodated him and was shocked when he brought the register before me and compared the writings, which of course were entirely different.

"I tried to explain that Blank had registered for me, that I had on his suit of clothes and hat, but the detective laughed at me. I didn't think of wearing Blank's linen, and so I opened my vest and challenged him to note the initials on the flap of my shirt. He complied with this request, and I suddenly remembered that I also had on Blank's shirt and attempted to tell him of this fact, but it was no use. He didn't stop at my shirt flap, but investigated the straps of my underwear, where in ink indelible as night was marked in big letters 'J. H. B.' He removed my collar, my necktie, my cuffs, and on each of these things he found the same markings of the same indelible initials, 'J. H. B.'

"I looked at my watch. It was nearly 9 o'clock, and I was down for the first address. I protested till I was tired as I for the second time put on Blank's garments, which had got me into such an embarrassing predicament. I was actually being led from the hotel to the police station when Blank, all excited, rushed in and grabbed me by the arm. Explanations followed, and apologies came later from the clerk; the proprietor and the detective, and I finally delivered my lecture. But after it I needed the hundred given me on my check by the proprietor to square myself with the boys.

"By the way," he concluded, looking at his watch, "I almost forgot we were going to take the 9:30. We've got just 15 minutes to get it, and it'll take some lively hustling to make the station."—New York Times.

Remarkable Memories.

"Memory," said old Fuller, the author of the "Worthies," who himself possessed a wonderful power of reminiscence, "is the storehouse of the mind, wherein the treasures thereof are kept and preserved." It is unquestionably true that as a rule great writers have had memories of more than ordinary tenacity and range. The faculty of reminiscence feeds the fires of the imagination and keeps lucid and orderly the sequence of philosophic thought. How much Milton, for example, profited by his prehensile and trustworthy memory is evident. Not only such poems as "Lycidas," but "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," are studded with translations or paraphrases of exquisite extracts from the classic poets.

We are told that Pascal never forgot anything he had seen, heard or thought. Avicenna could repeat by rote the entire Koran when he was 10 years old, and Francis Suarez had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory. In three weeks Scaliger, the famous scholar, committed to memory every line of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Another scholar, Justus Lipsius, offered to repeat the "Histories" of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life.

A Southern Conundrum.

In the olden time before the war, the days so famous for generous hospitality in the south, a brilliant party was assembled at dinner in a beautiful country homestead. Across the table wit flashed back and forth, and the guests began to vie with one another in proposing conundrums.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens offered one which puzzled the whole company, "What is it that we eat at breakfast and drink at dinner?"

For some time no answer came, and the bright eyes of the southern orator began to sparkle with triumph, when Colonel Johnson, taking up the "Commonplace Book" of the hostess, which lay conveniently by, wrote impromptu upon the flyleaf the following answer:

What is eaten for breakfast and drunken for dinner?
Is it coffee or eggs or butter or meats?
Sure double the stomach of obdurate sinner
Who eats what he drinks and drinks what he eats.

But let us consider; 'tis surely not butter
Nor coffee nor meats, whether broiled or roast,
Nor boiled eggs nor poached nor fried in a batter.
It must, then, be bread. Ah, yes; when 'tis toast!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Made Good Matches.

She—I can't make out how it is that Mrs. Wise has fish for nearly every meal. It can't be for economy's sake, for she must be fairly well off.

He—She has a large family of unmarried daughters, you know.

She—Now, don't be nasty and say something about girls and their brains. That's so old.

He—Oh, no, I hadn't the slightest intention of doing so!

She—Well, can't you tell me?

He—I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's because fish are rich in phosphorus.

She—I don't see what that has to do with it.

He—Perhaps not, but still it's good for making matches.

Scotch Thrift.

The city council of Auckland placed a price on the head of every rat in the city, and a grocer's boy became a perfect Nimrod and slew about 30. At the risk of contracting the plague he carried his dead along, obtained the scalp money and came back jubilant to his master and told him how much he had made. The master cast upon him an eye of Aberdeen gray, and then remarked quietly, "Weel, weel, ye'll just pay the money to our cashier, for ye ken the rats is mine, not yours."—Sydney Bulletin.

The Dictionary.

If you want to be really interested, read the dictionary. It will tell you how very badly other people spell our language and, incidentally, what a tiny cupful of words we each dip up out of its ocean.—Minneapolis Times.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG 23, 1901.

☞ Judging from recent utterances of that paper it appears that the Boston *Transcript* has a happy faculty of getting on the wrong side of Woburn politics. If it would avoid making itself appear rediculous in the eyes of sensible people it should obtain some facts on which to base its Editorial allusions to Woburn political affairs, in which case it would be less disposed to advocate men and measures which are anything but popular with a large majority of Woburn Republicans. The good intentions of the *Transcript* are not questioned by us; it is simply a lack of knowledge on its part of the real situation. Its virtual endorsement of a tricky Democratic politician as a candidate against Senator A. S. Wood is a case in point. It was not relished by the Republican Party of this District. Again, the *Transcript* should understand that the Republicans of Woburn have settled, in formal conference, the question of Representative to the Legislature this fall and selected their candidate. He is not the man the *Transcript* supports. The selection was not made by a small clique of the Party but by its leading members from every section of the city. It is not believed for a moment that the *Transcript* would undertake to dictate the nomination or knowingly attempt to thwart the wishes of the best and largest element of the Republican Party in Woburn. It is simply another case of lack of information on the part of that paper. Really, it ought not to interfere with our local political affairs, but if it feels constrained to do so, we hope it will get the facts before sitting down to write its articles. In that case the cant of the production might be very different.

☞ A neat circular, with portrait, has been received at this office, giving a short biographical sketch and official career of Robert O. Harris, Esq of East Bridgewater, who is a candidate for the Republican nomination to the office of Attorney-General of Massachusetts to succeed Hon. Hosea M. Knowlton who declines to accept another term. He was born in Boston 47 years ago; graduated from Harvard in 1877; was elected District Attorney of the Southeastern (Norfolk and Plymouth counties) District in 1892, a position which he still fills with ability; and is a leading member of the Bar. It is said that he is far ahead of all others in the race for the Attorney Generalship.

☞ As indicative of Senator Wood's home popularity it can be said that there is not a whisper of opposition to his renomination in this city, and that it will not be necessary for him to raise a finger to secure every Woburn delegate to the Senatorial convention. Woburn Republicans are not only with him in his canvass for another term but they are enthusiastically so, and the caucuses will be solid for him. Our political brethren in other towns will please make a note of the above facts and govern themselves accordingly.

☞ So far as we have been able to learn, the candidacy of Mr. Herbert S. Riley for Representative meets with the cordial endorsement of leading Republicans in all quarters of the city. Even this early in the campaign his nomination seems to be assured.

☞ We are indebted to Senator Wood for a bound copy of "The Annual Statistics of Manufactures, 1900" of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It contains a large fund of useful information and will doubtless be studied with interest by the public.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. Ind. Ill.—Show.
S. J. Conway—Citation.
F. A. French—Boarders.
Hammond et al.—Closing.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page

— Mr. Charles Haber is at Littlejohn Island, Me.

— Mr. Willis J. Buckman went to the beach yesterday.

— Mrs. C. M. Munroe and sons have got home from N. H.

— 8 a. m., Aug. 23, Tem. 70; Wind, S. E.; cloudy.

— Mr. W. W. Hill and family have returned from Camp Ellis, Me.

— Mr. E. G. Clough and family were at Kennebunkport last week.

— Mr. A. P. Tabor and family are enjoying their vacation in New Hampshire.

— Mr. D. Wilbur Brown is to represent Ward 7 in the City Council next year.

— Reader, please glance your eye over the ad "Boarders Wanted" in this paper.

— Miss Mary E. Haggens has been enjoying the pleasures of Pine Point, Maine.

— Mr. Charles W. French visited Cape Porpoise, near Kennebunkport, last week.

— Mrs. F. A. Fowler and daughter Florence visited Lynn for a few days this week.

— Miss Edith Woodward of Mishawum Road is visiting relatives in West Henniker, N. H.

— Madam B. A. Stearns of Providence made a visit to her Woburn friends this week.

— They say the price of coal is going to be higher this fall than it was last. "Let 'er rip."

— The trains were somewhat delayed last Saturday evening by an accident to a locomotive.

— We hear of no kicking against the tax rate. People generally are disposed to be reasonable.

— Mrs. Mary Renn of East Braintree has been visiting Mrs. Anna K. Smith of 485 Main street.

— Mr. Nahum Mann of New York City has been visiting his sister, Mrs. A. V. Haynes, of Pleasant St.

— Mrs. Frances A. Lawrence corner of Main and Francis streets fell and broke her hip on Monday afternoon.

— The N. W. Div. of the B. & N. RR. Co. will begin to run cars regularly to Tewksbury early next week.

— Mr. Frances A. Buckman went to Cape Cod yesterday to look after his agricultural interests and sample some clams.

— Supt. Brackett, when are you going to give us 15-minute trips on your road? They will have to come pretty soon.

— Angelo Crovo, at the old stand, sells peaches. He knows fruit from a to izzard, and always buys the best in the market.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout went to Northport, Me., last Monday evening. Charles always has a good time, go where he may.

— In a bicycle race held at Lowell last Saturday, Frank E. Connolly of this city won first prize. The prize was a silver watch.

— Baggageman Arthur G. Wood, after a long and severe illness, resumed his duties at the station of the B. & M. in this city last Sunday.

— When clouds of dust follow closely in the wake of the watering cart, as they generally do, is, or is not, the street properly wet down?

— Miss Gertrude, daughter of Ald. James R. Wood of Salem street, has returned from one of the happiest summer outings of her life.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones's fine big barges are doing a land office business these days in taking parties to beaches and other pleasure resorts.

— Passengers on the Winchester section of the N. W. Div. of the B. & N. Street Railway complain bitterly of crowding and lack of room.

— Last Sunday was one of those rare days in August that make one feel that, after all, life is worth living. It was all that the heart could wish.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— The Central office of the telephone company in this city is being changed from the Johnson building to the second story of the F. A. Hartwell block.

— Mr. L. R. Wallis, Treasurer and General Manager of the Woburn L. H. & P. Co., and Mrs. Wallis left this city yesterday morning for a trip to St. John, N. B.

— Mrs. Henry Davis, 34 Arlington Road, is passing the month of August at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine, managed by Ruggles & Turnbull, and thinks it is all right.

— His Honor, the Mayor, has issued a Ukase commanding all members of the Police Department, on duty, to don, and keep donned all day, next Sunday, White Gloves.

— Mrs. Abijah Thompson of Court street arrived home from Nashua, N. H., last Sunday. She stood the journey nicely, and is gaining strength and improving in health steadily.

— The Boston *Herald* last Monday night announced the declination of Mr. E. F. Hayward to acept an election to the office of Alderman for Ward 4 to fill the vacancy existing in it.

— We are able to state authoratively that Capt. L. E. Hanson, late of the 43d Regiment U. S. V., in the Philippines, will reach his home in this city from San Francisco, about Sept. 1.

—Mrs. Arthur S. DeLoriea and her son Elliot are enjoying a fine visit at Hudson, N. H., while Arthur, the head of the family, keeps pegging away at Willis J. Buckman's properous grocery store.

— Mr. H. Eustis Smith returned from his vacation at Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, a few days ago. It was his third summer at that watering place, which he stoutly contends is the finest on the coast.

—There has been more typical dogdays weather this month than was ever before known in a single reign of the Dog Star. We have had the genuine article right along from the drop of the hat to this date.

— About 7.30 last Sunday evening a market team owned by Mrs. Mary Cummings of this city was upset in Medford Square by the horses being frightened at the electric cars and the contents scattered about the street.

— Mr. and Mrs. James Walker attended the 60th birthday party of Mrs. Lucy J. Fletcher at Arlington. Two of the guests were Mrs. Col. Boynton and her sister, formerly Elvira and Martha Wyman of Beacon street this city.

— At every turnout on the N. W. Div. of the B. & N. Street Railroad telephones have been installed this week. They are attached to the large poles at the turnouts and are done to expedite travel and prevent delay and trouble.

— Mrs. Maria R. Bickford, widow of the late Dr. H. C. Bickford, formerly of Billerica, with her daughter Gertrude, wife of Dr. J. Henry Hutchings of Woburn, made a brief visit in this town Thursday, Aug. 8.—*Lowell Journal.*

— Dr. Packard and family have taken the cottage at Nutting's Pond, Billerica, recently vacated by Mr. Edward Shea and family, and will occupy it for a fortnight. The Sheas and Mathewses say it can't be beat for a summer resort.

— Head Master of the Woburn High School, L. Herbert Owen, will, the Lord willing, with Mrs. Owen and the Lad, return to his home here ere another Saturday night comes round. And plenty soon enough thereafter our schools will open.

— Miss Sarah E. Norris of this city passed a successful examination for admission to the Bar before the Board of Bar Examiners lately and with 168 other applicants was certified by the Board to the Clerk of the Supreme Court last Monday.

— Professor Gowing, the Magnetic Specialist, has met with marked and gratifying success in this city and elsewhere in the practice of his profession. Last winter he visited all of the principal cities of Maine and did a large business in each of them. His treatment of the sick consists in the application of Nature's remedy, and it seldom fails to produce a permanent cure. Prof. Gowing will remain here for some time to come.

Our business was established in 1817. During all the succeeding years we have steadily increased our trade by those legitimate methods comprised in the expressive phrase, "right storekeeping."

Our assortment of

CARPETS

is now, and has been for years, altogether the largest in Boston, and our prices are *always* moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,

658 Washington St., (Opposite Boylston St.) BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.

AT LIGHT WEIGHT PRICES.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,

BY FRANK A. LOCKE.

24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable. Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

Chinese Incense or Joss Sticks.

Latest Foe to Mosquitoes.

HUNTLEY has just received another large fresh lot, and they are going fast at

"The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

Pasturage for Cows

AT BILLERICA, MASS.

6 miles from Woburn. Plenty of grass, water and shade.

TERMS: 50 Cents per Week.

Address: Box 179, Billerica, Mass.

— Mrs. A. T. Rice and daughter, Miss Hattie, of 14 Cleveland Ave., are at Portland, Me.

— The alarm from box 35 at 12.55 this morning was for a fire which burned the stable including the horse, and partly destroyed the cider mill owned by G. W. Copp, 177 Burlington street, Cummingsville.

— A party of ladies, chaparoned by Miss Carrie W. Thompson, "did" Norumbega, or in local nomenclature —"No-rum-be-ga" (gorry)—in fine style last Monday. It is one of the most beautiful and attractive summer retreats in the suburbs of Boston.

— Of the Woburn members of Hugh de Payens Commandary of Knights Templers who are to leave here tomorrow for the great meeting at Louisville, Kentucky, next week, are Charles M. Howe, A. B. Heald, and Charles Fitz, of Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch.

— Water Commissioner Elwyn G. Preston and Mrs. Preston went to Marblehead Neck last Saturday evening and remained there over Sunday. Mr. Preston's mother, Mrs. Emily F. Preston, and his sister, of New Hampshire, are visiting him and his family on Warren avenue.

— Captain John P. Crane has had a glorious good time at Alton Bay during the last few weeks, but whether or not golf has been a prominent feature in his amusements we have no means of determining. The Captain is a happy mortal, whether it be Alton Bay, Pinehust, or Academy Hill.

— Attention is asked for the new card of "The Crawford," the leading and most popular icecream and candy establishment in this part of the country. The very best of everything in the line of ices and confectionery is kept by Crawford, and his parlors are the resort of the first families in our city.

— Mr. Thomas W. Kenney had for guests last Sunday a trio of the crack players in the Boston American Baseball League and treated them right royally, as is his wont. The visitors were Cy Young, Gus Criger, and Geo. Coffey, and their families, all friends and acquaintances of neighbor Kenney.

— We are informed on good authority that the schoolhouse question will cut no figure in the coming municipal election. As an issue it seems to be more dead than alive. If certain parties have their way about it, a new High School building will be erected about the time white blackbirds become plenty.

— Chief of Police McDermott reports that there were 200 less arrests for drunkenness in this city from Jan. 1, to Aug. 1, 1901, than during the corresponding period in 1900, and that the report shows much better from May 1, than during the previous 3 months. If that isn't a good showing for Woburn what is!

— Capt. John E. Tidd will join an excursion party in Boston next Monday for a pleasure trip that is to end on Sept. 7. The itiniary is from Boston to New York, thence up the Hudson to Lake George, to Montreal, Quebec, down the St. Lawrence, and home by way of the White Mountains. It will be a delightful journey.

— Dr. Caulfield has returned from Old Orchard and gone on a trip to Montreal.

— The Boston Branch gives a list of prices of canned goods in this paper, the cheapness of which cannot but surprise the natives.

— Miss Mary E. Feeney, the popular stenographer, letter writer and Assistant Accountant, of the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Company, is rusticating at Salisbury Beach and recuperating after the toils of the year. She is chaperoned by Miss Catherine Sullivan and sister of Winchester.

— Signs of approaching fall are not wanting. The crisp evening air, resonant with the shrill melody of Katydid; the turn of leaf coloring in many places from green to russet or golden hue; the shortning of days and lengthening of evenings; and other things; proclaim the early advent of autumn days and the coming of winter's reign.

— One industry in this city has been seriously affected by the reign of no license and that is the District Court, says one of the most intelligent and closely observing of the Police force. Business there has fallen off amazingly in the last four months, and if things don't change about soon Judge Johnson's office will become a sinecure.

— Until a street railroad is built to Cummingsville this town will never know what rest to the soles of its feet really means. If the City Council had done as they ought, a line would now be running to that best part of the city and everybody would be happy. But they didn't do it and Cummingsville has to get along without a street railroad.

— Miss Sara McColgan (better known as Dollie) has resigned her position as cashier of the Big Store. She accompanied by her sister Della, will start for Buffalo on Monday next and will also visit the Pan-American Exposition and Niagara Falls. Miss McColgan has the best wishes of her many friends, for she is an honest, worthy, industrious young lady.

— Post 33, G. A. R., are actively engaged in preparing for their great Fair this fall. It promises to be a grand one. A committee are arranging a souvenir programme which will be finely illustrated and contain a history of the Post, the names of members and officers from its organization to the present time, and much other valuable information. It will be issued in due season.

— The present moon is one of the most ominous of foul and falling weather of any of the several we have had during this century. When it first made its appearance low down by the western horizon it stood up as straight as a Major, or nearly as "straight as Sawyer's pines," which were said to stand so erect that they leaned backward, and it was evident to the most casual observer that if an Indian should attempt to hang his powderhorn on the lower limb of the crescent it would not stick there, but would slide off immediately, which condition of that heavenly orb is a sure sign of much rain during its stay in these parts.

— The Boston *Journal* last Wednesday morning contained a good likeness of Miss Sarah E. Norris, who won honors as a Law student at the Boston University and is now a member of the Massachusetts Bar, having recently passed a successful examination for the same. The *Journal* showed its good sense by giving prominence to the personal and intellectual merits of Miss Norris.

— Lieut. Homer B. Grant of the Regular Army has been assigned for duty at Fort Banks, Winthrop, Boston Harbor, and left here last Tuesday morning for his post of service. He was glad to get the assignment, for he prefers work to lying around and idling away his time. Lieut. Grant has made and will make a good soldier, and no doubt there is some room nearer the top which he will reach in due season.

— Last Tuesday 15 Woburn summer visitors at delightful Northport, Maine, returned from there to this place, in perfect health, brown as berries, and "sassy able" for anything that comes along. They left 12 other Woburn summer visitors at Northport when they left, everyone of whom was enjoying life to the brim. It would be useless to try to make the above alluded to people and some of their neighbors believe that Northport is not the centre of the universe.

— President Blodgett of the City Council has returned to his domicile at Court End and is presumably putting his fences in order for the Mayoralty campaign. Strong men in the Republican Party are ardent supporters of his for the office of Mayor, but like Mayor Davis, he has given no sign, and his friends are all at sea. President Blodgett has all the qualifications for a first-class Mayor and if he ever comes "out into the liberty" a great many voters will gather about his standard.

— It is high time that thrifty housekeepers should begin to think about putting their furnaces and stoves into proper winter trim, and nowhere can better workmen be found to do the job than at the store of C. M. Strout & Co. Pretty soon everybody will be rushing there to get this highly necessary work done, which will necessitate waiting and more or less annoyance. To avoid this, one should go to Strout's now and have the furnaces and stoves put into shape for the approaching cold winter.

—A small trolley party of young ladies, Miss Virginia T. Lewis, a Chicago schoolmarm, and Miss Ella Greenleaf, a North Berwick schoolmarm, did Old Concord and the "Concord Fight" to perfection last Wednesday. They put in a pleasant and profitable half day there and no doubt exists in the mind of the JOURNAL that the sights which they saw, the knowledge which they gained, and the reflections which they indulged in, will prove of great and lasting benefit to their respective schools.

— At a meeting of the City Council last Tuesday evening considerable business was introduced, some advanced a step, and a little finished. It had been announced, not by the Council, that definite action would, most likely, be taken on the matter of a High School building, but it was a false report, and nothing was done or proposed. The meeting was a special one, and not a great deal of work can resonably be expected of the Council until the regular ones are resumed early in September.

— Rev. Dr. Frederick Woods, pastor of the Woburn Methodist Episcopal church, will leave here next Monday for his old stamping ground, Moosehead Lake, Maine, where he will pass what we sincerely trust will be a happy and profitable vacation. It was a great many years ago that Rev. Dr. Woods first made Moosehead Lake his summer resort and nearly every season since he has gone there for rest and pleasure. Please read his letter in this issue of the JOURNAL on evening closing of business places in this city.

— Our most excellent friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, writes us from Little Boar's Head, Rye Beach, N. H., where, with his fine horses, he has passed a happy summer, as follows: "The season is on the wane. The goldenrod and the cricket's chirp indicate Autumn. The sea air has done me more good than a chest of medicine." Which latter statement the Editor is exceedingly glad to hear. Brother Gilbert is of the salt of the earth that has not lost its savor, and may he live long and be happy.

—The last sailing contest of the Lynn Yacht Club, of which Mr. William H. Russell, Treasurer of the Russell Counter Company of this city, is Commodore, will take place Sept. 7. The Association of Clubs will then meet and try titles which will make the day an important one in yachting circles. The scene of the contest, or series of contests, will be off Nahant, the finest sailing ground on the New England Coast, and an immense crowd of people are expected to be present to witness the trials of speed and the grand illuminations of yachts and surroundings that will follow in the evening.

— Major Henry C. Hall will attend the annual reunion of his Regiment, First Maine Cavalry, which is to be held at Peake's Island, Portland Harbor, on August 28. At the time of President Lincoln's call for troops in 1861 the Major was attending school at Westbrook Seminary, near Portland, and the first volunteer from that seat of leaning to enlist for the three months service. Some other young men in that institution responded to the President's call, but Henry C. Hall's name headed the list. He has always attended the reunions of the Regiment when possible. His first service was in the Infantry.

— Admission 10, 20, 30 cents. Those are the prices that will admit patrons to the great 20th Century Marvel, a grand exhibition of strange, unique, all-absorbing and bewildering sights, seances, exposes, and mysterious doings, by Dr. Hubert C. Browne's Company of East Indian Lady Illusionists, at the Auditorium next Monday and Tuesday evenings. A glance at the skeleton programme published in this paper will prove to our people that this is going to be a great entertainment—an exhibition that everybody will want to take in. We can't begin to mention even a tithe of its strange attractions. Keep the dates and place in mind.

Bring Your Boy

to us when he needs

Clothing or Furnishings

We have a special department for boys, reached by a special elevator — entirely separate from the rest of the store.

High Quality—Moderate Price.

Macullar Parker COMPANY,

400—Washington Street, Boston, Mass.—400

INCREASING DEMANDS ON Prescription Department

THE PILL BOX.

has necessitated the purchase of another, making

TWO PRESCRIPTION SCALES

IN DAILY USE.

You never doubt the ACCURACY of your *Prescription* when

IT IS WHEN COMPOUNDED AT Whitcher's

We can Shoe The Family

at a very low figure, for instance, a good strong working shoe, or a fine Sunday shoe for the man	$1 00
A pair of slippers and a button or lace boot for the wife	1 25
For the baby 1 pair button or lace boots, hand sewed	25
A pair for the next one, 2 years old, size 6, hand sewed	25
Then a pair for the next one, 4 years old, size 8	50
Then a pair for the next oldest, say 6 or 7 years, No. 10	50
The next oldest one would want about No. 11	50
Perhaps the oldest boy would want No. 13	75
There you are, 9 pair of shoes for	$5 00

REPAIRING.

We sew on most of our taps. Bring your shoes here to be repaired. We use the best of oak leather and will do you a neat job to look like new work. We always remove the old stitches in welt shoes and sew on taps in same holes in welt. First class work is what we profess to do. If you want a cobbling job take it to the cobbler, he wont charge you much and he wont give you much either.

OUR PRICES

for men's hand sewed half sole and heel	$1 00	1 25
Women's hand sewed, half sole and heel	75	1 00
Men's nailed or pegged half sole and heel	50	1 00
Women's nailed or pegged half sole and heel	50	65

No extra charge for sewing up rips.

SO LONG.

J. LEATHE,

425 Main St., WOBURN

— A most enjoyable evening was spent by a party of friends and neighbors at the residence of Mrs John H. Sweetser, Beach street, Wednesday evening. For an hour and a half a series of delightful tableaux was presented by the Emery and Sweetser children, assisted by one or two little friends. The stage was a mass of green and well-placed lights made the tableaux very effective. Scenes from Romeo and Juliet, the Sleeping Beauty, Night and Morning, America, and many others were presented, closing with the fairy's dance. Mrs. Wm. Emery was stage manager. The little ones were graceful in pose and dainty in dress and received much applause.

— The merchants and clerks have made a strong point in securing two evenings in the week for closing their business houses, but it would be still better if another evening could be added to those already designated for shutting up. There is really no good sense in opposing this movement. If there were a public demand for more open evenings the two or three objectors would have some ground to stand on; but such is not the case; the public are with the clerks and the great majority of proprietors. All the public ask is that the open evenings shall be properly advertised that they may be able to act accordingly. There ought to be three close evenings a week, at least, and will be soon, despite the opposition of a few dealers.

— The "Personal" column in the newspapers will soon be numbered among the things that were. Indeed, they have already grown lean, and lack the chick and go of early July days. Many faces looked for in vain on our streets for six weeks past are again seen, and soon, very soon, they will all be among us once more. The outers are easily recognized by their nutbrown faces and richly colored hands, and they have no need to tell us that they have spent the heated term by the seaside or among country hills or northern mountains. We hope they will be sufficiently considerate of our feelings not to "fight their battles o'er again" —it is so exasperating to a stay-at-home.

— Veterans of the Civil War are getting ready to appeal to a patriotic public for funds with which to defray the cost of a suitable memorial shaft or tablet for the new Soldiers lot in Woodbrook cemetery located on Salem and Beach streets. The City Council have generously voted to appropriate $3,000 to the object, provided the full sum needed, about $7,000, is made up by private subscriptions. Difficulty in raising the $4,000 is not seriously anticipated, for the matter is one that appeals strongly to the public heart and is universally approved of. The monument on the old lot in the cemetery is far from being a fitting memorial to the soldiers whose bodies lie around it, and the living men who were their comrades in the great War for the preservation of the Union, and particularly the Posts of G. A. R., feel that one more appropriate, and more appreciative of their grand service, should take its place. That another work in memory of the Soldiers of the Civil War will be provided for the new lot is certain, and it is to be hoped our citizens will promptly and generously respond to the appeals of the G. A. R. for aid.

— It is becoming evident that quite a good many of our leading merchants are waking up to the importance of advertising the fact in outside communities that Woburn is a trade centre. With the large number of street railroads centering here they see opened to them new opportunities of increasing their business and materially contributing to the general prosperity of this city. Our intelligent tradesmen, mechanics and professional men are opening their eyes to future business possibilities here by utilizing the new and increased facilities which the trolley lines afford, and some of them have already taken steps to make the most of these advantages by advertising themselves in nearby towns, inhabitants of which have heretofore been business and social strangers to them. There ought to be a good deal more of it done. There is no good reason why Woburn merchants should not attract a large trade to their stores from Lexington, Arlington and Medford, as they have in times past and do now from Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Wilmington and Burlington. The bulk of merchandizing of all these towns can easily be secured for Woburn if only our traders will wake up and make proper efforts to secure it.

— In a few days city workmen will finish concreting the north side of Pleasant street from North Warren street to Nichols's Corner, and a better piece of work of the kind when completed it would be hard to find anywhere. The Board of Public Works concluded to drop the contract system for making concrete sidewalks this year and have the business done by the City. In this it looks as though they took a wise step. Under the personal supervision of Superintendent French the very best kind of work is being done, and it is already apparent that the city will be a gainer by adopting the present plan. Supt. French is paying particular attention to this matter and, knowing what good concreting is when he sees it, he is having some done that will bear the closest inspection by experts. As soon as the Pleasant street job is finished the crew of men will be transferred to Montvale avenue on which concrete walks are to be made from the Armory to Broad street. Then a piece is to be built from Church to Charles street, after which the men will commence to build on Winn street from the Dr. Conway place to a point a considerable distance north. Supt. French favored the plan of doing this work by the City rather than by contract, and time will show that he was right. The large amount of concreting doing and to be done this season will be a credit to the authorities.

— This summer's fad among the fine folks of Court End is Goats. People of elegant leisure run to fads as naturally as sparks fly upward. The goats of Court End are not numerous, nor are they pretty, but they are just now favorites with the elite of the fashionable quarter of our fair city, and, in legal parlance, have the "liberty of the yard." An enterprising new addition to the exclusive circle of Court End introduced the goats there, with some cows, and their presence has contributed largely to the gaiety of life in that section. The goats are hobbled and then turned loose on the lawn in front of the mansion to graze. This however is only a figure of speech; the hobbling is merely a pretense and the goats secure a large share of their food on the edges of streets and in neighboring front yards. Next to succulent grass, choice shrubs, as a diet, are much affected by these pet animals, and when not gambolling on the green they pay devours to the choicest clusters of them on the premises. They are ornamental as well as useful, and withal amusing, and are cherished by the ladies and children of Court End. It is suspected that the goat habit will become epidemic in this city, for fashion rules the world.

MISS BANCROFT

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

During the Summer Season Canned

Meats and Fish

are very convenient and are largely used. Below we quote a few of the leading kinds:

	Per Can.
R. & R. Tongue,	80c.
Armour's Tongue,	70c.
Boneless Ham,	60c.
R. & R. Chicken, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Turkey, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Lunch Tongue,	35c.
Ham Loaf,	10c.
Veal Loaf,	10c.
Chicken Loaf,	15c.
Deviled Ham, 5, 10, 20, and	25c.
Salmon, tall	12c.
Salmon Steak, 12c., 17c., &	20c.
Shrimp,	10c.
Little Neck Clams,	10c.
Lobster,	20c.
Mackerel,	25c.
P. & C. Sardines, 25c. and	35c.
American Sardines, 5c. and	10c.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

— Advance parties of summer tourists have arrived at various resorts in the White Mountains and others are preparing for flight from oceansides to delectable Northern regions. During July and August the beaches along the New England Coast are thronged with comfort-seeking visitors from every section of the Union and they find what they go for in generous measure. But when September comes, with its bracing breezes and genial sunshine, when the forests are robed in their autumnal splendor, and the beechnut is ripe, and the goldenrod is in full bloom by the wayside, then all roads lead to the Mountains and the steps of the tourist tend thitherward. Then the Switzerland of America has its day. To all the favorite Northern and Eastern Mountain retreats the great Boston & Maine Railroad System takes the multitude of visitors with a speed, comfort and certainty that no other system can successfully compete with. Take a good modern Map of New England, or a Railroad Guide, and study carefully that great System; then select the mountain, forest, lake, or river, at which you would spend the mellow September days, after which all there is left for you to do is to buy a Boston & Maine ticket, board one of their swift, luxurious trains, abandon yourself to the pleasures of the hour, and in due time you will be landed, safe, sound and happy at your journey's end. D. J. Flanders, Esq, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Boston & Maine Company, leaves nothing undone to secure the safety, comfort and praise of the hundreds of thousands of patrons of the great B. & M. System.

— So long as the authorities permit wooden buildings to be erected in the business part of this city just so long will the danger of destructive fires exist, insurance rates remain high, and the town wear anything but a substantial and attractive appearance.

— Miss Mamie Kelley of Beachmont is visiting Miss Josephine Barry of this city.

We believe in Shorter Hours, and consequently beginning with September, our store will close on MONDAYS and WEDNESDAYS at 6 P. M.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Established 1861.

Shorter Hours.

We believe it is for the interest of all concerned. Therefore on the first of September we shall close our store at

6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Mondays and Wednesdays.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

If you are exhausted by the Hot Weather or Hard Work

Tonc Appetizer

WILL HELP YOU.

Manufactured by

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

A Seaside Concert.

Last Saturday evening, August 17, a concert was given at the Chapel at Northport, Maine, in which several Woburn musicians participated. It was given under the management of Mrs. Annie E. Strout, Mrs. A. M. S. Lewis, and F. Percyval Lewis, all of Woburn, and was a great success, the net profits being about $50, the same to be expended on the Chapel, the only meetinghouse in Northport. About 300 people attended and all were enthusiastic in praise of the vocal and instrumental music. The following programme was finely rendered:

Piano Duett. Wedding March. Rubenstein
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.
Contralto Solo. I lightly fly where roses sweet. Arditi
Miss Susan E. Dinsmore.
Reading. The Night Winds. Eugene Field
Miss Blackstone.
Soprano Solo.
Miss White.
Violin Solo. Mazurka. Wignizwsk
Miss Maud H. Littlefield.
Soprano Solo. Rose Tide. Otto Cantor
Mrs. E. P. Frost.
Piano Duett. Waltz in D, Op. 23. Arthur Bird
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.
Contralto Solo. An Irish Folk-song. Arthur Foote
Miss Susan E. Dinsmore.
Violin Solo, { Because. Godard; Hungarian Dance. Brahms }
Miss Littlefield.
Reading. Aunt Jemima's Courtship.
Miss Blackstone.
Piano Duett. Cuban Dance. Gottschalk
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.
Baratone Solo with violin obligato. Angels ever bright and Fair. Handel
Rev. Norman La Marsh.

A Young Lady's Life Saved.

AT PANAMA, COLOMBIA, BY CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Colombia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale by all druggists.

In Memoriam.

At a special meeting of the St. Charles C. T. A. Society held in its rooms August 7. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, By omnipotent will of Divine Providence we were deprived, on August 7, of the presence on the earth of our dear friend and brother, JOHN F. DRISCOLL;

WHEREAS, Since the acts of the Heavenly Father are always for the best, and are not to be questioned therefore be it

Resolved, That, while we bow in submission to the will of a Merciful God, we mourn with the deepest sorrow, the loss of one, whose character as a man, son, brother, and friend was worthy of the highest praise.

Resolved, That in his death this Society loses one of its most faithful members and staunchest supporters, one whose example as a total abstainer is worthy of emulation, and will stand as a beautiful model for future members.

Resolved, That this Society humbly testifies its love and respect for our friend and brother by having these resolutions suitably engrossed, framed, and presented to the family of the deceased with the assurance of the most heartfelt sympathy, and by having them printed in the WOBURN JOURNAL and the *Woburn News*.

JAMES H. MALONEY,
THOMAS J. JONES,
JOHN J. MORAN,
THOMAS M. COLLINS,
CHARLES E. SMITH, JR.,
Com. on Resolutions.

Their Secret is Out.

All Sadieville, Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whittaker, who had for a long time, endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little grand-daughter of a severe attack of Whooping Cough." It positively cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis, all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

War Declared

by the returning housekeeper against dirt, foul odors and unsanitary conditions, means, with old methods, lots of hard work. Science in sanitation has kept pace with its advance in the destructiveness of modern warfare, by placing in the hands of housekeepers an article, Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL, which lightens the work of all cleansing about the house, floors, carpets, furniture, sinks, &c., at the same time positively killing all germs of disease and ridding the house of cockroaches, water-bugs, buffalo-bugs, moths etc. It can be procured from any dealer, or of The Sulpho-Napthol Co., 4 Merrimac St., Boston.

The following firms believe in shorter hours as indicated by the annexed agreement.

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m. on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week, provided all to do the same. This arrangement to begin only after the public have been notified at least two weeks in advance."

Hammond & Son	L. E. Hanson & Co.
C. M. Munroe	Osborne Gillette
McDonald Bros.	E. S. Parker
J. Ginsburg	F. A. Hartwell
G. R. Gage & Co.	H. S. Dickinson
A. Grant	W. R. Bartlett
J. R. McMillan	Aiken & Dunton
Copeland & Bowser	J. Linnell
Alvah Buckman	Geo. Durward
T. F. McCormick	S. A. Potter
J. G. Connolly & Co.	E. Caldwell
E. Prior	M. A. Burns
Josiah Leathe	Cummings & Snow
P. Carlson	A. W. Cobb & Co.
W. J. Buckman	J. R. Carter & Co.
Fitz & Stanley	Eames & Carter
W. H. Lewis	Ham & Co.
S. K. Ames	Jacquith & Co.
E. P. Kennedy & Co.	Cummings, Chute & Co.
T. W. Stowers	C. Cummings & Co.
Thomas Moore	J. C. Finnegan
L. W. Thompson	G. N. Othote
C. M. Strout & Co.	Wm. Haber
A. L. Holdridge	A. V. Haynes
F. P. Brooks	H. F. McKensie
J. W. Huntley & Co.	Wallace & Andrews
Edw. H. Callahan	J. D. Haggerty
J. A. Yates & Co.	E. J. Callahan
Mrs. Jennings	Mystic Dye House
E. F. Hevey & Co.	Shaw & Campbell
Wm. G. Stretton	

Additional names will be welcomed and fully appreciated, especially by the clerks.

A Cure For Colera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwalter, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in a single instance." For sale by all druggists.

Obituary.

On Monday, August 19, 1901, Mrs. RUTH ANN JONES, widow of the late Mr. William F. Jones, peacefully passed from the scenes of earth at her home, No. 54 Pleasant street in this city.

Her maiden name was Ruth Ann Wheeler, born at Lempton, N. H., on April 11, 1820, and was therefore 81 years, 4 months, and 11 days old at the time of her decease. Her husband died at Hillsboro, N. H., in 1872, and in 1876 she came to Woburn, where she has lived and kept house with her daughter Kate ever since. Soon after taking up her residence here Mrs. Jones united with the First Baptist church by letter from her New Hampshire church, of which she has continued to be an honored member by living a consistant Christian life.

The deceased left two children to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother, Mr. Charlie A. Jones, Clerk and Treasurer of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, and Miss Kate A. Jones, who has been the constant and dutiful companion of her mother many years.

Besides these members of her family, she had many good friends by whom she was highly esteemed, and who will remember her as a kind-hearted neighbor and acquaintance in years to come.

The funeral was held at the late home of Mrs. Jones yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and the burial at Woodbrook was private.

A Touching Poem About a Real Incident

Among the "Fresh-Air" children who arrived at a farm near Pittsfield, in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, one day last summer, was a poor little tot who, as she was lifted from the wagon, caught sight of a field of daisies. With a cry of delight she darted to the rail-fence the moment she was set down, and, scrambling under it, threw herself, face downward, among the beautiful white-and-gold blossoms, clasping them in her arms and sobbing as if her heart were breaking. She had never before seen flowers growing. During her stay she spent all her time among them, and when the moment came to pack her shabby little bag it was found to be filled with flowers. A touching poem about this pathetic incident, "The Fresh-Air Child," by Elliot Walker, is published in the August number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

To Read Character from the Face.

To read a person's character from his face is an accomplishment which few possess, but which many would like to have. The study is an absorbingly interesting one, and has not only an entertaining, but a practical side as well. An article on the subject will shortly be published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, giving careful details regarding the traits of character indicated by the different features of the face.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Mr. Kirke La Shelle's season at the Tremont Theatre will open on Monday evening next, when he will present the youngest star, in point of service, who also is the oldest actor—again in term of service—on the American stage. This double distinction belongs to the veteran J. H. Stoddart, who, after 65 years in "stock" and "support" now comes for the first time as a star to Boston. For the first vehicle of his stellar ambition, Mr. Staddart has selected a Scottish play by Augustus Thomas and James W. McArthur entitled "The Bonnie Brier Bush." As the title indicates, the piece is founded upon the charming stories written by the Rev. Dr. John Watson, the well known Liverpool nonconformist preacher, under his pseudonym of "Ian MacLaren." In transferring the story to the stage the theme has been quite closely followed; a few characters in the book are missing from the play, but in their stead others from some of the author's other stories have been used. For example, Kate Carnegie, who is of minor importance in the story of "Beside The Bonnie Brier Bush," is made a prominent character in the play, and Lord Donald Hay is made the lover of Lachlan Campbell's daughter, Flora. But through it all stands out most prominently the transformation of the religious-crazed Campbell to a loving, sensible father. The story is told by the dramatists, and told in a powerful and beautiful manner. The production of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" will be a sumptuous one, it is promised, and Mr. Kirke La Shelle, who presents it, has surrounded Mr. Stoddart with a notable company. The entire production is under the personal direction of that very competent stage manager, Mr. John Stapleton.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co's.

Closing Stores.

THE EDITOR OF THE WOBURN JOURNAL:—The effort being made in our city to close the stores on Monday as well as Wednesday evenings is certainly a movement in the right direction, and meets the approval of a great many good people who desire the welfare both of clerks and employers. Unnecessary night work is not conducive to the intellectual, moral or physical interests of the workers and it does seem eminently reasonable that for two nights in the week, at least, the toilers should be relieved. As a rule the mechanic "knocks off" at six, why not the clerk? There are other needs of human nature which ask for attention as well as money making and merchant and clerk should have time to attend to them. But it is hard to see how any pecuniary loss could come to the employer if *all* agree to this humane and wise suggestion of closing up another night in the week. The workers will get a blessing and the merchant will lose no money. My own deep interest in the matter is the only apology I can offer for intruding my mind upon you and your readers. I shall be glad to shut up if the merchants will.

FREDERICK WOODS.

Literary Notices.

The September number of THE SMART SET fully sustains the reputation of that fascinating magazine for vivacity and cleverness. The number opens with an amusing novelette by Caroline Duer, entitled A New Bonnet for Mary. The adventures of the ingenious and unconventional heroine, a society heiress, who assumes to be a dressmaker's assistant for sweet charity's sake, and dramatically assists in the recovery of a large quantity of stolen gems, are diverting to a degree. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood writes entertainingly on the subject of divorce under the title of Untying the Knot. Mrs. Flora Bigelow Dodge, a sister of Poultney Bigelow, is the author of a brilliant and humorous society satire entitled Mrs. Mack's Example, while Edgar Saltus writes another of his pyrotechnic essays entitled The Pomps of Satan. One of the strongest stories in the number is The Price of Honor, by Lloyd Osbourne, and Price Vladimir Vaniatsky contributes a strange tale called The Queen of the Far Country. Other features of this attractive issue are: Underbrush, a mystery of the woods, by Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger); His Prophylactic Flirtation, the wooing of a delightful duchess, by Guy Somerville; The Transmogrification of Dan, a San Francisco story, by H. J. W. Dam; Brocton Mott, Realist, a $100 prize story, by Kate Jordan; The Companion to Virtue, by Gertrude F. Lynch; and The Picture Over the Mantel, an idyllic love story of Paris, by Justus Miles Forman. The leading poems are The Wish that Came True, by Guy Wetmore Carryl; Twilight in the City, by Clinton Scollard; Marionettes, by Theodosia Garrison; Compensation, by Paul Laurence Dunbar; The Supreme Hour, by Madison Cawein, and Fulfilment, by Duffield Osborne.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

The albatross has been known to follow a ship for two months without ever being seen to light.

WINCHESTER.

A dog was killed by a trolley car the other day.

The doctors say typhoid fever is prevalent here.

Golfers are going to have a great time on Labor Day, Sept. 2.

It is probable that there will be no Traders Day here this summer.

When it is too rainy to work in the garden the most of our folks go fishing.

Admiral Sampson is not coming to Winchester to live, after all. Several noses are out of joint.

After reading the local papers one would naturally conclude that there are no people left in town.

Judge Littlefield has been up to his old tricks again this week—making trolley trips hither and yon.

It looks now as if our B. & M. station agents would win no prizes this season for station flowerbeds.

The *Star* struck a responsive chord in the heart of many Winchester people when it said that town is an "Ideal Summer Home."

If everything works just as it is planned, that part of Main street from Symmes's Corner to the Centre is going to be the best piece of road in this town.

If the Winchester delegation to the Representative convention follow the Medford majority, it looks as though the venerable Mr. Twombly would be out of the race.

A level headed writer in the *Star* hits the nail on the head when he contends that the State Park Commissioners should take steps to make Middlesex Fells accessible to the public. As he says, the Fells might as well be in the Philippine Islands so far as that charming reservation is of any utility to the people, as where it is. Nobody, without a horse and carriage, can reach it, and if, perchance, reached, its beauties cannot be enjoyed.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of La Grange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

What most people want is something mild and gentle, when in need of a physic. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets fill the bill to a dot. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by all druggists.

Monument to a Pig.

No stranger monument ever existed than that which was erected at the Hotel de Ville by the inhabitants of Luneburg, in Hanover, in honor of a pig. This, which took the form of a kind of mausoleum, contained a large glass case in which was hermetically inclosed a fine ham cut from the animal whose memory was to be handed down to posterity. Above was a handsome slab of marble, on which, engraved in letters of gold, was the following inscription in Latin: "Passersby, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

Changed His Tune.

It is said that when President Polk visited Boston he was impressively received at Faneuil Hall market. The clerk walked in front of him down the length of the market announcing in loud tones: "Make way, gentlemen, for the president of the United States. The president of the United States! Fellow citizens, make room!"

The chief had stepped into one of the stalls to look at some game, when the clerk turned round suddenly and, finding himself alone, suddenly changed his tone, and exclaimed: "My gracious! Where has that darned idiot got to?"

The follies of youth are drafts on old age, the payment of which is imperative.—Chicago News.

The eye of an educated person averages 2,500 miles of reading in a lifetime.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Rev. L. A. Freeman at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—12th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Deaf and Dumb."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Perpetuity of Christianity."
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, August 15, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John Hagerty of Winchester and Rose Frainor of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, August 15, Timothy F. Reed, aged 74 years, 2 months.

In this city, August 16, Marion E., daughter of J. Fred and Myra O. Buel, aged 8 years, 11 months, 16 days.

In this city, August 19, Lillie, M., daughter of James and Mary Smuller, aged 3 months, 22 days.

In this city, August 19, Ruth A. Jones, aged 81 years, 4 months, 8 days.

In this city, August 20, Margaret, daughter of Charles and Margaret Mahoney, aged 10 months, 5 days.

In this city, August 21, Catherine Farmer Woodberry, wife of Captain William Woodberry of Montvale avenue.

To the Public.

All business relations, including any agencies, heretofore existing between Dr. Hervey L. Shepard and myself have this day been dissolved.

DR. BENJ. T. CHURCH,
Winchester, Mass.
August 14, 1901.

Boarders Wanted.

Nicely furnished rooms, good table board. Moderate prices. Convenient to electric cars and Rail road Station.

MRS. F. A. LAUSCH,
Eaton Ave., Woburn.

LOST.

A DIAMOND RING

on Elm, Ward or Pearl street. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the store of

PERKINS BROS.,
North Woburn.

SPECIAL

Prof. GOWING,

THE GREAT

Magnetic Specialist

Will be in Woburn until September 1st.

There is scarcely a disease that will not succumb to the magic hands of Professor Gowing. Along the whole category of human ills, such as catarrh, pulmonary complaints, liver and kidney troubles, paralysis, and all diseases of the nervous system, tumors and goitres removed without the knife or loss of a drop of blood, all stomach disturbances, spinal and cerebral disorders, female weaknesses, of all descriptions, rheumatism in all its forms, such as rheumatic gout, inflammatory rheumatism, swelling and inflammation of the joints, deafness and all diseases of the ear and eye, no matter what the trouble may be, it will be for your interest to see Professor Gowing.

Consultation Free.

Hours from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m.

Call or address No. 6 WYER'S COURT, WOBURN, MASS.

WOBURN AUDITORIUM,

Monday and Tuesday,

AUG. 26 & 27.

Twentieth Century Marvel

of Unparalled and Sensational Mysteries, embracing the Wonders of Clairvoyance, Second Sight, Mahatma-ism and Illusion. The most Bewildering Sights ever Beheld.

— BY THE RENOWNED —

Dr. Hubert C. Brown

And his Celebrated Company of Beautiful East Indian Lady Illusionists in their wonderful Expose of Spiritualism, and Second Sight Marvels. Will give

Two Astounding Seances.

Bells Rung by the Unseen. Musical Instruments Played by the Unknown. A Guitar is Played and Passed around the room by Invisible Power. Flowers are Brought and Passed to the Audience by Hands plainly seen. Full Formed Spirits Materialized.

Table Rapping Extraordinary.

Questions answered by the table. The whole to conclude with the

The Greatest Marvel of the Age

The Wonderful Clairvoyant Lady

MAHATMA,

Hypnotized and Blind-folded, will read letters written by the audience, and answer questions relating to Missing Friends, Lost Property, etc.

Philosophers Mystified! Scientists Astounded! Clergymen Amazed! Scholars Dumfounded!

Admission 10, 20 & 30 Cents

A change of programme each evening.

Doors open at 7.00. Seance prompt at 8 o'clock.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Isabella Ferrin and Lilian Collamore of Woburn in said County.

WHEREAS G. Wallace Tibbetts of Malden, in the County of Middlesex, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he holds as tenant-in-common one undivided third part or share of certain real estate lying in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and described in said petition; and, as said real estate cannot be advantageously divided, praying that partition may be made among the tenants-in-common according to law; and that the commissioners who may be appointed to make said partition be ordered to make sale and conveyance of said real estate and to distribute the net proceeds thereof:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested, who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Luther A. Gould, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Ellen J. Gould, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Coveny, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Sarah J. Coveny of said Woburn, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named as Sarah Coveny, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Home-coming Housekeepers

appreciate anything which makes their duties a pleasure instead of a burden—a tablespoonful of

CABOT'S

Sulpho - Napthol

in a pail of water will accomplish wonders in overcoming dirt, foul odors and unsanitary conditions. (Keeps the hands soft and prevents chapping). Its use is conducive to health and comfort.

Get in original packages at all dealers, or

THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,
No. 4 Merrimac Street, BOSTON.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 14, 1901.

The owners and all persons interested in the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1899, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels of real estate which will be sufficient to discharge the taxes thereon and interest and intervening charges or the whole of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 21st, 1901**, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1899, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estate is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 2.

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by other land of Holton; northwesterly by Heirs of Rufus Wyman; southwesterly by other land of Holton; northwesterly by Holton street.
Tax of 1899, 34 56

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 12 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Holton street; westerly by land of Wyman Heirs; southerly by other land of said Holton; northerly by land now or late of Henry Holton.
Tax of 1899, 11 52

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 10 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land formerly of Lemuel Richardson and land of Samuel S. Holton; northerly by land formerly of Lemuel Holton; easterly by land now or formerly of Samuel S. Holton.
Tax of 1899, 9 60

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2¾ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue and by land of Wardwell; westerly by Holton street; southerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by land now or late of McCarthy.
Tax of 1899, 5 76

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 6 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Green street; easterly by Holton street; northerly by land formerly of Wade and land of Cox; northwesterly by land formerly of J. G. Pollard; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1899, 5 76

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; westerly by land now or formerly of Sawtelle; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land now or late of Dunklee and Holton.
Tax of 1899, 4 80

WARD 4.

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 1½ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Converse; easterly by Wood street; southerly by land now or late of Kovarik; westerly by land now or late of Holden.
Tax of 1899, 3 84

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Westerly by Wood street; southerly by land of Warren Wade: easterly by land now or late of Reardon; northerly by land now or late of Kovarik.
Tax of 1899, 10 56

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully represent the undersigned, Selectmen of Wilmington, that a public way called Main street in said Wilmington, and a railroad operated by the Boston & Maine Railroad and known as the Southern Division thereof, crosses each other at or near the Poor Farm in said Wilmington, the crossing being known as the Poor Farm Crossing, the grades being separated and the public way being carried over the railroad by means of a bridge; that your petitioners are of opinion that it is necessary for the security or convenience of the public that an alteration should be made in the crossing and approaches thereto.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your Board may give due notice, hear all the parties interested, determine the case and prescribe the manner and limits within which the alterations shall be made.

Dated, Wilmington, August 3, 1901.

JAMES E. KELLEY, CHARLES J. SARGENT, HERBERT N. BUCK, } Selectmen of Wilmington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the sixth day of August, A. D., 1901.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Wilmington Station of the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad on **Thursday, the twelfth day of September, 1901**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington, and the Boston & Maine Railroad Company with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said Town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

The undersigned, inhabitants of the town of Wilmington in said County, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to locate anew a road within said town, being a portion of the highway called Lowell street, to wit, that portion thereof beginning at the junction of said Lowell street with Main street and extending easterly therefrom one quarter of a mile, for the purpose of establishing a boundary line of such road or of making alterations in the course or width thereof.

Dated, Wilmington, August 3, 1901.

JAMES E. KELLEY,
CHARLES J. SARGENT,
HERBERT N. BUCK,
GEORGE L. PERRY,
CHAS. W. MOULTON,
CHESTER W. CLARK.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the sixth day of August, A. D., 1901.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Wilmington Station of the Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad on Thursday, the twelfth day of September, 1901, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view; and also by posting the same in two public places in the said Town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

For Sale AT A BARGAIN.

At No. 53 Pleasant street, a **Second-hand PIANO**, and other articles of Household Furniture.

OLIVER F. BRYANT, Ex.,
371 Main street.

Woburn, Aug. 9, 1901.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,

Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.

Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by the 200 Associates Real Estate Co. to Mary E. Brigham dated Nov. 4, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2609, Page 424, for breach of the condition thereof, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, September 4th, 1901,

at four o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, viz:—A certain parcel of land, with the improvements thereon, situated in Woburn, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, containing 7114 square feet, more or less, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Broad street the line runs west of south by land of the City of Woburn 127 and 4-10 feet to a corner; thence north of west by land now, or formerly, of one Ellis, and land now, or formerly, of John Winn and Charles W. Bennett, 55 feet and 3 inches to a stake; thence east of north by land now or formerly of John G. Flagg 124 feet to a stake; thence south of east on and by said Broad street 57 feet and 9 inches to the point of beginning.

Above described premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles and assessments, if any.

$200 cash at sale.

MARY E. BRIGHAM, Mortgagee.

GEO. H. REED, Att'y,
7 Water St., Boston.

WILMINGTON, MASS., July 31, 1901.

TO THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:

Respectfully represent the undersigned, Inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, that High Street in the northerly part of said town extending from Woburn street to Middlesex Avenue is in need of relocation and alteration, particularly near the house of G. Arthur Sidelinker.

Wherefore we pray you will cause said street to be relocated, widened and altered.

G. W. SIDELINKER and seven others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the first day of August, A. D., 1901:

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the North Wilmington Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad in said Wilmington on the ninth day of September, 1901, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy attest
EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

BEST TRIPS. BEST BOATS.

BAY LINE

The Magnificent New Steamer Cape Cod for

PLYMOUTH

Every day, at 10 A. M.

The New, seagoing Steamer Martinique for

PROVINCETOWN

Week days 9 45, Sundays 10 A. M.

Music by Bay Line Band and Orchestra

From Bay Line Wharf, 410-430 Atlantic Ave, Boston, (weather permitting).

Fare—Plymouth, (round trip), $1.00 Provincetown, Daily Excursion, $1.00; stop-over tickets, $1 50. Children, half fare. Staterooms. Refreshments. Tel. 2216 Main.

Subject to change without notice.

J. R. BACON, Gen. Mgr.

Daily Ocean Trips

See (without a Telescope) the Picturesque North and South Shore from the

STEAMER

New Brunswick

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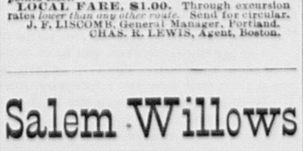

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Retrospect.

It is an evil day for the wife and mother when she scans her worn face in the mirror, and asks the question, "Does it pay? Does it pay to sacrifice health and happiness to wedded love?" But there is another question which rightly takes precedence of Does it pay? It is this: "Is it necessary to sacrifice health and happiness to wedded love?" Half a million women answer, No! They have been weak and have been made strong by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. They were sick and "Favorite Prescription" made them well. It will do the same for almost every woman who gives it a fair and faithful trial. It stops weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves and encourages the appetite.

"I expected to become a mother, and a threatened mischance greatly weakened me," writes Mrs. E. A. Nations, of Witts Springs, Searcy Co., Ark., "and my old disease returned. My husband got another doctor for me but I seemed to just drag along and get no better. At last I told the doctor that if his medicine did not help me I would go back to Dr. Pierce's medicines. I did so, and by the time I had taken them one month I could do my own housework, except washing, and tended my garden too. I was stouter than I had ever been while waiting baby's coming since my first baby came (this one was the sixth child). She is now eleven months old and is a healthy child. As for me, I feel as young now as I did at eighteen years of age; am thirty now. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Pierce's medicine to all suffering womankind."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

A CRIMSON KISS.

He was a bold carnation
And she a sweet, shy rose;
He was as red as warm, red wine,
She, white as winter snows.
He lived beside the window,
His home a jardiniere;
Hers, just above his ardent reach,
A vase of Sevres ware.

He grew till close beside her
He bent his regal head;
She trembled just a little,
But listened while he said,
"I've dreamed, while climbing upward,
Of this one moment's bliss,"
Then pressed upon her petals pure
One long, sweet, crimson kiss.

The winsome rose blushed deeply
And whispered sweet and low:
"I've waited all my lifetime, dear,
For this one hour, I know.
My bold carnation lover,
King of all flowers thou art;
I'll keep the kiss thou gavest me
Forever in my heart!"

That evening in the twilight
My Lady Leonore
Swept, smiling, through her parlor;
A silken gown she wore.
She bent above the blossom
Her queenly, golden head,
Then called, "Why, Jack, my white, white rose,
Has changed to burning red!"

—Alice A. Allen in New Lippincott.

THE GIRL IN GRAY

How She Surrendered to a Yankee From Illinois.

It was during an encampment of Confederate Veterans that Howard Pearce first saw her. She wore a gray riding habit with a double row of small brass buttons leading up to two black stars on the collar. On her sunny locks a small gray slouch hat rested, tilted just the least bit over one eye. She rode well.

Pearce leaned so far from the window to catch a glimpse of the girl that he almost fell. It was a warm day toward the end of July, and he was not sorry that he had no business on hand that must be rushed.

Evidently the girl in gray had gone to the camp ground, and with Saunders. But Saunders was married—happily married, Pearce hoped. Anyhow, he was glad that Saunders was married.

That evening he sat before Captain Saunders' tent, with the captain, his wife and Miss Moore—the girl in gray. To the east of the camp ground the ridge rose in a gentle slope. To the southwest, seemingly towering just over them, was the mountain.

Pearce's heart beat faster as the thought came to him that 30 years before white tents had marked the foot of the ridge as they did that day. But then they had stretched for miles north and south.

"Captain," he said, turning to Saunders, "it is easier to get up the ridge than it was once. There are no men in blue there tonight."

"No," the captain replied, "but the sons of some of those men are there," pointing to the company street, in which blue clad figures lounged. "Loyal? Without doubt. Listen!"

The bands, which had united for the evening concert, had just struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." When the air was recognized, a cheer arose from the tented wood.

"Hear that?" said the captain.

"Wait," said the girl in gray.

"For what?" Pearce asked.

"They will play 'Dixie' after awhile."

"What then?"

"Then they will yell," she said, looking at him with a bright smile and nodding a confident "You'll see or hear."

And he did. When the national air was finished, there was a brief wait. Then the quick, stirring notes of "Dixie" started the woods into life with sharp echoes, which were drowned by one long, loud yell.

Pearce looked at the girl to receive an expected "I told you so." But she was not looking at him. Her cheeks were dark with color and her eyes, brightened by excitement, were fixed upon the young men tossing their caps high above the tents and shouting with all their sturdy lung power.

"I wonder," he mused, "if she hates the north as she loves the south."

When the tumult had ceased, he turned to Saunders.

"Well, captain," he said, "what do you say to that?"

"Of course, they love 'Dixie,'" said the captain earnestly. "So do I. But there is no deeper meaning in that cheer than the love of a memory. They are loyal."

Miss Moore said that she must go back to town.

"As it is late, I shall have to leave my horse with you, captain. I shall send for him tomorrow. I reckon I can walk to the train in this rig."

She looked down somewhat doubtfully at her riding skirt. Pearce said that he would be glad to go with her, and though it was not apparent in just what way he could overcome the disadvantage of the long dress, she seemed to be grateful for his escort.

Well, that was the beginning of it, and the end is not yet. An incident that occurred under a large tree in the old Confederate fort on the mountain may give a hint of the trend of events.

Pearce and Miss Moore were under the tree because it was the shelter nearest when rain suddenly began to fall, and it rained probably because a number of young folks of the city had come up on the mountain to spend a September day that promised in the morning to be pleasant.

Mr. Pearce was not in good humor. He and Miss Moore had separated themselves from the others. One topic of conversation had led to another, which in this instance was a declaration by Mr. Pearce that he was irretrievably in love with Miss Moore and that if she refused to make him happy he should be forever miserable. At a critical stage of this declaration a raindrop kissed the girl's cheek.

"Oh, it's going to rain!" she cried.

The next instant the downpour began, and both rushed through a breach in the earthen wall of the fort to the tree, whose branches, to which the leaves yet clung, offered protection. There they stood in silence for several minutes, she busily brushing raindrops from her hat, which she had taken off, and he watching her moodily.

The silence became oppressive, and she glanced at him curiously and apprehensively from under her lashes. He caught the glance and, moving toward her, said:

"Well?"

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, starting away, her eyes still fixed upon a ribbon with which she was working.

"Why, Katherine—er—Miss Moore"—

"Oh, you mustn't!"

He walked to the edge of the circle protected by the leaves and looked out over the clay wall of the fort, down which tiny rivers ran. She, having dried her hat, placed it again on her head and began brushing her skirt where, here and there, rain had spotted it. She glanced several times at his back, stubbornly turned toward her. He evinced no intention of moving nor of speaking again, and she became nervous. The situation was unbearable, and she exclaimed:

"We must get back to the others!"

"We can't very well go through this rain," he said, without turning round.

Another prolonged silence, broken only by the monotonous fall of the rain. Finally, when she had almost made up her mind to gather up her skirts and run to the hotel, a quarter of a mile away, he turned and came quickly toward her.

He put out his hand as though to take hers, but she quickly put her hands behind her and stepped back. He folded his arms and stood before her, looking earnestly into the eyes that she raised to his almost appealingly.

"Katherine," he said, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

A beautiful color stole slowly from the ribbon at her throat up, up, until it tinted the edges of her small, perfectly formed ears. His gaze held hers for a moment, then her eyelids fell and their long lashes swept her cheeks.

"Mr. Pearce," she said slowly and hesitatingly, "I am so sorry, but I—I can't."

"Because you do not love me?"

She looked up quickly into his face; then down again, but she did not reply.

"Katherine, tell me," he said. "Why is it that you cannot marry me?"

"Because"—she was very busy dislodging a half buried stone with the toe of her shoe—"because you are a Yankee!"

Another swift glance met his steady look. Then she moved a little farther away and stood half turned from him. His first impulse was to laugh. But that passed almost as it came. The gray, brass buttoned riding habit, the flushed cheeks and bright eyes with which she had listened to "Dixie," flashed across his mental vision. The "Yankee" might be an obstacle not to be laughed away.

"But I am not a Yankee," he said with emphasis. "I am from Illinois."

It seemed a long time to both that they stood in silence. Again she was the first to speak.

"This is an awful rain," she said.

"Yes, a very wet rain," he replied.

"Oh, you are going to jest about it"—

"But I am not jesting," he answered, walking rapidly to where she stood. "What I mean is that you will get wet. The water is beginning to drip from the leaves. Here," stripping off his coat, "let me put this around you."

"Oh, no," she said, stepping back.

"But you must. The air is chill, and if you get wet you will catch cold."

"But you—you"—

"It won't hurt me a bit. Come."

He assumed a commanding tone, and that or something else accomplished his end, for she made no effort to free herself when he placed the coat about her shoulders. It took a long time to get it fixed just right, and his arm was still around her when he looked into her face and saw that she was looking up into his. Something in her eyes prompted him to draw her close to him and to say very tenderly:

"Sweetheart, I come from the north, but I love a southern girl. Don't you think that she can love a northern man just a little—if he is not a Yankee?"

She studied the arrangement of his necktie closely, and then transferred her scrutiny to his watch chain. But evidently she was not thinking of either, for when she spoke she asked:

"Illinois people aren't Yankees?"

"Certainly not!" he replied, with conviction. "They are a long way from Yankeedom—more than 1,000 miles."

She examined the necktie again, looked into his eyes for a moment, then over his shoulder, off into the rain.

"Katherine," he said softly, "do you love me?"

She turned her head slowly until their eyes met. A wave of color rushed into her cheeks, and she murmured faintly, "Yes."

"And you will be my wife?"

With perhaps a sudden thought of her surroundings and of a stormy day 40 years before, she replied, "I—I surrender."

The rain, as if to hide the scene from any possible observer, fell more heavily for a moment. Then it ceased altogether, and soon the sun shone through from a blue sky where the gray clouds had parted.

His Early Home Coming.

"Does your husband carry a latchkey, Mrs. Homebody?"

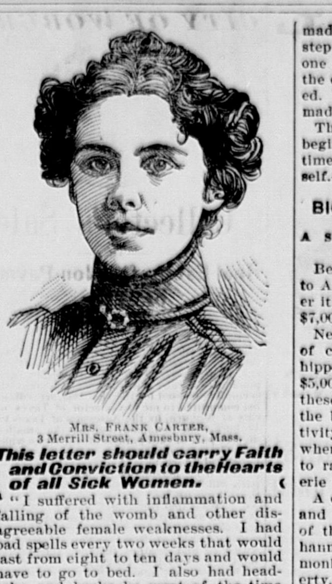
"No; I never knew him to."

"Oh, then he comes in early! That must be due to your training?"

"Not in the least. There is always some one up when he gets home in the morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rings and Gloves.

According to a jeweler, the practice of wearing rings under gloves is harmful and very likely to injure the setting of stones. Many valuable gems which have suddenly slipped out of their settings have been first loosened in this way. At least gloves should not be peeled off fingers on which rings with stones in raised settings are worn.



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"I suffered with inflammation and falling of the womb and other disagreeable female weaknesses. I had bad spells every two weeks that would last from eight to ten days and would have to go to bed. I also had headache and backache most of the time and such bearing down pains I could hardly walk across the room at times. I doctored nearly all the time for about two years and seemed to grow worse all the time until last September I was obliged to take my bed, and the doctors thought an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to have done.

"Then a friend advised me to try the Pinkham medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, four boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Dry Form Compound, three boxes of Liver Pills and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and I am as well now as I ever was. I am more than thankful every day for my cure."—MRS. FRANK CARTER, 3 Merrill St., Amesbury, Mass.

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FINISHED LEATHER.

HOW THE GREEN HIDE IS PREPARED FOR THE MARKET.

The Operation Is a Strange One From Beginning to End and Comprehends a Number of Different Manipulations by Expert Workers.

The making of leather is an art of which most people understand little. It can safely be said that this trade is one of the greatest and yet most obscure of all our industries. During the past few years it has assumed immense proportions.

The preliminary steps in tanning are by no means what you would call of an æsthetic nature. The hide as received in the rough state is covered with hair and bristles, which must be first removed. In order to do this properly the hide is thrown into a vat of warm soap water and left there for at least three days. At the end of that period, if found to be in a suitable condition, it is drawn out and run through a queer looking machine. This apparatus consists principally of three rollers. The largest one, a massive affair, revolves rapidly from right to left. The next one in size moves in the opposite direction from left to right and, unlike the first, is covered with small knives. These knives are not visible owing to the great velocity of the roller, it making over 1,800 revolutions a minute.

It takes but a second to run a hide through this press. The operator, a strong, determined looking individual, seizes the skin firmly with both hands, swings it around once or twice and then slips it dexterously between the great rollers. There is a muffled sound, and, presto, the skin falls out devoid of all flesh. The hide is then placed in a vat of limewater, where, under the action of the lime, the hair becomes soft and loose. In a day or so it is again taken out and sent to the press. This time the third and last roller, which is covered with small round stones, is used. These stones remove the hair in the same way as the knives did the flesh.

The hide is then given a thorough washing or sopping out. For this purpose a huge wooden, barrel shaped apparatus called a "bater" is used. Within this bater are long projections made of hard wood. The skin rests upon these while the wheel revolves. As soon as a proper angle is reached the hide slides off and falls with great force to the bottom. Here it is once more picked up, carried to the top and dropped again. Thus the operation is continued until the hide becomes perfectly clean and spotless. It is then ready to be tanned. Great vats of dull, deep colored liquid are now utilized.

The making of this liquid is a process by itself. The bark, either oak or hemlock, is first broken up and ground into fine bits and then conveyed into huge tanks called "leeches." These tanks contain about three-fourths bark and one-fourth old liquid, or, in other words, liquid which has become weak owing to long usage. The mixture steeps for a number of days, long enough at any rate for the liquid to regain its strength. It is then strained and allowed to run into different vats. The old liquid in turn flows back to the leeches. In this manner the old is made new and the new old.

The next step is called "shaving." This consists in tearing off the edges of the hide and making the surface smooth. A small, knife covered wheel having a great velocity does the work quickly, but not satisfactorily. Each hide must be gone over again by hand. This is called "currying" and is one of the most difficult operations in the act of tanning. The "currier," in fact, must have been raised in the business. A long, fierce looking knife is used. Taking this in both hands, he bends over the skin, which lies before him on a thick board, and with skillful strokes removes what the machine has left, besides giving the surface a most beautiful grain. To do this rapidly and still keep the razorlike edge on the blade requires years of practice.

The hides are then washed, weighed, pressed and ready to be "stuffed" on the floor above. The "stuffing" wheel is a mammoth wooden tank about 10 feet by 20 feet, with a capacity of from 200 to 300 pounds. It is here where the grease and fatty substances which have been removed from the hide in the various processes are restored. As the tanner says, "Life is given in." Were it not for this grease the hide would be dry, hard and easily torn. It is here also where profit and loss figure the most. The tanner depends entirely upon his judgment as to the amount of fat to be added; too much or too little, and untold damage would result.

The skin now passes through the final stage. It is "stretched" and sent to the "finishing" room, where it is made ready for the market. This last step consists in blacking and glossing one side and imparting a fine grain to the other. The process is then completed. Thus a fleshy, hair covered hide is made into a beautiful piece of leather.

The operation is a strange one from beginning to end. If you ever have the time, visit a tannery and see for yourself.—Kansas City Times.

BIG PRICES FOR ANIMALS.

A Small Sized Fortune Needed to Buy a Giraffe.

Because of the difficulty of getting it to America and of keeping it alive after it arrives a good giraffe is quoted at $7,000.

Next to the giraffe in the aristocracy of cost come the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, worth from $4,000 to $5,000 each. If a dealer could breed these animals, he could get rich, but the big mammals rarely breed in captivity. About the only place in America where hippopotami have been known to raise their young is in the menagerie in Central park, New York.

A chimpanzee of size is worth $5,000, and when one reaches the intelligence of the late Mr. Crowley, Chico or Johanna he is beyond a fixed price. The monkey kind are most uncertain property. The animal man says they are certain to die. But the ordinary ones can be bought very cheaply.

One can buy a nice young baby elephant for $1,000 at times, but a really good animal is worth from $1,800 to $3,000. An elephant does not command the maximum price because of the beauty of his countenance, the elegance of his figure, his intellectual endowments or his size, but because of a sweet, sunny disposition. A mean elephant is about the most evil of living things. Sooner or later he has to be killed, usually after he has slain two or three keepers and done more damage than he is worth. Of two animals of equally good disposition the larger and finer commands the higher price, of course, but the most magnificent beast with an inclination for murder isn't worth as much as a very common one that is trustworthy—that is, ordinarily so, for the sweetest tempered have days when they seem inspired of satan.—Junior Munsey.

Lord Southey's Guillotine.

The most eccentric action of an eccentric man was Lord Southey's cool arrangement for suicide by means of a guillotine. He had a magnificent one erected in the drawing room of his house in the Rue du Luxembourg at Paris. The machine was of ebony inlaid with gold and silver, the framework carved with artistic skill, the knife, sharp as a razor, was of polished and ornamented steel. Preparing for death, his lordship had his hair cut close, and, clothed in a robe of white silk, he kneeled upon the platform under the knife before a mirror and pressed the spring which should release the knife. But the spring failed to work, and the would be suicide decided to give the guillotine to a museum instead of making a second attempt to end his life. It is said that he made an annual pilgrimage to see the guillotine until the end of his life.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers, when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

A Professor on Rowing.

A story is told about a well known Oxford don who knew more about the travels of Ulysses than about the boat he sailed in. He went down to the river one day to watch the eight practicing. He gazed for awhile in silence. "Yes," he said at last, "they look very nice—very nice indeed, I may say—but how extremely awkward it must be for them to learn to row backward."

Crying and Groaning.

According to a French physician, crying and groaning in pain are nature's own methods of subduing the keenness of physical suffering. He thinks that men should freely relieve their sufferings in this way and that crying in children should not be repressed, as in doing so serious consequences may be engendered.

A Child's Logic.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to tell a story illustrative of the keen perception of children. He was present at a gathering where he chanced to be seated near the refreshment table and noticed a little girl looking longingly at the table. In his kindly way he said, "Are you hungry, my child?" She replied bashfully in the affirmative. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" he asked. The little maid responded, "Because I haven't any fork." The Autocrat quoted smilingly, "Fingers were made before forks," and, to his intense amusement, she answered, "Not my fingers!"

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LESSON VIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 25.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxii, 1-14. Memory Verses, 6-8—Golden Text, Heb. xi, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "And it came to pass after these things that God did tempt Abraham." In our last lesson we looked just a little at chapter xix concerning the destruction of Sodom and rescue of Lot. In chapter xx Abraham went to sojourn at Gerar and fell into the same sin which troubled him in Egypt and was rebuked by Abimelech. His answer in verse 11 was testimony against himself, for he should not willingly have gone where the fear of God was not. In chapter xxi we have the birth of Isaac and the casting out of Ishmael and find Abraham dwelling at Beersheba and worshiping the Lord under a new name, the everlasting God. Note in verse 6 Sarah's testimony, "God hath made me to laugh," and in verses 17 and 18 God's promise to Hagar, with His "Fear not," which is, I think, the second in the book. "God did tempt Abraham" signifies that God tried him (Heb. xi, 17), for "the Lord trieth the righteous" (Ps. xi, 5), but He will not try any one above that he is able (I Cor. x, 13), and patience under trial will bring the crown of life (Jas. i, 12; Rev. ii, 10).

2, 3. "Offer him for a burnt offering." This from God concerning his only son, his well beloved, for whom he had waited 25 years at least. Compare xii, 4, and xxi, 5. Yet see his ready obedience, for he believed that God would raise him up even from the dead, from whence also he received him in a figure. Was ever a mortal man so tried, or did ever man come so near to God in his experience? In Israel all God's promises to Abraham centered, and if they were not fulfilled in Isaac the word of God would fail (chapter xxi, 12), a thing which could not possibly occur. Mount Moriah, where Abraham was to offer up Isaac, was the same as that whereon the temple was builded by Solomon (II Chron. iii, 1), for both tabernacle and temple stood, in a figure, upon atonement, the silver sockets of the tabernacle being made from the ransom money of the people.

4, 5. "On the third day." It is to be a resurrection story, and the third day is the resurrection day whether of Jonah or Christ, whether in Gen. i or John ii, 1, or Hos. vi, 2. When He said, "Surely I come quickly," He may have thought of the 2,000 years of this present age as two days and referred to His coming again on the morning of the third day. Abraham's words to his young men, "I and the lad will go yonder and worship and come again to you," show his strong faith that in some way Isaac would be given back to him.

6, 7. "Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Did a sword pierce Abraham's heart as his only son asked him this question? See Isaac bearing the wood and think of the Son of God bearing the cross on which He was to suffer. See Abraham carrying the fire and the knife and remember that it is written, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him." All that Christ suffered from His enemies must have been as nothing when compared with His agony as He cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Math. xxvii, 46.) No tongue can tell, no words can describe, what it cost the Father to give Him up to die for our sins or what He suffered as our substitute.

8. "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering. So they went both of them together." "Behold the Lamb of God!" said John the Baptist as he pointed Him out. The redeemed as they fall before the Lamb sing, "Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy bleed," and a hundred millions of angels cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain" (John i, 29; Rev. v, 8, 9, 11, 12). He had been foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in due time.

9, 10. How the father's heart must have been torn as he built the altar and laid the wood upon it! But what were his feelings as he bound Isaac and laid him on the altar upon the wood and took the knife in his hand to slay his son? Who can tell but God? For no one had ever just the same fellowship with God. How deep the meaning of the words "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," or these, "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me," or "His own self bare our sins in His own body," "Bruised for our iniquities!"

11, 12. "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me." Thus spake the angel of the Lord, the Son of God, the Lamb of God Himself, as He staid the uplifted arm of Abraham. He had tried His servant and had found him leaning not upon Isaac, the gift of God, but upon God Himself. We are apt to allow the good gifts of God to come between Him and us and lean upon them rather than upon Him, so that for our good He oft removes His gifts.

13. "Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." As truly was Christ, the Lamb of God, offered in our stead, as our substitute, bearing our sins. There is no salvation by trying to live as He lived, for we cannot live His life except as He shall live it in us, and He is not in us until we receive Him as the One who died in our stead. The redemption which God has provided begins in our experience with the forgiveness of sins, and he whose sins are not forgiven has not Christ in him.

14. "And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh." The margin says that the name signifies "the Lord will see or provide." Since He has given for us His dearest and best, how can we think for a moment that He will withhold aught from us that will be for our good? (Ps. lxxxiv, 11.) Let us adopt these words, if we have not already done so, as one of the mottoes of our daily life and glorify God by unbounded and unwavering faith in Him, withholding nothing from Him, but abandoning ourselves utterly to Him for His good pleasure, that He may glorify Himself in us. This chapter leaves Abraham dwelling at Beersheba (verse 19); in the next Sarah dies at the age of 127 and is buried in Hebron. In chapter xxiv the servant of Abraham, Eliezer, obtains Rebekah from Laban as a wife for Isaac. In chapter xxv Abraham dies at the age of 175 and is buried by Isaac and Ishmael beside Sarah at Hebron. The death of Ishmael is also recorded at the age of 137. Isaac is seen dwelling by the well Lahai-roi, the well of Him that liveth and seeth me (Gen. xvi, 14, margin). There let us dwell while we sojourn in these bodies.

Banks Ready For Emergencies.

To meet sudden and unexpected demands upon banks a large sum is kept ready for use. The average large bank—say with total assets of $20,000,000—is prepared by four lines of defense to resist sudden attack. In the vault or safe about $500,000 in bank bills is always on hand, back of that is a cash reserve of perhaps $1,500,000 deposited in various business banks subject to instant call, back of that again is perhaps $8,000,000 in United States and other gilt edged securities immediately marketable, and the fourth and last line of defense and to be retired upon only in extreme distress is $6,000,000 or $8,000,000 in bonds and mortgages, on which the mortgagers will be hurriedly called to make a payment on account if the bank is pushed to extremities. With such resources disaster would seem impossible, though it has come to the best fortified institutions.—Bookkeeper.

Lycurgus being asked why, in his laws, he had set down no punishment for ingratitude, answered, "I have left it to the gods to punish."

HIS START IN LIFE.

"DOC" HARTMAN AND HIS WONDERFUL GREASE ERADICATOR.

With Soap Candles and Bottles of Rainwater He Fooled the Public and Laid the Foundations of a Substantial Fortune.

"Talk about your self made men," said an old timer among a party of horsemen gathered in one of the speedway inns, "I don't think any of 'em can equal the early experiences of Tim Hartman, who died in St. Louis many years ago, leaving nearly a million dollars to be fought over by his heirs. He made his first good sized pile on patent medicines, then he picked up a great deal more on real estate, and at last he rounded out with speculation in Montana copper, but he was known as 'Doc' Hartman to the time of his death by his few intimate friends.

"But the story that I'm going to tell, and the one which he often told himself, concerns his very earliest experiences in the accumulation of money. Tim Hartman started life with $1. He kicked around as a barefooted boy—and a pretty mean one, too—in a little town in Connecticut until he was 18 years old, and at that time he had become so fresh and so full of wind and general cussedness that his father one day told him he was no good, never had been and never would amount to a picayune. The old gentleman, just to carry out the bluff, told Tim that he had a good mind to cut him off with a dollar and make him earn his own living. Tim straightened up and called the bluff. He told the old man that he would take the dollar and get out then and there and hustle for himself. The old man handed him a crisp $1 bill and told him that he'd be glad to see him make a fortune with it.

"The first thing that cuss did was to go about in a few back yards that he knew of and gather together a lot of empty bottles which were of no use to anybody. Then, for 10 cents, he bought a large cake of a kind of white soap that was then, and still is, on the market. He melted this soap and, after borrowing an ancient pair of candle molds from an old granny in the neighborhood, made two beautiful looking candles of soap. He next filled his bottles full of choice rainwater. Then he made for himself one of those little three legged tables like the chuck-a-luck and shell game men use outside the circus, and struck out on foot for a county fair that was being held about 40 miles away.

"When he got there, he put up his little table outside the grounds, where the crowd was pretty thick, lighted one of his soap candles and began to extol the virtues of 'Dr. Hartman's Famous Grease Eradicator,' contained in the bottles set before him.

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' he would shout in a stentorian but plausible voice, 'this marvelous liquid, so harmless that it can be drunk with impunity by the smallest infant and yet so penetrating that it will seek out and destroy stains and discolorations from the most refractory substance, was discovered by accident by the famous scientist, Dr. Hartman, the eminent scholar, while he was wandering o'er the wilds of Patagonia. It is colorless, you see, as the waters from heaven, and yet observe the effects of its startling properties!'

"At this point Tim would reach for his soap candle and, inverting it, would smear a lot of the grease over the sleeve of his coat.

"'Now, every one of you knows, ladies and gentlemen,' he would continue, reaching over and uncorking a bottle of his rainwater, 'that there is nothing so penetrating and ineffaceable as the grease from a candle, and yet it is a stain that we are all likely to suffer almost every evening of our lives while toying with that common article of the household, the candle. You will observe that my sleeve is smeared with the annoying substance. Behold'—

"Here that country bred fakir would spill a couple of drops of his rainwater on the soap and with a rub or two would produce a beautiful lather. Another swipe and the soap would have entirely disappeared from the sleeve, leaving not a trace.

"'Now, we make this famous eradicator in such enormous quantities,' Tim would continue, 'that in order to introduce it into every home in this broad land we will dispense with it at the absurdly low price of 5 cents, a nickel a bottle. Step right up! Step right up!'

"Then, when the public was surging forward to purchase the rainwater, Tim would pause occasionally to drink a bottle of it, just to show that it was absolutely harmless.

"Well, the stuff went like hot cakes. When Tim's bottles were all exhausted, he bought more, and when the fair was over he went to another and another until he had traveled all over the country. Then, in some way or other, I don't know how, he got hold of some old patent medicine, and, being a genius, of course he made a big go of it. So that's the way Tim Hartman almost became a millionaire."—New York Times.

Novel Chinese Wheelbarrow.

Chinamen have more castes even than the East Indians. They say you never find one Chinaman in a low condition of life but you will find him employing another Chinaman in a still lower condition.

The small Chinese farmer employs a servant, to whom he is lord and master. This menial is compelled to serve him in any capacity that may be required. For instance, when the small Chinese farmer takes a pig to market he does not do it as the Irishman does by driving the pig along the road. No. He first kills the pig or makes his "hired man" do it.

Then the pig is carefully packed on one side of a single wheeled vehicle something like a wheelbarrow. The weight of the proprietor may just balance that of the pig, but if it is greater than that of the pig then a few bowlders are added to even things up. The whole apparatus is then wheeled along the road by the "hired man," the Chinese proprietor meanwhile placidly smoking his pipe.

Unique American Families.

The Harrison family, like the Adams family of Massachusetts, on its illustrious genealogical tree carries the names of one signer of the Declaration of Independence and two presidents of the United States, and in this record the Adamses and the Harrisons stand apart in a class by themselves. These distinctions in one family, it can be noted, will never again be equaled. It remains unique in the history of the country.—National Magazine.

Their Different Methods.

He—I'm going to take a day off next week for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of my birth.

She—When I celebrated mine last month, I took a year off.—Exchange.

HERALDRY OF THE INDIANS

Marks on the Face to Denote Honors, Ancestry, Tribe and Condition.

People in general have been content to look upon the Indian's adornment of his head with eagle feathers and his face with paint as marks of personal decoration inspired by vanity and a savage taste, different only in degree from what is sometimes witnessed among highly civilized peoples. But the fact is that in preference to the latter custom, for instance, every paint mark on an Indian's face has a sort of heraldic meaning, implying not only the honors won by the brave in person, but representing also the claims of his family and race to distinction. In other words, what is shown among more cultured communities by coats of arms, orders and decorations is depicted by the Indian on his face by means of pigments.

Scientists are now engaged, among other novel investigations concerning the North American Indian, in compiling a record of the armorial, or, rather, facial, bearings of certain celebrated chiefs, and it is said to be fascinating work. One renowned warrior, for instance, will have his lip painted a copper red. This is found to indicate that his tribe was once in possession of huge mines of copper. Another individual will have his forehead adorned with a painting of a certain fish, thus implying that he or his people are renowned for prowess in catching fish. The same distinguished person sometimes wears a disk of pearl in addition to his paint mask. This, by its shimmering radiance and its form, implies that he is descended from the moon, in the sense that the goddess of night is one of his ancestors.

The fact that the Indian has no conception of perspective seriously handicaps the success of his efforts at pictorial art. Indeed the Indian limner merely aims to show the most characteristic portion of the object he attempts to depict unless he be a man of great attainment, in which case he divides or dissects the subject of his picture and represents the whole by its parts, the latter being arranged entirely irrespective of the natural sequence.

The features of the Indian are sometimes incorporated into the representation of the animal which forms his heraldic bearing. Should the beaver, for example, be the object to be depicted, it is not attempted to design the whole form of the animal, but only its distinctive and typical parts, as, for instance, its peculiar tail, which is painted in crisscross lines extending from the chin to the nose, as though standing upright. The chin itself does service as the beaver's body.

The arbitrary methods of the Indian artist render it difficult, if not impossible, for any but an expert to interpret the meanings of the pictorial representations. Thus an animal's ears are invariably depicted above the eyes on the human subject, the ears of the beaver being just above the eyebrows. On the cheeks are painted the paws in a position as though they were raised to the mouth in the manner conventional in Indian carvings.

The dogfish painted in red on the face designates the members of an entire tribe. On the foreheads of the members of this tribe is painted the long, thin snout. The gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging from each nostril. Only one or two parts of an animal painted on an Indian's face indicate that he is of inferior position. The entire symbol, no matter in what form presented, is significant of lofty station and high honors.

The facial heraldry of the Indian may be said to be unique not alone in the method of representation employed, but in the subjects selected. These latter include fish, flesh and fowl of all description. Dog salmon, devilfish, starfish, woodpeckers, ravens, eagles, bears, wolves, are comprised in the armorial gallery.

Every object represented has its own particular significance, and one of the most peculiar phases of face painting relates to the employment of forms other than animals—tools, implements of the chase or of war, denoting the occupation of the individual or his tribe.—Washington Times.

When the President Lost His Hat.

The Crystal palace exhibition, opened at New York July 15, 1853, was the first affair of this kind in the country for which foreign exhibits were solicited. The "big show" began with a procession, in which President Franklin Pierce, mounted, was a conspicuous feature. The hero of the day rode a mettlesome steed, and while proceeding up Wall street the presidential headgear, a new silk hat of the prevalent style, was incontinently tumbled to the pavement. Another horse recklessly stepped upon the unfortunate tile, crushing it out of the semblance to itself, besmearing it with mud—real Wall street mud. What was left of the misshapen and bedaubed hat was worn by the president, to the great amusement of the spectators, until a substitute could be secured.—National Magazine.

The Size of Mexico.

Few are aware that the republic of Mexico has an area of nearly 764,000 square miles, thus covering territory larger than the combined area of England, Germany, France and Spain, or, to compare it with our own country, it is 11½ times the size of New England or 92 times as large as the state of Massachusetts.

It is a 48 hours' journey by the fastest express train from Ciudad Juarez, upon the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso, Texas, on the northern border, to the capital city of Mexico, which is far from being upon the southern extremity of the republic.

Famous Lucky Stone.

A good deal has been heard of the "Lia Fail," or stone of destiny, which is placed under the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster abbey, but few people realize the extreme antiquity of this uninteresting looking, rough gray block. It was brought to Ireland about 1200 B. C. by the Tuatha-de-Danaans, a mysterious eastern race, who conquered Ireland at that period. No one is quite clear as to their identity, but many savants suppose them to have been Chaldeans, Persians or Phœnicians. Those races were certainly highly civilized, even so long ago as the date mentioned. They attached the greatest possible value to the stone and used to crown all their monarchs on it.

Three of the Tuatha-de-Danaan queens regnant who sat upon the stone of destiny rejoiced in the curious name of Fodhla, Bamba and Eire, the last a name that is creeping into use again of late after long eclipse. In the sixth century Fergus, king of Scots, an Irishman by descent, borrowed the stone for his coronation at Scone and "froze on to it" when he had it. It never went back to Ireland, and many historians date the commencement of the distressful country's woes from that loss. Edward I of England carried off the stone from Scone and placed it in Westminster abbey, where it still remains.—Modern Society.

Joined Against His Will.

How General Harrison came to join the Republican party against his own free will he once described to a visitor. "It was right after Fremont was nominated," said he, "and while I was practicing law with Mr. Wallace. We were in our office in an up stairs room where the Indianapolis News building now stands when Mr. Roberts, who used to keep a drug store there, and another man whose name I forget came running in and told us that Fremont was nominated and that they were going to have a ratification meeting right away and that I must come down and address it.

"I said I couldn't think of such a thing; that I had nothing to say and was not prepared. They insisted that I could make a good enough speech without any preparation and that I must come. I said that I wasn't sure about this Fremont business, anyhow, and refused point blank to go.

"They simply grabbed me, lifted me off of my feet and started away with me. They carried me bodily down stairs, out into the street and, without ever letting my feet touch the ground, took me over to where the meeting was to be held and set me upon a packing box before a crowd of 300 or 400 persons. Of course I had to talk then. That was my initiation into the Republican party."

The Humor of Phillips Brooks.

It does not lessen the dignity of Phillips Brooks' memory to learn from his biographer, Alexander V. G. Allen of Cambridge, that he had an abounding sense of humor—humor that crops out in a fund of anecdote.

To the person who wondered at the possibility of the whale's swallowing Jonah he said: "There was no difficulty. Jonah was one of the minor prophets."

Contrasting the ancient church with the modern, he remarked that the early devout tried to save their young men from being thrown to the lions. "Now," he added, "we are glad if we can save them from going to the dogs."

A clergyman going abroad talked in jest of bringing back a new religion with him.

"You might have some trouble in getting it through the custom house," some one remarked.

"No," observed Bishop Brooks, "we may take it for granted that a new religion would have no duties attached."

A person, for the sake, no doubt, of argument, once drew attention to the fact that some men calling themselves atheists seemed to lead moral lives, and Brooks promptly disposed of it.

"They have to," said he. "They have no God to forgive them if they don't."

Insects Become Intoxicated.

Intoxication from the nectar and pollen of plants has been a subject of investigation by Dr. J. M. Weir, Jr. This affects insects, and it appears that the cosmos flower is specially potent as a source of drunkenness in bees and other nectar loving creatures. A bee so drunk that it could scarcely get upon its legs was taken to the laboratory and placed about two inches from a cosmos blossom. It immediately staggered to the flower and began to suck the nectar and in a few moments tumbled over, a senseless and almost inert victim of appetite. Drunken beetles found under the blossoms prove that the pollen must have the same effect as the nectaries.

The experimenter swallowed a half teaspoonful of the pollen and in about 15 minutes experienced a feeling of exhilaration, with acceleration of the pulse and warmth. An injection into the arm of half a dram of liquid distilled from an infusion of the nectaries caused exhilaration for half an hour, followed by nausea.

When Everything Sticks.

"In muggy weather," said the retired burglar, "I always used to stop work not because work was unpleasant then, but on account of everything sticking so.

"You couldn't tell what might happen. Anything and everything was liable to stick and make more or less noise when you finally got it open. A window might stick at first and then go up with a bang. I've had a door open on me that way—fly open all of a sudden after I'd been pushing on it a long time and let me through the doorway on to the floor. There's always danger, for instance, in pulling out a drawer that sticks of pulling it clean out and letting it drop.

"There's constant danger of something of this sort happening, and it doesn't pay to take the chances. And it's easy enough to know when to stay home. My rule was never to try to do any work in weather that would rust a jimmy."—New York Sun.

How to Button a Coat.

The art of properly buttoning a coat—any coat—is, do it the other way.

That is to say that nine out of every ten of us button our coats the wrong way. We commence with the topmost button when we should commence with the bottommost.

The frailest portion of a coat, in respect to shape retaining qualities—no matter how well made—is the region of collar and lapels. The swagger merchant tailor always cautions his customer to "wear it buttoned a few days so that the collar may set properly."

Then, this admitted, it follows that tugs and strains affecting this part of the garment tend to destroy its symmetry. Drawing the coat together by the top button and buttonhole for the purpose of fastening exerts a pull all around the shoulders and neck region, which, by repetition, in time will give the smartest coat a hang dog appearance.—Chat.

Deer Live to a Great Age.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than 200 years, and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Captain McDonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged 86 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Trieg for 50 years, his father for a like period before him and his grandfather for 60 years before him. So in 1826 MacDonald of Glengarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen-Maclan-Og, who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number.—Chambers' Journal.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement. In effect June 24, 1901. Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00 A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8 45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.25, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 6.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 5.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and, every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Boston & Northern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and 9.00, A. M., every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.25 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Leave Malden for Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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PINEAPPLE SHERBET — AND — PEACH CREAM

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HEATING ENGINEER,

No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.

Telephone 28-2.

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B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,

Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.

Office and Warerooms,

No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2. Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate. By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Seth T. Gifford and Phoebe A. Gifford his wife, in her right, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank dated December 1, 1887 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1828, Folio 554, and duly assigned to me, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Tuesday the 17th day of September, 1901 at eleven o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., all and singular the premises conveyed in and by said mortgage deed, substantially described as follows:—namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon situated on the northerly side of Pleasant street in said Woburn, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises, on said Pleasant street, at land of Rufus P. Crosby; thence the line runs northerly, by land of said Crosby, two hundred and twenty-six feet, more or less, to land now or formerly of Andrew D. Craig; thence easterly by said land of Craig, thirty-five feet, more or less, to a corner of the fence, to land formerly of Stephen Dow; thence southerly by said land of Dow, two hundred and twenty-six feet, more or less, to said Pleasant street; thence westerly, by said Pleasant street, forty-five feet, more or less, to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to said Phoebe A. Gifford by George W. Hall, by deed dated March 2, 1878, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1467, Page 240. Said premises will be sold and conveyed subject to any and all taxes and assessments thereon. Terms of sale $300.00 cash at sale, and balance within ten days.

EDWARD L. GOODWIN,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. A. JENNINGS 415 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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E. PRIOR, AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estate in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery. Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

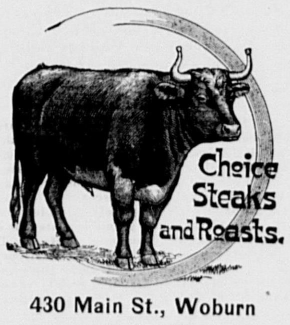
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mails close at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



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Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

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Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,

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Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,

241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,

Councillor-at-Law,

No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Office closed during August.

DR. LEWIS, DENTIST,

379 Main St., Woburn, Mass

Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.

TELEPHONE: 109-7.

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word or a tender smile
As we go on our daily way;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade.
One treads a path that is fair and smooth;
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought.
A smile, kind words, a glance, a touch;
What magic with them is wrought!

—Exchange.

The Blessing of A New Moon.

A STORY OF THE EAST.

At one corner of a dark, narrow street in the old quarter of Belgrade, a section of the city which is at one and the same time a bazaar, a Mohammedan paradise and a resort of criminals, there is a small cafe kept by an Italian, Mme. Peregrini.

In this dubious establishment a young man was seated one evening, reading a Vienna paper, paying no regard to the various other occupants of the room, all of whom were engaged with their own affairs. Some gypsies at the further end of the cafe were playing wild, plaintive melodies on their violins, while their black eyed women beat time upon tambourines and danced with melancholy grace.

Suddenly Mme. Peregrini placed a hand upon the young man's shoulder and bending her head to his ear, said softly:

"You are unhappy, Mr. Bukarest. What is the matter?"

"I am going to leave Belgrade," he replied.

"Because you cannot marry the fine lady with whom you are in love?"

Naome Bukarest shrugged his shoulders. "I have an uncle in Constantinople; he is a merchant there. I am going to see him. Can you tell me the cheapest way of getting there?"

"You have hit upon a lucky time," answered the woman. "There is a lady here who has noticed you on several occasions; she is deeply interested in you. Her father is a captain and no doubt will take you on his vessel. Come with me."

The hostess led the handsome young Israelite into a small adjoining room, whose sole piece of furniture consisted of a Turkish divan. Upon this divan was stretched a pretty young woman in an odd costume, partly oriental, partly Hungarian. She received the stranger with a coquettish smile and listened attentively to Mme. Peregrini's narration of the matter at hand. Then mine hostess left the room, and Varvasa—for this was the name of the pretty creature—invited Naome to take a seat beside her. The conversation soon grew bright and animated, and the young man fell a willing victim to the charm of the girl's presence. It seemed as though he were under the influence of opium, and that all sorts of graceful and fantastic spirits hovered around him.

It was soon arranged that he should leave with Varvasa and her father, Captain Trifoniades, for the "Golden Horn." The girl accepted Naome's escort upon leaving the cafe, and at the corner of the house turned abruptly into a dark side street. There, in the heavy shadow of the houses, she threw her arms about the young man's neck and clasped him in a close embrace.

• • • • • • •

The next evening the captain met Naome by appointment at the cafe, and came to terms with him regarding the expense of the voyage. The price was moderate, so moderate that Naome felt he would still have a comfortable little sum left after his passage had been paid. The captain's daughter was present as well; but this time she had with her three pretty young girls—one a Servian, the other two Hungarians—whom she had promised to place in good situations at Constantinople; one to enter a dressmaker's establishment, the other to be cashier in a cafe, the third lady's maid to an Austrian countess.

"You see, my friend," said Varvasa, turning to Naome, "you are going to travel in pleasant company. I am almost afraid you will be unfaithful to me."

The color flew to Naome's face, and Varvasa gave him a light tap upon the shoulder, as though to say, "I am quite sure that I can count upon your absolute devotion."

Two days later the little company boarded Captain Trifoniades' vessel and began their voyage down the Danube. Varvasa devoted much of her time to Naome. She permitted him a thousand little familiarities which gave unmistakable signs of her favor and completed his enthrallment by the dark witchery of her eyes and the soft, warm pressure of her little hand.

The evening had closed in upon them by the time they had cleared the mouth of the river. At midnight another vessel approached, the captains exchanged signals and soon the two boats were touching one another. The Greek ordered Naome and the three girls to step over to the other vessel.

"And why, pray?" asked Naome in surprise. "What does all this mean?"

"Come, we have not time for explanations," said Varvasa in a tone of authority.

She herself crossed first on the improvised bridge and the others followed.

The Greek sailed on, and a strange feeling of uneasiness oppressed Naome. Varvasa beckoned him to follow her into the cabin, though truly the apartment seemed less like a cabin than a harem, with its Turkish divans, Persian rugs and panther skins.

Throwing herself upon the gold embroidered cushions and looking at her captive with an ironical smile, the girl said quietly, "Now you are mine."

At that moment the portiere was drawn aside and a handsome, powerful Armenian entered. Placing his hands upon his hips he laughed softly, and then gave a low whistle, whereupon two negroes stepped into the cabin, seized Naome, threw him to the ground and bound him.

"You have done well," said the Armenian, turning to Varvasa. "The girls are young and pretty and will ornament the richest harems. But what are you going to do with this fellow?" he added, pointing to Naome.

"We will sell him in Asia Minor. White slaves are a rarity. We can easily find a purchaser for him."

The negroes picked up the poor captive as they would a bale and, carrying him outside, threw him in a dark corner among piles of ropes and various casks.

"Where am I?" asked Naome of one of the sailors passing by, "and to whom does this cursed ship belong?"

"Our master's name is Sahag; he sells Armenian slaves."

"And Varvasa?"

"Is his wife. She is as wily as a serpent. It would be hard to find her equal for catching the game. You are not the first whom she has handed over to her husband. She knows how to deal with human merchandise, I tell you, and it would take the devil himself to outwit her in the trade."

Naome asked no more questions. With a sign of despair, he pressed his burning forehead against the damp rigging of the boat.

• • • • • • • •

Sahag ran his vessel into one of the small harbors on the Asia Minor coast. The four victims were gagged, thrown into bags, placed with other merchandise upon a wagon and driven off at a rapid pace. Upon reaching the high walled courtyard of the Armenian's house, the prisoners were released from the bags and led into the presence of Sahag and his wife.

"My dear little friends," said Varvasa to the girls, who stood in fear and trembling before her, "a great happiness awaits you. You will soon be surrounded by luxury and riches, but you cannot accept this good fortune until you have passed through a novitiate. I will take the trouble of teaching you the art of pleasing your future master and of being able to keep his affections.

"And you," she continued in an ironical tone, turning to Naome, "the first things that you must learn will be obedience and submission, so let me give you some good advice. Resign yourself to your fate. You will find an excellent master in Sahag, but if you are refractory"—

"Ah, in that case," added the Armenian, who had just entered, "I know of certain means which have proved efficacious on other occasions."

So saying, he seized a large whip and made it whistle through the air with such force that his pretty wife broke out into a loud, brutal laugh.

The prisoner made no reply, lowered his head and yielded himself to their mercy.

Sahag employed him at various work in the house and gardens, Naome proving himself capable and willing. In a month's time the Armenian was sufficiently well satisfied with his docility to offer him for sale to a rich widow who was desirous of purchasing a slave.

Naome cast a timid glance upon his possible owner. She was a graceful, slender woman of medium height, enveloped in a blue cloak embroidered in gold, and he noticed, in spite of her thick veil, that the dark eyes examined him attentively. "I am offering you a perfect jewel," said Sahag, touching Naome upon the shoulder; "young, strong, intelligent, good tempered and of excellent family. You will find him perfection, Zamira Ben Oporto, and I warrant you would much prefer having such a face as that before you than that of a repulsive negro."

Zamira made no reply, contenting herself by making a careful examination of the merchandise offered. She inspected his teeth, his muscles, his arms, very much as she would have examined a young horse in which she did not propose being deceived, and finally giving him two vigorous blows upon the chest she nodded acquiescently and began bargaining with Sahag. The discussion consumed considerable time, but at last the price was agreed upon, the widow paid for the new slave, and an hour later he was in her house.

Zamira was the widow of a wealthy merchant. She carried on an extensive business with the Indies, dealing in eastern stuffs—slippers, jewels, pipes and arms—and her three merchant ships plying the Black and Mediterranean seas brought her in a large income.

At first she was annoyed that Naome understood so little Arabian. She had wished to employ him as a salesman and was obliged instead to place him among the porters who unloaded the goods and carried them into the warehouses. Soon, however, another feeling awoke in the pretty widow's breast. She discovered that she was interested in the new slave; that he pleased her more day by day; that he intruded upon her thoughts in spite of herself, and, feeling that these emotions were unworthy of her, she grew angry and exasperated against this unconscious enemy of her peace.

And Naome? Once only had the ample veil floated back and revealed the noble, spiritual face, once only had the heavy Turkish cloak been laid aside and his eyes had rested for a brief moment upon her graceful, supple figure, but from that moment he was hers by that divine right which knows neither presence nor obedience. Her presence filled his soul by day, and by night the [illegible]

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One day Zamira summoned him and announced that henceforth he should be one of her personal slaves. He gazed upon the lovely creature as she rested luxuriously against the silken cushions. Truly she was fair to look upon. Her long Persian cloak, studded in silver and lined with ermine, revealed the graceful outlines of her figure, and her unhappy servant felt his whole body thrill as with an electric shock as he listened in respectful silence to her command.

Letting her dark, piercing eyes linger upon him for an instant, Zamira ordered him to put on her slippers, and then bade him bring her coffee.

Naome obeyed, but in his trepidation he stumbled upon the rug and upset the precious mocha.

"Stupid!" cried Zamira, in a rage. "I shall have to give you a lesson!"

She rose, seized the whip which was always near at hand for such emergencies, and despite Naome's falling on his knees before her and crossing his arms in submission she let the lash whistle through the air and gave him several cuts across the back, then throwing her instrument of torture behind her she ordered the culprit to quit the room.

When he had gone she threw herself upon the divan, bit her nails in the wild heat of her anger, and finally, yielding to the feeling of shame that overwhelmed her, reproached herself bitterly and burst into a flood of tears. But Naome was kissing the stripe upon his arm where his mistress' lash had fallen.

That same evening the new moon hung like a glorious jewel in the sky, and Zamira, attracted by the beauty of the night, had thrown her veil about her and wandered in the garden unattended. The soft, consoling light of the moon shone for our poor captive as well, and, unconsciously almost, he found himself seated under a large olive tree near the house. The green sward about him was decked with flowers, a grove of orange and lemon trees stretched down toward the sea, whose waves were silvered in the moonlight, and the sweet breath of the night, laden with heavy fragrance, soothed and comforted him.

Suddenly one of the myths of the Talmud recurred to him

"When God created the two celestial lights and assigned them their places in the heavens, the moon approached him and said:

"'O Lord, it isn't well that two of thy servants should be of the same rank. Make me, I pray thee, larger and more brilliant than the sun.'

"And the Lord was angered and said: 'Thou art right, but because thou hast desired to be raised above thy companion therefore shalt thou be set beneath him, and from this time forth shalt thou be smaller than he and thy light less powerful.'

"The moon grew pale and sorrowfully departed from the presence of the Creator.

"Then God pitied her and gave her the stars for companions."

The blessing of the new moon is a religious observance which the pious Jew never neglects, and here, far from his home and kindred, a captive and stranger in a strange land, Naome felt more imperatively than ever the need of performing this ceremony.

Crossing the garden Zamira was struck with amazement at seeing her slave standing a few paces before her, his face turned toward the moon. She stepped back noiselessly and, standing in the shadow of some cypress trees, listened to him as he pronounced a benediction which fell upon her ears with sweet and tender association:

"Blessed be thou, O God, who renewest the moon!"

Extending his arms three times toward the heavenly orb, he exclaimed:

"As I stretch out my arms toward thee without being able to touch thee, so may my enemies remain far from me!"

Then waving the ends of his caftan he added:

"As I shake the dust from off me, so may I scatter all evil spirits and those who hate me!"

Zamira stepped suddenly from out the shadows.

With a cry of dismay Naome threw himself at her feet.

"You are an Israelite!" exclaimed his mistress, and as he ventured no reply she continued: "Why did you not tell me this? I, too, am a Jewess; but living among Mohammedans and Armenians I have been forced to control my religion. Pardon what I have done to you. My reparation will be to give you your liberty. You shall return to your country by the first vessel that sails."

"No, my mistress, that punishment would be more cruel than the lash. Let me remain here. I ask nothing more than to be your slave. Place your foot upon my neck, and let me kiss it each time that it touches me."

Zamira gazed at him in amazement. "You do not detest me?" she asked in strange embarrassment.

"Why should I detest you?"

A glad light came into her eyes, and with a proud movement of her head she said: "You may remain here, but not as my servant. That is impossible."

"Your will is mine," he replied; "all I ask of you is that you will not send me away."

The pretty widow laughed softly. "Can you imagine why I struck you?" she asked with a mischievous glance. "Because I was angry at myself. I was ashamed of loving my slave, a man who was not of my faith, to whom I could never give my hand."

"Zamira! Is it possible!" murmured Naome.

For all reply she threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his.

Power Without Heat.

As we watch the world famous plunge of Niagara we are offered an impressive lesson as to the small value in heat of much motive power. In so far as the descent is perpendicular, so that the water leaves the foot of the falls with comparatively little current, the effect of the concussion is simply to warm the water through but one-sixth of a degree F. To heat the water as much as one degree the falls would have to be 777 feet in height.—George Iles in Everybody's Magazine.

When a man is going up hill, people dig ditches in front of him; when he starts down, they get out of his way and give him the whole road.—Denver Times.

TAMING WILD BEASTS

THE QUALITIES THAT ARE ESSENTIAL IN A TRAINER.

Subjugating a Lion Is a Task That Calls For Something More Than Mere Courage—The Trainer Uses a Chair, but Not to Sit On.

The wild beast tamer as generally pictured is a mysterious person who stalks about sternly in high boots and possesses a remarkable power of the eye that makes lions and tigers quail at his look and shrink away. He rules by fear, and the crack of his whip is supposed to bring memories of torturing points and redhot irons.

Such is the story book lion tamer, and I may as well say at once that outside of story books he has small existence. There is scarcely any truth in this theory of hate for hate and conquest by fear. It is no more fear that makes a lion walk on a ball than it is fear that makes a horse pull a wagon. It is habit. The lion is perfectly willing to walk on the ball, and he has reached that mind, not by cruel treatment, but by force of his trainer's patience and kindness and superior intelligence.

Of course, a wild beast tamer should have a quick eye and delicate sense of hearing, so that he may be warned of a sudden spring at him or a rush from behind, and it is important that he be a sober man, for alcohol breaks the nerve or gives a false courage worse than folly, but the quality on which he must chiefly rely and which alone can make him a great tamer—not a second rate bungler—is a genuine fondness for his animals.

This does not mean that the animals will necessarily be fond of the tamer; some will be fond of him, some will be indifferent to him, some will fear and hate him. Nor will the trainer's fondness protect him from fang and claw. We see that there is danger always, accident often, but without the fondness there would be greater danger and more frequent accident. A fondness for lions and tigers gives sympathy for them, and understanding gives mastery of them, or as much mastery as possible. What but this fondness would keep a tamer constantly with his animals, not only in the public show (the easiest part), but in the dens, in the treacherous runaway, in the strange night hours, in the early morning romp, when no one is looking, when there is no reason for being with them except the tamer's own joy in it?

I do not purpose to present in detail the methods of taming wild beasts, rather what happens after they are tamed; but I may say that a lion tamer always begins by spending weeks or months in gaining a new animal's confidence.

Day after day he will stand for a long time outside the cage, merely looking at the lion, talking to him, impressing upon the beast a general familiarity with his voice and person. And each time, as he goes away, he is careful to toss a piece of meat as a pleasant memento of his visit.

Later he ventures inside the bars, carrying some simple weapon—a whip, a rod, perhaps a broom, which is more formidable than might be supposed, through the jab of its sharp bristles. One tamer used a common chair with much success against unbroken lions. If the creature came at him, there were the four legs in his face, and soon the chair came to represent boundless power to that ignorant lion. He feared it and hated it, as was seen on one occasion when the tamer left it in the cage and the lion promptly tore it into splinters.

Days may pass before the lion will let his tamer do more than merely stay inside the cage at a distance. Very well; the tamer stays there. He waits hour after hour, week after week, until a time comes when the lion will let him move nearer, will permit the touch of his hand, will come forward for a piece of meat, and at last treat him like a friend, so that finally he may sit there quite at ease and even read his newspaper, as one man did.

Lastly begins the practice of tricks. The lion must spring to a pedestal and be fed, he must jump from one pedestal to another and be fed, must keep a certain pose and be fed. A bit of meat is always the final argument, and the tamer wins (if he wins at all, for he sometimes fails) by patience and kindness.

"There is no use getting angry with a lion," said a well known tamer to me, "and there is no use in carrying a revolver. If you shoot a lion or injure him with any weapon, it is your loss, for you must buy another lion, and the chances are that he will kill you anyway, if he starts to do it. The thing is to keep him from starting."—Cleveland Moffett in St. Nicholas.

Special Business.

When I arrived at Black Rock, I inquired at the village tavern for a man of the name of Wharton, who had some land to sell.

"Do you mean old Bill Wharton?"

"Yes."

"Got land down on Bass river?"

"Yes."

"Well, he lives about three miles out of town."

"Can I get a horse?"

"Yes, but it won't do you any good."

"Is he ill?"

"Not that I know of, but he wouldn't see the president of the United States before next Wednesday. If you can wait seven or eight days, you can get to talk about that land with him."

"Then he has some special business on hand?"

"Special business? Well, I should say so and no mistake. Today him and old Pete Davis sat down to a game of checkers for the championship of the county."—Philadelphia Times.

A More Vital Matter.

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?"

Village Pastor—No, but I have sometimes wondered what the duke would do if he had mine.—London Baptist.

We refuse to let any one question the good sense of a woman who still spanks her children when they are 15.—Atchison Globe.

A PLEA FOR THE PRETTY GIRL.

The homeliest girl can't always cook the best;
Sometimes a pretty girl can make a bang up pie!
A girl, in short, is not to be condemned
Because her face is pleasing to the eye.

The best is always plenty good enough,
And beauty should by no means be despised.
Philosophers may praise the homely girls,
But pretty girls should equally be prized.

It's true that "handsome is as handsome does,"
But one can handsome be and handsome do.
So when a young man falls in love he ought
To choose a girl that's smart and pretty too.

—Somerville Journal.

Shrieking Fish.

The vivisector believes that to pull a rose "gives matter pain." Perhaps, and perhaps the plant to which Mr. Darwin played the trombone felt a lively pleasure; but, like Ole Br'er Rabbit, it "kept on a-sayin nothin." If trout could yell when hooked, we would not fish; but I deem, for reasons, that their mouths are the reverse of sensitive. However, this anecdote was told to me by two ladies:

They were fishing, for the first time, in a boat on a loch. One of them hooked and brought into the boat a fish of unknown species. It uttered yells of pain. While one of the ladies ran about the boat, shrieking for assistance and advice, the other sat down with her back to the fish and with her fingers in her ears. To take the fish off the hook might have provoked it to wilder laments. If all fish behaved in this way (and, for all that my friends know, they do), nobody would follow the profession of St. Peter. But I cannot hold, with the vivisector, that the heavenly bodies perhaps

Are whirling there
In agony unutterable.

Luckily it is inaudible, though "the whole creation groaneth." So the vivisector might quote Holy Writ, after all, in favor of his hypothesis.—Andrew Lang in Longman's.

Explosions When Box Cars Collide.

"Did you ever hear a freight wreck?" said a railroad man the other evening.

"You mean did I ever see one, do you not?"

"No; I said 'hear' one, and your not understanding the question shows that you never have been within earshot of a collision between two trains of box cars. I was at a little station on the Iron Mountain a few years ago when a long file of empty cars rushed past, rounded into a deep cut and must have been half a mile away when we heard a frantic whistle from the engine, answered by another in a different key, and then there followed a series of explosions as if 15 or 20 dynamite cartridges had been set off in succession. We knew that something horrible had happened, manned a hand car and started for the scene. We found the freights telescoped, several dead trainmen and as fierce looking a wreck as ever happened. What caused the explosions, you ask? A man on one of the cabooses told me that as the engine on the down train struck the first empty box car it blew up like an empty candy bag popped by a boy, and then each succeeding car went off with the pop, pop, pop, we had heard away back at the station."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Swine" a Forbidden Word.

A former minister of St. Monans, in Fife, told within the last 40 years how when first he came to the parish he was preaching on the casting out of the swine from the man afflicted with devils.

When he first mentioned the word "swine," he was surprised to see nearly all the congregation rise and turn themselves round, at the same time touching something about the pews.

The word "swine" being again mentioned, the young minister was astounded to see the same performance, but on the third repetition of the fatal word the whole congregation arose and rushed out of the church.

On making inquiry he found that on hearing the magic word all the fisher folk rose to their feet, turned round and in a low voice said:

"Touch cauld airn."

No further back than a quarter of a century ago these strong but simple people never spoke of swine, but always of "the beastie," and if on their way to their boats in the morning "the beastie" put up its snout and gave them a grunt in the passing they at once turned back in the belief that they would have no luck at sea for that day. A cat crossing their path had the same effect.—London Answers.

No Chance For the Truth.

"Be truthful," said the teacher.

"Always?" asked the boy.

"Always," answered the teacher.

"Never tell a lie?"

"Never."

"Not even a white lie?"

"Not even a white lie."

"Huh," ejaculated the lad scornfully, "it's a mighty good thing for you you ain't a boy with my dad for a father!"

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"Because," replied the boy, "if you was my dad's little boy, an you'd heard what he said about Aunt Eliza comin to visit us with her children, an Aunt Eliza had asked you if you weren't all glad to see her, an you'd told the truth, like I did, you'd think there was a place where your trousers was mighty thin after dad had finished with you."

He went back to his desk, and as he sat down with great care there was an expression on his face that showed the great lesson of truth had been, at least in a measure, lost on him.—Tit-Bits.

An Orchid That Drinks.

What is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered has been found in South America. It is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the water, the tube when not in use being coiled up on top of the plant. A traveler came across the plant by the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata.

Industrious Locusts.

He was an old sailor and full of yarns about the good old times of sailing ships. "I remember once," he said, "while we were cruising round the Pacific we were surrounded by a swarm of locusts, which ate every inch of our sails. When we got into the next port, I'm blowed if we didn't see the same locusts and every one with a pair of canvas trousers."

Banner Ground Floor Studio.

The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the largest Arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see our pictures.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG 30, 1901.

A SPLENDID SHOWING FOR NO LICENSE.

The arguments adduced, pro and con, on the license question last fall are doubtless still remembered by our people. They were exhaustive, and the verdict at the ballotbox in December was heavily in favor of no license. The financial side of the question only was discussed.

The advocates of license insisted that the closing of the liquor saloons would be a mortal blow to business in this city; that trade would shrink to meagre proportions after May 1, 1901, and in many cases be destroyed altogether; in short, that the prosperty and material interests of the town demanded a continuance of the license system. They said to the public that Woburn could not afford to lose the large revenue which the saloons brought daily to the place; prohibition would take all this money out of circulation, and business must necessarily suffer in consequence. Every argument which ingenuity, spurred by self-interests, could suggest was urged by the saloonists and their supporters in behalf of license, but, although some honest, unthinking people were inclined to accept these arguments and vote for the saloon, a large majority refused to do so, and the advocates of no license won a handsome victory. It is believed that the verdict was a fair, honest, well considered expression of public opinion on the issue involved in the controversy, and that it meant a continuance of the no license policy indefinitely.

On the other hand, the opponents of license, while freely admitting that the saloons brought money into the city, argued that it did not reach the tills of the merchants, tradesmen, marketmen, etc., therefore could by no possibility be of any benefit to general business; it went no farther than to enrich the saloonkeepers. Not only, they insisted, did this money do the city traders and mechanics no good, but the saloons consumed a large sharge of the wages of local workmen, thus cutting off a source of revenue which legitimately belonged to them, and seriously impairing business by curtailing the amount of money in circulation. They claimed that the outside patrons of salons spent nearly nothing at our groceries, dry goods stores, shoe shops, markets, etc., and were of no real benefit to the business of the city. In addition to this the temperance people contended that the saloons, as before stated, secured a large share of men's wages that should go for the support of their families, and in case of their being so spent, more money would circulate, wives and children would be better provided for, the condition of the workmen would be improved, and more business would certainly be the result. The temperance advocates and merchants had the logic of the situation all on sheir side.

But it is needless to go over the arguments used in the campaign—they are still fresh in the minds of the people.

Now, let us look at the facts in the case:

Last week a representative of the JOURNAL interviewed 27 of the leading business men on Main street for the purpose of settling this question and enlightening the public mind on the effect of a no license policy on the business of Woburn. In each case this question was put to the proprietor of the establishment: "How did your business and cash receipts from May 1 to Aug. 15, 1901, compare with your business and cash receipts during the corresponding period in 1900?" Each was assured that his name would not be used in anything that might be written on the subject, and that whatever he communicated to the representative would be treated as strictly confidential. Here is the result:

Two traders reported poorer business this than last year.

Two reported their business "about the same."

TWENTY-THREE reported a SUBSTANTIAL AND GRATIFYING INCREASE.

As to cash receipts, the real test, for they were a true index to the money in circulation, everyone of these 23 men reported a remarkable change for the better. They said, without exception, that credit was not asked for as it had formerly been; that last year's debts were being paid off; that more goods for family and individual use were being bought, and paid down for, than ever before; and that present trade conditions are a great improvement on those of any recent year.

Here we have the testimony of our leading traders as to the effect of no license on the business of the city, and the deduction that cannot be avoided is, that that policy is far the best for all parties concerned. From a business standpoint the evidence here adduced of increased prosperity under no license rule is conclusive as to the merits of that policy, and furnishes reasons that no arguments can overcome why it should become a permanent one for this city. We trust our readers will take to heart this testimony of the business men and when the question of license or no license comes up next December vote for no license, more trade, more money, and better times than ever.

☞ Representative Charles A. Dean will be a candidate for re-nomination this fall. If elected this will be his fifth continuous year of service. The unsettled condition of the water question and the certainty that the town water committee will attempt again this winter to get their kind of water bill passed by the Legislature in event of the town's previous failure to enter into an agreement to purchase, have led Mr. Dean's friends to urge him again be a candidate.—*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

Then Representative Dean has laid away his Senatorial boom for future use, eh? Well, it was a wise thing to do, for Senator Wood's reelection is something as sure to happen as the rising of the sun on next election day. Representative Dean has shown political sagacity in taking himself out of the Sentorial race this early in the season.

☞ The Prohibitition State Committee have advertised to hold a grand Ratification Meeting and give a Banquet at Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, Boston, on Labor Day, next Monday, Sept. 2. Among the eminent Prohibition orators who are to address it will be Rev. Samuel F. Pearson of Portland, Shiriff of Cumberland county. A reception is to be held at 5.30 p. m., and the Banquet at 6.

☞ As a campaign slogan the Horn Pond Boulevard scheme has "a very ancient and fishlike smell," as Shakespeare would say. For similar reasons the Cambridge Street State Road isn't much better. The people have become tired of the sound of them, not to say disgusted.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mrs. Phinney—Music.
G. W. Norris—For Sale.
Pettengill & Co.—Pillsbury.
C. E. Jennings—Mort. Sale.

— Yesterday was another hot one.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Miss Kate Jones is at Annisquam.

— Read Huntley's new card in this paper.

— The Armory is being put into good repair.

— The Phalanx will celebrate their 66th anniversary on Oct. 16.

— Mr. R. R. Whitten took a little trip for pleasure last Saturday.

— Miss Mabel Patten passed her vacation outing at Newbury, Vt.

— Mr. George S. Hudson is laid up at home with a severely sprained ankle.

— Mr. John M. Portal, wife and son spent Old Home Week in Vermont.

— Miss Annie Scalley has passed two weeks visiting friends at Worcester.

— Master Thomas Salmon has had a very pleasant trip to North Conway.

— Mrs. Charles Munroe and guests spent Wednesday at Norumbega Park.

— Rev. H. C. Parker writes us from Kittery Point, Maine, that he will occupy his home here, with family, this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Leon L. Dorr are visiting Mr. Dorr's sister at Munroe Bridge.

— Isabel M. Wetherel and Winnifred Page left last Monday for Old Orchard.

— Mr. John W. Waters has become General Secretary of the Fitchburg Y. M. C. A.

— Miss Clara M. Ryder, P. O. Clerk, took her vacation on Cape Cod, as usual.

— Prof. Gowing, responding to calls for his professional services as Magnetic Healer, will remain in Woburn for the present.

— Miss Maud Keith of Needham is visiting her grandmother on Chestnut street.

— Mrs. Nichols has been visiting her son, Mr. Tracy Nichols, at Ballston Spa, N. Y.

— The public schools of this city will reopen on the second Monday of September.

— Master Leo Scalley passed his vacation on Calf Island down in Boston Harbor.

— Mrs. William C. Parker is at Erie, Pa., visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Richardson.

— Miss Mae G. Folan of Salem is a guest at the home of Hon. John P. Feeney of Scott street.

— The grand Fair of Post 33, G. A. R., will be held in Lyceum Hall from Oct. 21 to 26 inclusive.

— Preparations for the Post 33, G. A. R., grand fair are progressing in the most satisfactory manner.

— A conductor on the Lexington trolley line says business continues first-rate between Woburn and Lexington.

— Mrs. Florence W. Crosby of Court street expects her son, William W., home from Europe about Sept. 15.

— Through electrics from Woburn to Billerica on the Lowell & Boston road, through Burlington, are promised this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lewis, of 2 Highland street, left on Wednesday's night boat for Belfast, Me., where they will pass a few days.

— Mr. Frank W. French, son of Mr. and Mrs. Austin G. French, will wed Miss Harriet E. Goodwin on Sept. 4, at No. 9 Scott street.

— The locomobile of the Chemical Works makes regular trips with freight between the Works and Boston, and is still an object of wonder.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney, of the firm of J. P. & J. E Feeney, Woburn and Boston, has got back from a delightful visit to Old Orchard.

— The alarm from box 56 at 4.15 this morning was for the burning of a pile of corn stalks in rear of John Maguire's barn on Lake Ave.

— Mr. W. Fred Davis, son of the Mayor, is at home from a highly satisfactory summer outing. He is fat, fair, and a mighty fine young man.

—Miss Antonette Sworoski, a young Chelsea girl, is taking Miss Shinkwin's place at Caldwell's Furniture Store in the Western Union Telegraph Office.

— Mrs. Delano, Misses Helen and Charlotte, and Misses Edith and Ethel Smith, went on a tour of observation to Lexington and Concord last week.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— Regular trips are now made by the electric cars to Wilmington, and soon will be to Tewksbury. Fifteen minute trips to Medford soon, Brother Brackett?

— G. W. Norris, Esq., advertises a 40 acre farm, with good buildings, and everything in the best of shape, in New Hampshire, cheap for cash. Read his card.

— Dr. Benjamin Lewis and Mrs. Lewis will return to their home in this city on Labor Day. The Doctor will resume his dental practice as soon as he arrives here.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS Co.

Our business was established in 1817. During all the succeeding years we have steadily increased our trade by those legitimate methods comprised in the expressive phrase, "right storekeeping."

Our assortment of

CARPETS

is now, and has been for years, altogether the largest in Boston, and our prices are *always* moderate.

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All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

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Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
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Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.
AT LIGHT WEIGHT PRICES.
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CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.
Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.
Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

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Our Prescription Business. Reasons for It:
NO SUBSTITUTION.
Special Personal Attention. Best Drugs and Medicines money can buy. Your Doctor's orders executed in best possible manner even to the minutest detail.
HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

— The Rifle Team of Company G, 5th Regt. of this city, and the Rifle Team of Company F, same Regt. of Waltham, will shoot matches at Rrook side Range tomorrow.

— Capt. William C. Parker was among the company of Hugh de Paynes Commandery of Knights Templars who left here last Saturday to attend the Triennial Conclave at Louisville, Kentucky.

— Some snobbish people turn up their noses at liver, just as they do at tripe and hash; but let me tell you that there is no better or safer food for early fall than liver. It can be bought fresh at Linnell's.

— Frank B. Sanborn, the Sage of Concord, author and finisher of the Concord brand of Philosophy, visited the Woburn Public Library a few days ago. Librarian Cutter did the honors of host in fine styie.

— Hot days and cold nights are just the conditions to bring on fever-and-ague, the germs of which fairly dote on that sort of weather. But Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets will knock them out in the first round.

— The concert on the Common by the National Band last Friday evening was a grand one. A tremendous great crowd of people were delighted with the music, which was as fine as any ever heard on the Common.

— Mrs. S. C. Phinney is, without question, as completely educated, and as fully up to date, in all matters musical, as any person in Woburn. Nearly all her life has been spent in acquiring musical knowledge. As a teacher she has no superior. See card.

— The big thunder storm last Saturday night and early Sunday morning gave the earth a much needed drenching and set fall pasturage on its pegs quite nicely. The lightning was intense for several hours, the thunder rolled heavily, and at times the rain poured in torrents.

— When the passengers on car 780 N. W. St. RR. Motorman Cloven, emerged from a collision with a load of hay between Winchester and Medford Tuesday evening they looked as though they had been hunting hens' nests on the haymow, or just returned from a New Hampshire hayrack ride.

— It is easily remembered when the tomato was treated as a medicinal plant in New England and never as a vegetable food. Now they are all the go, raw, soup or ketchup, and no well regulated dinner table would consider itself complete without it. Tomatoes, fresh and cheap, at Durward's.

— Singly and in groups members of the Woburn Wobegon Club have returned from a delightful camping vacation at Newfound Lake, N. H., and are settling down to the work and realities of everyday life again. They come home well browned, carrying additional flesh, thews hardened, and very happy.

— Mr. Milton Moore, of the firm of Moore & Parker, news-dealers, and family have got home from Littlejohn's Island in Casco Bay, where they have spent several weeks in the most delightful manner. He says there were nearly 30 Woburn people on the Island, which is governed by Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the iceman, while he was there, a large share of whom will seek their homes and firesides this week. It was Mr. Moore's third season at that charming summer resort.

— Up to the present hour no programme has been heard of for the observance of Labor Day, and it is possible that none is to be issued. Athletic sports have usually taken the lead in the doings of the Day, which perhaps will be the case this year, as such sports and the spirit of the holiday seem to have an affinity for each other.

— Observing and experienced people say that more leather is being manufactured in this city at the present time than at any other period during the last 10 years. The factories are in full blast. The tendency, they say, is to substitute machinery for men and while the leather output is larger the number of men employed is less. That is the drift in all classes of manufactures.

— The Portland Steamship Company will make special trips between Boston and Portland on Labor Day. The S. S. "Gov. Dingley" leaving India Wharf, Boston at 9 A. M., and the steamer "Bay State" leaving Franklin Wharf, Portland, at the same hour. Return trips will be made at usual time 7 P. M. This will afford the people of Boston and vicinity a grand opportunity for an ocean outing on the "Gov. Dingley", the finest steamship in eastern waters.

— The latest art prize to adorn the front exhibit window of Whitcher's drugstore is "A Yard of Woburn," a fine photograph of a section of this city extending from Mechanicis Building on Main street to the conner of Montvale avenue and including a presentation of the Bank, or Postoffice, block, and contiguous buildings and scenes. The pictures is 3 feet long and nearly a foot wide and, considering what it comprises, is one of the best ever taken in any part of our town.

— A company of fine Woburn women and invited guests went over to Squantum Inn on the South Shore by trolley last Monday for one of the fish dinners for which that popular hostelry is famous, and got it. The ride over was not, by any means, the least pleasing part of the jaunt, although the dinner gave great satisfaction to the party, one of whom discovered Squantum Inn, whether this year, or some other year, we do not know, and wished to show it off to her friends.

— The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret F. Quinn, daughter of Mr. Hugh Quinn of Walnut Hill, to Mr. Thomas C. Quinn of New York, formerly of this city. The marriage will take place Sept. 15, the ceremony being performed in the Parish House of Rev. H. J. Madden of Winchester, by Rev. John F. Keleher of St. Joseph's Church, Boston. There will be a reception after the ceremony in the bride's home, at Walnut Hill. Good luck to you, Tommy, and bride.

— Lawyer H. S. Riley, Chairman of the School Board, and next Representative to the Legislature from Woburn, has returned from a week's visit at North Conway, where Benjamin Champney, the artist, has a summer home and studio, and Superintendant Thomas Emerson of the Woburn public schools practices farming in its season with great success. In looking after his political fences Mr. Riley meets with gratifying encouragement from leading Republicans in all parts of the city.

— We received a nice visit from Mr. Harry M. Call last Saturday, the first in more than two years, that period of time having been spent by him at Denver, Col., New York City, and the great Riverside Press establishment of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in Cambridge, at which latter place he now daily works "the lever that moves the world." He was in fine health and spirits, in which happy condition we hope he will always remain. His home is in Alston across the Charles from Cambridge.

— A few weeks ago the young Harvard student of Winchester who was arrested last Saturday on charge of using the U. S. mails to defraud the public, sent to the JOURNAL office for estimates on a considerable job of printing to be used in the Matrimonial department of his business, but the foreman of the office, smelling a rat, paid no attention to the matter, and that was the last we heard of it until his arrest was announced in the Boston papers. Looking over his copy for the circulars we suspected he would, sooner or later, come to grief.

— Mr. Thomas C. Quinn of New York, whilom a smart Woburn boy, was last week elected Treasurer of the Association of Newsdealers, Booksellers and Stationers of that city. When he was the "Devil" in the printing office of "Mark (Allen), the Perfect Man", years ago, probably he little dreamed that, some day, he would become prominent in the literary and business circles of America's Metropolitan city, but "the whirligig of time" brings about many changes in men's affair, and he that is underneath today may be on top tomorrow, and vice versa.

— Engineer Charles J. Chase of the B. & M. Co., says the granite headstone for the grave of the late venerable Waterman Bown has been received by Mr. J. J. Hern at the Salem street marble works from the polishing shop at Lowell, and that it is a very fine one. The stone was one of the original ties of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, laid in 1835, and was presented to Mr. Brown years ago to be used as his gravestone. Mr. Hern says it is one of the finest pieces of granite he ever saw. It will soon be properly lettered and set up at the head of Mr. Brown's grave in Woodbrook.

— Mr. H. W. Berthrong has resigned his place in the Customs Department in Cuba where he has been employed ever since U. S. occupation of the Island, to accept a place in the Boston Custom House, where he will go on duty the first of September. He returned to Arlington on Tuesday of this week, having left Cuba the Wednesday previous. He is looking strong and vigorous, as though the climate had agreed with him.—*Arlington Advocate.* Mr. Berthrong, one of the best there is going, has relatives and many friends in Woburn who will learn with pleasure of his return to his Arlington home and old place in the Custom House.

— At the close of a fortnight's very pleasant visit with his older brother, Lawyer George W. Norris, of this city, and family, Mr. Moses A. Norris, with his wife and two daughters, will leave here tomorrow for their home at Bradford, Penn. He is a Locomotive Engineer on the Pittsburg, Buffalo & Rochester Railroad, and is a man worth looking at. He stands 6 feet and three inches in his stockings, straight as an arrow, and, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, or tendency to embonpoint, tips the scales easily at 250 pounds. Engineer Norris has had a fine visit with his relatives here, and returns to the Keystone State happy and contented.

— Lest we forget, the JOURNAL would here repeat, by way of emphasis, the statement it indulged in last week, to wit: this month of August has, from start to finish, provided real, genuine, old fashioned, and truly typical Dog Days weather, something we have not had in full measure and normal in kind for some years past. There is, and has been from time immemorial, a standard for Dog Days weather, and there hasn't been a day this month that it has not been reached. Such a return to meteorological old times makes life seem worth living. Next Thursday, Sept. 5, will witness the expiration of the reign of the Dog Star for the current year.

— For pleasure and rest Mr. Winthrop Hammond, Principal Clothier, sailed on the Saxonia from Boston last Saturday for England and will return on the same steamer on his home trip. His plan was to visit London and some other cities while the Saxonia is getting ready to come back, which would take about a week, and be on hand to embark for Boston when she starts. Thinking that he might possibly visit Woburn, England, he came up our elevator before leaving and secured copies of the JOURNAL of date 15 or more years ago, which contained matter pertaining to that ancient town from the pen of Judge E. F. Johnson. Mr. Hammond takes the trip solely for the benefit of the ocean voyage, and when he returns he will have been away a little more than three weeks.

— About 2 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon we were agreeably surprised at the entrance of Rev. George H. Young into our Sanctum. He was formerly pastor of the Unitarian church in this city and is now a resident of Dedham. We had not seen him for 17 years, hence our surprise and pleasure. Rev. Mr. Young resigned his charge here in 1884 to accept the pastorate of a Boston church, where he remained 7 or 8 years and then went to a parish in Lawrence and preached there until last fall, a period of about 9 years. He was succeeded here by Rev. Mr. Westall, now of Melrose Highlands. Mr. Young has retained his youthful and vigorous appearance wonderfully well, and seems to be the same pleasant, courteous and easy mannered gentleman that he was when a respected resident of this city. We were real glad to meet him again.

— Mr. John C. Andrews of the *News* returned from the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last Saturday evening after a visit of five exceedingly pleasant days devoted to examining that great show. He was gone 14 days and enjoyed the trip very much. From Buffalo he went to Newfound Lake, N. H., the summer camping-ground of the Woburn Wobegon Club, and at the close of a delightful week there, returned to the Exposition by Lake Erie. After completing his sightseeing at the Exposition Mr. Andrews gave a few days to the Pennsylvania coal regions, which greatly interested him, and from thence went to New York, and then up the Hudson, the Rhine of America, and so on home. He praised the Exposition warmly, and would not have missed it for any money. The whole trip was a source of great pleasure to Mr. Andrews.

EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY

Our **Clothing** is suitable
For ALL MEN and For ALL OCCASIONS.

Made in our own clean workshops on our own premises.
Materials, fit and finish—THE BEST.

Macullar Parker Company
400—Washington St.—400
BOSTON

Japanese Fern Ball.

Have you seen these beautiful ferns growing? Every house, store, and office should have one suspended from a convenient hook.

THE PILL BOX Sells Them. $1.50 each at Whitcher's

We can Shoe The Family

at a very low figure, for instance, a good strong working shoe, or a fine Sunday shoe for the man	$1 00
A pair of slippers and a button or lace boot for the wife	1 25
For the baby 1 pair button or lace boots, hand sewed	25
A pair for the next one, 2 years old, size 6, hand sewed	25
Then a pair for the next one, 4 years old, size 8	50
Then a pair for the next oldest, say 6 or 7 years, No. 10	50
The next oldest one would want about No. 11	50
Perhaps the oldest boy would want No. 13	75
There you are, 9 pair of shoes for	$5 00

REPAIRING.

We sew on most of our taps. Bring your shoes here to be repaired. We use the best of oak leather and will do you a neat job to look like new work. We always remove the old stitches in welt shoes and sew on taps in same holes in welt. First class work is what we profess to do. If you want a cobbling job take it to the cobbler, he wont charge you much and he wont give you much either.

OUR PRICES

for men's hand sewed half sole and heel	$1 00	1 25
Women's hand sewed, half sole and heel	75	1 00
Men's nailed or pegged half sole and heel	50	1 00
Women's nailed or pegged half sole and heel	50	65

No extra charge for sewing up rips.

SO LONG.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., WOBURN

Their Secret is Out.

All Sadieville, Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whittaker, who had for a long time, endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little grand-daughter of a severe attack of Whooping Cough." It positively cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis, all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Interesting Figures.

The present Board of Assessors, Messrs. Prior, Chairman; Ferguson, Clerk; Grammer, Reader; are as capable gentlemen for a proper discharge of the duties of that office as any that could be selected. Their long career, with the approvel of the taxpayers, sustains this view of the case.

The Board are courteous and accommodating. They are approachable and free to impart information to seekers for it. No representation of the JOURNAL has ever had reason for faultfinding on the score of official discourtesy from any of the members. To the kindness of the Chairman is due the early appearance of the following report:

VALUATION, 1901.

Real Estate,	$8,675,492
Personal Estate,	1,849,329
	$10,524,821

Rate, $18.50.
No. of Polls, 3,873.
Amount raised by taxation, $202,461.67, except street watering.

City Tax,	$171,778 20
State Tax,	6,282 50
County Tax,	11,309 38
Metropolitan Sewer.	
Sinking Fund,	1,298 80
Interest,	4,741 10
Maintenance,	2,608 85
Overlayings,	4,443 04
	$202,461 67

A Cure For Colera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwalter, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in a single instance." For sale by all druggists.

What most people want is something mild and gentle, when in need of a physic. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets fill the bill to a dot. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by all druggists.

Progressive Rochester Fair.

The twenty-sixth annual Rochester (N. H.) Fair occurs Sept. 10, 11, 12, 13, 1901. The purses and premiums are the most liberal ever offered and in addition to the greatest and grandest show in New England of cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, art and produce from garden, field and orchard, continuous stage performance and four days of fast racing, there will be the added attraction of evening entertainments with an hour of superb vaudeville and electrical effects, followed by Pain's Marvelous Pyrotechnical Spectacle, "The Last Days of Pompeii," engaged at great expense and requiring 200 people and 10,000 square yards of painting to faithfully reproduce and depict one of the greatest events recorded in history. Each evening performance will conclude with a gorgeous display of Pain's famons Manhattan Beach Fireworks. Reduced rates on railroans.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church.

Song Service in the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church next Sunday at 7 P. M.

Fralsta verld. — Rolle
Church Choir.
Baritone Solo. Why do the Nations. From "The Messiah." — Handel
Rev. N. E. Kron.
Sall ar den. — Wennerberg
Church Choir.
Duet. The Invisible Land. — Leslie
Mrs. E. V. Kron and Miss Ruth Vikberg.
Min herde god. — Folksong
Church Choir.
Address. — The Pastor
Goren portarna vida. — Wennerberg
Church Choir.
Duet. Love Divine. From "The Daughter of Jairus." — John Stainer
Strike the Cymbal. — Pucitta
Church Choir.

The public are most cordially invited.

Cummingsville.

It is surprising to the people in this part of the city that steps have not been taken to ferret out and punish the gang who are suspected of being the authors of the many fires that have taken place here in the last couple of years, or so. That official action is demanded is keenly felt, for not only has valuable property been destroyed, but all owners of buildings stand in fear of being the next victims of the incendiaries. The destruction of Mr. Copp's property last week has brought the matter up afresh in the minds of the people and they are wondering why the proper authorities do not make some effort to detect and convict the offenders. Nobody can assign any reason for the Copp fire, any more than they could for the John Cummings, the Given, the John Cummings 2d, and others that have occurred of late. That something ought to be done, speedily and thoroughly, needs no argument. The fact is, Cummingsville is not safe from incendiary fires so long as the suspected parties are allowed to run at large.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

MISS BANCROFT
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

During the Summer Season Canned
Meats and Fish
are very convenient and are largely used. Below we quote a few of the leading kinds:

	Per Can.
R. & R. Tongue,	80c.
Armour's Tongue,	70c.
Boneless Ham,	60c.
R. & R. Chicken, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Turkey, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Lunch Tongue,	35c.
Ham Loaf,	10c.
Veal Loaf,	10c.
Chicken Loaf,	15c.
Deviled Ham, 5, 10, 20, and	25c.
Salmon, tall	12c.
Salmon Steak, 12c., 17c., &	20c.
Shrimp,	10c.
Little Neck Clams,	10c.
Lobster,	20c.
Mackerel,	25c.
P. & C. Sardines, 25c. and	35c.
American Sardines, 5c. and	10c.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

The following firms believe in shorter hours as indicated by the annexed agreement.

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m. on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week, provided all others do the same. This arrangement to begin only after the public have been notified at least two weeks in advance."

Hammond & Son	L. E. Hanson & Co.
C. M. Munroe	Osborne Gillette
McDonald Bros.	E. S. Parker
J. Ginsburg	F. A. Hartwell
G. R. Gage & Co.	H. S. Dickinson
A. Grant	W. R. Bartlett
J. R. McMillan	Aiken & Dunton
Copeland & Bowser	J. Linnell
Alvah Buckman	Geo. Durward
T. F. McCormick	S. A. Potter
J. G. Connolly & Co.	E. Caldwell
E. Prior	M. A. Burns
Josiah Leathe	Cummings & Snow
P. Carlson	A. W. Cobb & Co.
W. J. Buckman	J. R. Carter & Co.
Fitz & Stanley	Eames & Carter
W. H. Lewis	Ham & Co.
S. K. Ames	Jacquith & Co.
E. P. Kennedy & Co.	Cummings, Chute & Co.
T. W. Stowers	C. Cummings & Co.
Thomas Moore	J. C. Finnegan
L. W. Thompson	G. N. Othote
C. M. Strout & Co.	Wm. Haber
A. L. Holdridge	A. V. Haynes
F. P. Brooks	H. F. McKensie
J. W. Huntley & Co.	Wallace & Andrews
Edw. H. Callahan	J. D. Haggerty
J. A. Yates & Co.	E. J. Callahan
Mrs. Jennings	Mystic Dye House
E. F. Hevey & Co.	Shaw & Campbell
Wm. G. Stretton	

Additional names will be welcomed and fully appreciated, especially by the clerks.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Rev. Dr. Crane will resume his duties after vacation. Topic: "Jesus Fulfills the Unfulfilled." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "An August Harvest." Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building. Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—13th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Good Samaritan."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Service of Song.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Young People's Meeting at 6 P. M.,
Preaching at 7 P. M.
Monday (Labor Day) Young People's Conference at Worcester.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, Sewing Circle af 7.30 P. M.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 29, by Rev. T. B. Smith, Mr. Christopher Phinney and Miss Maggie Roberts, both of Woburn.

In Boston, Aug. 28, at the St. John's Episcopal Church, W. M. Dearborn of Woburn and Maude E. Foss of Everett.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notioes 10 cents a line.

In this city, August 21, Frederick, son of Hugh and Margaret Dorrington, aged 6 months, 12 days.

In this city, August 21, Catherine, daughter of John J. and Margaret Beatty, aged 10 months, 24 days.

In this city, August 24, Amelia Sheehan, aged 23 years, 3 months, 24 days.

At Mass. General Hospital, July 15, Mary Flynn, aged 54 years.

Your Boy's Wardrobe

will need looking over before school begins. For thrifty buyers we offer

Lot Suits for Boys 3 to 16 years,
$1.95
formerly $3.50, $3.00 and $2.50.

Lot Suits for Boys 3 to 16 years,
$5.00
formerly $8, $7 and $6.

Lot Odd Knee Pants,
50c.
formerly $1.00 and 75c.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters, Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
Established 1851.

Shorter Hours.

We believe it is for the interest of all concerned. Therefore after the first of September we shall close our store at

6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Mondays and Wednesdays.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

From Switzerland.

ZURICH, Aug. 14, 1901.

MR. HOBBS: We arrived in Zurich yesterday morning, after stopping over at Nauhausen to see the Fall of the Rhine, and I lost no time in presenting your letter to the U. S. Consul, the Hon. Adam Lieberkneckt. He had received the copy of the JOURNAL which told of my departure, and he recognized the name. I had a most cordial greeting from him, and was much pleased to find that he could spare me some time during the day to show me the silk manufacturing for which Zurich is noted.

At noon, with his son Mr. Frank Lieberknect, who, I believe, called on you some few years ago, he entertained us at luncheon at the Bellevue au Lac and then we visited one of the largest silk mills in Europe. It is not usual that an American is shown all there is in a mill, for there seems to be a feeling that Americans see too much, and remember too well; but in this case, the Consul seemed to be on so friendly a footing with this firm that they allowed us to look as long, and to ask as many questions, as we pleased. We were shown a great variety of looms weaving the most exquisite patterns in plain, colored and printed warp silks, and the looms that executed the most intricate patterns were built by our own Crompton & Knowles Co. in Worcester, Mass.! It was very gratifying to us to hear them say that they knew of no loam built over here that was equal to it.

In the evening Mr. Lieberkneckt took us to the "Tounhalle" where we heard a most excellent concert, and enjoyed the evening very much; indeed, we should, under ordinary circumstances, vote him a "prince of good fellows," but here it went even a step ahead of "prince" and we are ready to vote him "king." He wished to be remembered most kindly to you and to Mrs. Hobbs, and spoke most pleasantly of his long business connection with you in the West.

We have had a splendid trip thus far, with but few days of bad weather, and but few days that were too warm for us, altho' in many cases, the natives thought it uncomfortable. But the slowness, and moderateness of Europeans! "When in Rome do as the Romans do," is well enough, but it is none the less annoying to wait for something to happen. I can't say that we've been more interested in any one place more than another for there is so much to see everywhere. We have been thro' central England, Scotland, Belgium, Holland, a part of Germany, up the Rhine, and are now in Switzerland. Munich is a fine city, with its many art collections, statuary, architecture, and old pottery. We saw the original of Count Rumford's statue and also the English Park which he laid out.

I had to leave my writing to catch a train and am now finishing from the Rigi-Kulm, one of the most popular peaks in Europe. It is about the same height as Mt. Washington, but is the highest peak for many miles, and, therefore affords a most excellent view of the surrounding county. We came across the Lake of Zug, then around to the base of the Mountain and up by the geared engine. There was a storm yesterday, but it was very clear to-day. All the way up we enjoyed the scenery, and arrived at the Summit in time to see the sun set, and notice the afterglow on the far away peaks wrapped in snow. The lights of Zug, Lucerne, and many small towns along the Lakes, are visible from our room, and the search lights miles away, make striking pictures, framed in the mists and the deep ultramarine of the sky, for there is still enough here in the west to make the heavens seem bluer here than from below.

We have seen several Lakes and rivers and are struck with their milkiness, or turbid appearance, even where they are not distinctly muddy—and such are not few. From a distance they appear light blue, but the waters are not transparent as are our New England waters; this condition is to be expected from the glacial streams, but we have found it in many others. This morning we had a fine swim in the Lake at Zurick, and found the water cold but very invigorating. There are many bathhouses, and the sport seems to be popular, there being many expert swimmers. Your room and bathing suit cost you 35 centimes—about 7 cents, and yet you can't help feeling you have spent 35 cents.

We meet many Americans wherever we stop and somehow or other when the vote is taken it turns out that America is not so bad a place after all, even if it is supposed that there are still many Indians there. We heard last night of an intelligent citizen who asked the Consul if he thought the Indians would trouble his brother who intended to settle near one of our large N. E. cities! If it had been Woburn it might have been different, for I hear the environs are not entirely safe, at least not for natives.

I can hear the kine bells tinkling and I know that the Alpine horn will be sounding all too soon for sunrise, so must close, not forgetting to thank you again for your letter to Consul Lieberkneckt, for it gave me so pleasant a time. Mr. Dawes joins me in kind regards.

Sincerely yours,
WM. W. CROSBY.

What is "Liquid Cleanliness?" Why Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL, a tablespoonful of which in a pail of water makes house-cleaning so easy. No soap to bother with—no cracked and bleeding hands from using strong alkaline soaps and powders. In the process of cleaning it thoroughly disinfects and rids the house of moths, buffalo-bugs, cockroaches etc. It is well worthy of a trial, having given satisfaction wherever it has been intelligently used. At all dealers or The Sulpho-Napthol Co., 4 Merrimac St., Boston.

Boston Theatres.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

The word "frolicsome" has been liberally applied to "The Brixton Burglary," with which the Hollis opened its doors for the season last Monday evening, but it is hardly enough. The Comedy is genuinely, refreshingly funny, and Mr. Frederick W. Sidney, who wrote it, did not find it necessary to introduce anything questionable in situations or lines to make it so, either. While it is an English comedy it is happily free from the insular humor which has taken the edge off of some imported productions and there is an opportunity in the cockney maid and the man servant, which the American article would hardly afford. To give any connected idea of the course of the piece—plot is hardly the word for a "rollicking comedy," which is the expression used on the program—would make necessary the outlining of a most complicated series of misunderstandings and confusions all arising from the facts that Mr. Septimus Pontifex took a night off at Brixton with a friend during his wife's absence from town; that James, his man servant, borrowed a suit of clothes and his overcoat to enjoy an evening out in the same locality, and that a burglary was committed in Brixton while they were there; that Pontifex's father-in-law stole a bicycle ride in spite of his suspicious wife's objections and that Inspector Sharples was a very efficient officer in the service of Scotland Yard. It is enough to say that the elements are blended into one continual whole-hearted pure-minded laugh, which grows in fervor to the fall of the final curtain.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

After having given the theatre over to the White Rats of America for a week of performances for the benefit of their Charity Fund, the management of Boston Music Hall will come into its own again next week and will present another of those delightful vaudeville shows which have made this popular house famous within the year. Labor Day will mark the completion of the first year of Boston Music Hall as the home of wholesome and varied vaudeville at lowest prices. In this period some of the best programmes ever offered in the country have been presented, and there are few vaudeville stars, few genuine novelties and few sterling features which have not been introduced to appreciative patrons.

A Young Lady's Life Saved.

AT PANAMA, COLOMBIA, BY CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Colombia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale by all druggists.

Father John's Barbecue.

The Rev. John F. Cummins, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Roslindale, Mass., has spent a very busy summer, personally attending to all the details in connection with his forthcoming Eighth Annual Monster Barbecue, which is to be held at Apollo Garden, Roxbury, on Saturday, August 31. In the preliminary work he has been ably assisted by his faithful fellow worker, Rev. Philip F. Sexton, and an efficient committee of his devoted parishioners. Father Cummins will be in attendance throughout the day of the big festival, happy to extend a warm welcome to his thousands of patrons. The oratory, as is usual, will be the leading feature of the day's festivities. From New York City comes Congressman Henry M. Goldfogel, a prominent orator of the Metropolis. From the Emerald Isle comes the Rev. Michael P. Norris, of Newmarket, County Cork, who has the reputation of being one of the best pulpit orators in all Ireland. The list of speakers also includes Hon. John A. Keliher, John Drohan, Esq., James R. Murphy, Esq., John H. Lee, Esq., and Henry Austin, the poet-orator. Hon. Joseph Henry O'Neil will preside at the open air forum, a position he has gracefully occupied during the entire series of Barbecues conducted by "Father John."

The Working Boys' Home Band, forty pieces, will give concerts afternoon and evening. The Roslindale Field Band will also discourse sweet music. Prof. Harry Church will again present his company of all star colored singers, buck and wing dancers and cake walkers, the Virginia Troubadors, fifty strong, in a first-class vaudeville entertainment. John L. Murtagh's Orchestra will furnish music for dancing in the grand pavilion.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of La Grange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

If you are exhausted by the Hot Weather or Hard Work

Tonc Appetizer

WILL HELP YOU.

Manufactured by

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

Burlington.

Harvests are nearly all garnered and there is an abundance of the fruits of the earth for all. Hot dry weather shortened the yield perhaps of some crops, but others have been good, and the Lord careth for His children.

The Reed Ham Works, our principal industry after husbandry, are busily engaged in adding to the food supply of neighboring towns and cities and are prosperous. Mr. Reed is considered one of our most public spirited citizens, an earnest worker in the church, and no one here begrudges him his prosperity.

As a community we are waiting patiently for the completion of the electric road from here to Billerica, but just when our fond hopes will fructify is a matter of pure conjecture. Had the line been finished early in the season it would have been a profitable one to the Company, for there is no pleasanter ride anywhere to be found than from Woburn via this town to Billerica. The reason for so much delay in building the road is a mystery to our people.

Now near its close, the inhabitants of this quiet but pleasant town are able to look back over a vacation season happily spent, and take up the duties of farm and kitchen with light hearts and strength renewed. The old church, which we all revere, has furnished some pleasing and benefitting entertainments for young and old, thanks to the kind hearted endeavors of the esteemed pastor and efficient helpmeet, Rev. and Mrs. Dodge. This couple are held in high regard in this community, and it is hoped the time is far distant when they and their Burlington flock will be separated. Summer pastimes have been enjoyed by many of the dwellers, and on the whole, the outing season has been well and pleasantly spent.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co's.

Literary Notices.

The September number of MODERN CULTURE opens with The Spirit of the Storm, in which the laughter and fury of a September gale at sea are echoed in rhyme and rhythm and described in poetical images of rare beauty. The Art of a Hemisphere is the title of a second article on the paintings at the Pan-American. The article is splendidly illustrated. The promotion of Professor Ira C. Remsen from the chair of chemistry to the presidency of Johns Hopkins University is an event of some significance, and the account of his life is of unusual interest. A fine portrait accompanies the article. Marion Harland's Lethe Mystery is concluded in this number. The weightiest article in this issue is Historical Basis of Angelo-Saxon Supremacy which is a paper on a subject of profound interest to every American as well as to every citizen of England or her colonies. The Girl with the Camera writes from Puerto Rico. The Homeseeker's Last Haven is the expressive title of an illustrated article describing the opening of the last reservation in the Indian Territory to settlement. The Squire reaches a very dramatic situation in this instalment. Signor Fabiani contributes a second instalment of Musical Reminiscences. The personality of Commodore Perry is discussed by Waldon Fawcett. The Model is one of those pathetic stories of studio life which many readers revel in. The editor in his Current Events touches on The Trusts and a Leisure Class, Fiscal and Foreign Policies, Sampson and Schley, and kindred topics. We suspect he is the perpetrator of a bit of humorous doggerel under Around the Table entitled Pithecanthropus Erectus, as he is avowedly the author of a fantastic story called After the Strike. The Dismantling of the Forests is Orlando J. Stevenson's theme in his enjoyable Rambles Out of Doors. Herod is reviewed by Albert R. Alexander under the Literary World, which contains also a few of Miss Hanscom's admirable literary notes. No American magazine has a more assured place in the hearts of its readers than has MODERN CULTURE, and none has a brighter future before it.

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for September is the Special Autumn Fashion Number of that excellent magazine. In addition to an unusual number of interesting stories and striking features, it devotes seven pages to a complete setting forth of the styles-to-be in dresses, bodices, hats and wraps. The most important literary feature, perhaps, is the initial installment of Miss Alcott's Letters to Her Laurie—letters which have never before been printed. They are edited by Laurie himself—now grown up. There is a delightful description of a day in the woods with Ernest Seton-Thompson, and a jolly recital of The College Scrapes We Got Into, by A Graduate. The fourth part of Miss Tompkins's Aileen brings that charming story near to its close, and Mr. Bok discusses the need for parental cooperation in education in his editorial on The School Question Again. Three articles about Cats That Draw Salaries, Famous people as We Do Not Know Them, and How a Village changed its Name combine to make an exceptional page, and a double page is devoted to photographs of The Handsomest Laces in America. The New Wedding Stationery is shown, also some of the photographs which won prizes in The JOURNAL'S recent rural contest. In addition to the regular departments there are valuable articles on A Cleverly Planned Nursery, Plants Which Can be Raised in the House, and plans for an ideal $7,000 house. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

WINCHESTER.

The price of potatoes is sinking so rapidly that very soon that favorite esculent will be within the reach of all.

Ah, there! The Calumet Gun Club will hold a prize target shoot and indulge in a clambake on Myopia Hill on Labor Dry.

The army of summer vacationists, the absence of whom, for several weeks, we have so deeply deplored, have nearly all returned to the home roosts.

A writer in the *Star* says that our beautiful Mystic Parkway, that cost a mint of money, has fallen into innocuous deseutude, or words to that effect. What a pity!

Some of our old people distinctly remember when "huskings," or corn shucking bees, were common among the farmers of this town. How strangely the times have degenerated!

The aural machinery of our people is greatly outraged and thrown out of gear by the whistle of the new street cars. As a class we are delicately organized and shrill noises affect our nerves greatly and unpleasantly. It is evidently a case for the Commissioners.

Now, seriously, do you think our Parks, Parkways, Boulevards, etc. add one jot or tittle to the beauty of Boston's rural surroundings? Weren't the surroundings, in their rustic and semi-primative settings, really more attractive, more satisfying to the artistic soul, more highly enjoyed in every way, than the costly works of art, landscape gardening, and park architecture, which have been substituted for Nature's own handiwork? Don't all answer at once.

CAUGHT IN AN EXPLOSION.

A Miner's Description of His Feelings When He Was Blown Up.

A miner who was blown up while blasting a rock describes his sensations thus:

"You see, it's so sudden. It's over just about the time you begin to understand that something is happening. You know, I had the cartridge in my hand and put it down. Then I got afraid of it. All at once everything was light. I don't think I saw the flash. Anyway my face was not exactly toward the explosion.

"But then everything got light, lighter than day—kind of blinding. There was an awful crash. It was just at the same time. I was terrified and wanted to get away. It was just as if I was having the nightmare. Somehow, though, I knew just what the matter was. A man can think faster than he has any idea of. I knew that some of the others were nearer the explosion, and I said to myself, 'They're blown in bits, that's certain.'

"You understand, this was all in a second—all at once, really. Then it was exactly the same as if I had been hit with a stick. I thought it was a big stick, bigger than any man could swing, and that it must be worked by machinery. It hit me on the head and all over. I went sailing into the air a long, long way. My ears roared, and the wind blew into my face. I knew when I struck the ground, for I remember saying to myself, 'Well, I'm done for.'

"I don't know just when I lost my right senses or when they came back, but when they did come back it seemed queer that I was there still. I thought I had been thrown somewhere else. I could feel fire burning me. It was my clothes. They were smoking and almost blazing. I was bruised all over and could not hear very well. My voice sounded as though somebody else were talking. That's all I can tell you about it."

Hawk and Partridge.

In "Reminiscences of a Falconer" Major Fisher describes the tactics of a partridge when pursued by a tame falcon.

The falcon was descending upon the partridge when the partridge stopped short and fell to the ground as if dead. He seemed to be lost in the short stubble of the field. He was far too knowing to trust himself again on the wing, and the hawk had no alternative but to take him on the ground, which he speedily attempted to do.

But on the ground the partridge was far more agile than he, running this way and that with great speed. The hawk would jump awkwardly up and dart after the scudding partridge, who just at the right moment jumped from the ground and over his back, descended on the other side and commenced running harder than before.

Time after time this was done. At every attempt the partridge met the hawk with outstretched neck and raised hackles, in the attitude of a fighting bantam cock, jumping up to avoid being clutched whenever the hawk struck at him. In fact, his whole action was that of a plucky little game bantam.

This went on for some time, until, as I regret to say, I ended the unequal strife by putting the partridge once more fairly on the wing, when, of course, the hawk readily overtook and captured it, not overmuch to his credit and still less to mine.

Colonies as Kingdoms.

Queen Elizabeth was commonly spoken of as queen of Virginia. Virginia and Carolina were kingdoms under the Stuarts. Massachusetts was recognized as a "sister kingdom" by Cromwell's parliament.—London Express.

A boy is like a fountain pen. You can't tell from what he costs whether he will make his mark or not.—Detroit Journal.

Among the Burmese a newly married couple, to insure a happy life, exchange a mixture of tea leaves steeped in oil.

Standard ..of.. Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Minneapolis, Minn. ..the.. World.

It is quite possible to make poor bread with good flour, but it isn't possible to get the best bread without using the best flour.

Pillsbury's Best is the **Standard of the World**

... SOLD BY ...

COBB, BATES & YERXA.

Fitz & Stanley, Thomas Moore, C. E. Quinn, Perkins Bros.

AND GROCERS GENERALLY.

C. E. JENNINGS, Auctioneer, 55 Ames Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

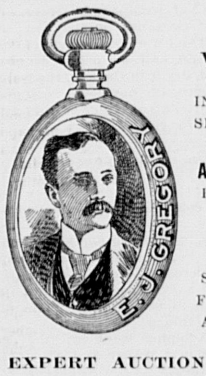
By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Charles H. Taylor of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to James A. Booth of Everett, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, dated May 29, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex N. D. Reg. of Deeds, Book 307, Page 263, for and on account of a breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the twenty-third day of September, 1901,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, namely:—A certain piece or parcel of land, with buildings thereon situated in Wilmington, in said the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz: —Beginning at land now, or late, of Boutel on the road leading to Woburn; thence running easterly by said road to the road leading to Burlington; thence southerly by said Burlington road to land now, or late, of Ebenezer Foster; thence northerly and westerly as the wall stands to the corner; thence as the wall stands by the land now, or late, of said Foster and by land, now or late, of said Boutel to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Charles H. Taylor by James A. Booth aforesaid.

Said premises are conveyed subject to a prior mortgage of $1100, and any unpaid taxes or assessments. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JAMES A. BOOTH, Mortgagee.



WATCH YOUR INTEREST SELL OUT AT AUCTION HOUSES FARMS LAND STOCK STORES FURNITURE ANYTHING

EXPERT AUCTIONEER, 10 Tremont St., Boston.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

CABOT'S

Sulpho - Napthol

LIQUID CLEANLINESS

should be used by every housekeeper. Unequalled for **cleaning** painted, polished, oiled or marble surfaces, furniture, carpets, windows, etc., **disinfecting** toilet-rooms, sinks, drains, stables, kennels, &c., and for **destroying insects** on plants and animals. A little goes a long way.

In original packages at all dealers, or

THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,

No. 4 Merrimac Street, BOSTON.

FOR SALE.

A farm of 40 acres, tillage, pasture, and woodland well watered, good frame buildings, wood-shed, barn, and carriage house; all in good condition, situated in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, two and one half miles from railroad.

Cash price $750.

For further particulars apply to
GEORGE W. NORRIS,
415 Main street, Woburn.

For Sale AT A BARGAIN.

At No. 53 Pleasant street, a **Second-hand PIANO,** and other articles of Household Furniture.

OLIVER F. BRYANT, Ex.,
371 Main street.

Woburn, Aug. 9, 1901.

Mrs. S. C. PHINNEY, Teacher of Singing,

No. 29 Warren Ave., Woburn

LOST.

A DIAMOND RING

on Elm, Ward or Pearl street. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the store of

PERKINS BROS.,
North Woburn.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Rain falls most frequently all over the world between 3 and 8 o'clock in the morning.

SPECIAL

Prof. GOWING,

THE GREAT

Magnetic Specialist

Will be in Woburn for some time.

There is scarcely a disease that will not succumb to the magic hands of Professor Gowing. Along the whole category of human ills, such as catarrh, pulmonary complaints, liver and kidney troubles, paralysis, and all diseases of the nervous system, tumors and goitres removed without the knife or loss of a drop of blood, all stomach disturbances, spinal and cerebral disorders, female weaknesses, of all descriptions, rheumatism in all its forms, such as rheumatic gout, inflammatory rheumatism, swelling and inflammation of the joints, deafness and all diseases of the ear and eye, no matter what the trouble may be, it will be for your interest to see Professor Gowing.

Consultation Free.

Hours from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m.

Call or address No. 6 WYER'S COURT, WOBURN, MASS.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully represent the undersigned, Selectmen of Wilmington, that a public way called Main street in said Wilmington, and a railroad operated by the Boston & Maine Railroad and known as the Southern Division thereof, crosses each other at or near the Poor Farm in said Wilmington, the crossing being known as the Poor Farm Crossing, the grades being separated and the public way being carried over the railroad by means of a bridge; that your petitioners are of opinion that it is necessary for the security or convenience of the public that an alteration should be made in the crossing and approaches thereto.

Wherefore your petitioners pray that your Board may give due notice, hear all the parties interested, determine the case and prescribe the manner and limits within which the alterations shall be made.

Dated, Wilmington, August 3, 1901.

JAMES E. KELLEY, CHARLES J. SARGENT, HERBERT N. BUCK, } Selectmen of Wilmington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the sixth day of August, A. D., 1901.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at Wilmington Station of the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad on **Thursday, the twelfth day of September, 1901**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington, and the Boston & Maine Railroad Company with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said Town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

The undersigned, inhabitants of the town of Wilmington in said County, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to locate anew a road within said town, being a portion of the highway called Lowell street, to wit, that portion thereof beginning at the junction of said Lowell street with Main street and extending easterly therefrom one quarter of a mile, for the purpose of establishing a boundary line of such road or of making alterations in the course or width thereof.

Dated, Wilmington, August 3, 1901.

JAMES E. KELLEY,
CHARLES J. SARGENT,
HERBERT N. BUCK,
GEORGE L. PERRY,
CHAS. W. MOULTON,
CHESTER W. CLARK.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
EDWARD W. CLARK, Deputy Sheriff.

Boarders Wanted.

Nicely furnished rooms, good table board. Moderate prices. Convenient to electric cars and Railroad Station.

MRS. F. A. LAUSCH,
Eaton Ave., Woburn

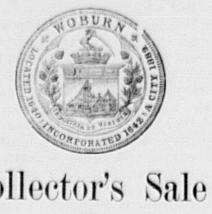
A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

CITY OF WOBURN.



Collector's Sale
— OF —
Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 14, 1901.

The owners and all persons interested in the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1899, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels of real estate which will be sufficient to discharge the taxes thereon and interest and intervening charges or the whole of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 21st, 1901**, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1899, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estate is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 2.

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by other land of Holton; northwesterly by Heirs of Rufus Wyman; southwesterly by other land of Holton; northwesterly by Holton street.
Tax of 1899, 34 56

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 12 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Holton street; westerly by land of Wyman Heirs; southerly by other land of said Holton; northerly by land now or late of Henry Holton.
Tax of 1899, 11 52

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 10 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Winchester town line; westerly by land formerly of Lemuel Richardson and land of Samuel S. Holton; northerly by land formerly of Lemuel Holton; easterly by land now or formerly of Samuel S. Holton.
Tax of 1899, 9 60

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2¾ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue and by land of Wardwell; westerly by Holton street; southerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by land now or late of McCarthy.
Tax of 1899, 5 76

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 6 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Green street; easterly by Holton street; northerly by land formerly of Wade and land of Cox; northwesterly by land formerly of J. G. Pollard; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1899, 5 76

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Green street; westerly by land now or formerly of Sawtelle; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land now or late of Dunklee and Holton.
Tax of 1899, 4 80

WARD 4.

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 1½ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Converse; easterly by Wood street; southerly by land now or late of Kovarik; westerly by land now or late of Holden.
Tax of 1899, 3 84

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 4 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Westerly by Wood street; southerly by land of Warren Wade; easterly by land now or late of Reardon; northerly by land now or late of Kovarik.
Tax of 1899, 10 56

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Isabella Ferrin and Lilian Collamore of Woburn in said County.

WHEREAS G. Wallace Tibbetts of Malden, in the County of Middlesex, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he holds as tenant-in-common one undivided third part or share of certain real estate lying in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and described in said petition; and, as said real estate cannot be advantageously divided, praying that partition may be made among the tenants-in-common according to law; and that the commissioners who may be appointed to make said partition be ordered to make sale and conveyance of said real estate and to distribute the net proceeds thereof:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested, who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Coveny, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Sarah J. Coveny of said Woburn, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named as Sarah Coveny, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

To the Public.

All business relations, including any agencies, heretofore existing between Dr. Hervey L. Shepard and myself have this day been dissolved.

DR. BENJ. T. CHURCH,
Winchester, Mass.

August 14, 1901.

C. M. Strout & Co

AGENT FOR THE

"Palace Regent"

Furnace

One of the best and most economical on the market today. It took a prize at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Rubber Hose at All Prices.

The "National Blue Flame" Oil Stove is the Best.

Telephone 124-7.

Brown's Charcoal

10c. Bag

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

We Are Headquarters
—FOR—
Hampden Cream.
FRESH DAILY.
It's here for you. At
J. LINNELL,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telep one, 128-6.

DOMINION LINE Royal Mail Steamers

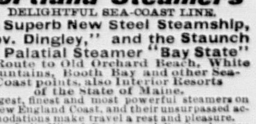
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN



Portland Steamers

DELIGHTFUL SEA-COAST LINE.

The Superb New Steel Steamship, "Gov. Dingley," and the Staunch and Palatial Steamer "Bay State"

En-Route to Old Orchard Beach, White Mountains, Booth Bay and other Sea-Coast points, also Interior Resorts of the State of Maine.

Largest, finest and most powerful steamers on the New England Coast, and their unsurpassed accommodations make travel a rest and pleasure.

Leave India Wharf, Boston, and Portland every evening, at 7 o'clock. Connections made at Portland with the earliest trains and steamers to all points East.

LOCAL FARE, $1.00. Through excursion rates *lower than any other route.* Send for circular.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Manager, Portland.
CHAS. R. LEWIS, Agent, Boston.

To Let.

A House with all modern improvements, in one of the most desirable locations in this city, at a reasonable rent. Apply at the JOURNAL office.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

When a man is drowning his rescue is a question of timely help. It is the same thing in disease. Many a time the doctor says of a man whose condition is hopeless, "If you'd begun in time you might have been cured."

This is especially true when the disease affects the lungs. Delay is dangerous. The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will result in a quick cure of deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, and weak lungs. Even when hemorrhages have been frequent and profuse "Golden Medical Discovery" has been used time and again with the result of a perfect and permanent cure. Mr. McCauley, of Leechburg, Armstrong Co., Pa., had eighty-one hemorrhages, and after other medical aid had failed he was completely cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is no other medicine just as good for "weak" lungs.

"I was in poor health when I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mr. Elmer Lawler, of Volga, Jefferson Co., Ind. "I had stomach, kidney, heart, and lung troubles. Was not able to do any work. I had a severe cough and hemorrhage of the lungs, but after using your medicine a while I commenced to gain in strength and flesh, and stopped coughing right away. Took about six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' then, and last spring I had Grippe and it settled on my lungs, leaving me with a severe cough. I had the doctor, but he didn't seem to help me any; so I commenced your medicine again and took three or four bottles of the 'Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and that straightened me up. I feel like a different person. I gladly recommend your medicine to all sufferers, for I know it cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

AFTER THE QUARREL.

A single smile from her rosy mouth,
A sudden glance from her soft eyes sent,
And he turned, as the wind veers north or south,
And followed whither her light feet went.
Did she linger and look for a moment then?
Did she lift her face and smile again?
Nay, not so!
The heart of a girl, ah, who may know?

With every pace of his swift pursuit
Her step she quickened nor looked behind.
Eyes were speechless, and lips were mute;
Never a glance or cold or kind,
And she cherished nor thought nor care
For the eager footfalls hurrying there!
Was it so?
The heart of a girl, ah, who may know?

Did she love him more when look and smile
Silently bade him to follow her?
Did she love him less when she wove her wile
His heart to trouble, his hope defer?
Nay, read you this riddle, strange, but true—
She loved him most when she most withdrew!
Even so!
The heart of a girl, ah, who may know?
—Blanche Trennor Heath in Atlanta Constitution.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT

A Story of Woman's Fortitude....

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

The ormolu clock on the mantelpiece ticked monotonously. The little, regular sound began to run as a tune in her brain; she even found that her fingers mechanically drummed the same air upon her knee. It was some inane tune of the hour—something that every organ played, every street boy whistled—and its rhythm fitted in excellently with the ticking of the clock, and both jangled in her brain with irritating persistence.

Every detail of the room had stamped itself upon her mind during these minutes she had sat there—minutes, was it, or hours, since the great doctor had said to her in a voice that struck her as strangely gentle:

"Will you kindly wait in the waiting room, Mrs. Ainslie, while Dr. Bryant and I talk over matters?"

It might be minutes since she came in here, she thought idly, or, again, it might be hours. In any case, she had sat there so long that every detail of the room would be fixed in her recollection until her dying day. And that day, at any rate, was a very, very long way off. She glanced almost involuntarily at the narrow glass set into the sideboard, and, seeing the reflection of her own face—such a young face—she smiled faintly.

She had attracted many curious and admiring glances from the other men and women who waited in the big, gloomy room. One little, shabbily dressed woman who sat in the corner watched her almost enviously. The shabby woman's observant eyes noted the other's fair loveliness, her exquisite dress, the atmosphere of ease and luxury and comfort that surrounded her—the atmosphere of one who has always been cared for and sheltered, upon whom no rough winds have ever blown—and the shabby woman wondered what had brought this pretty, beautifully dressed little person into the doctor's waiting room. The thought flashed through her mind that it was probably some fancied ailment for which she had come. It was impossible to associate the idea of sickness or pain with that lovely face, those smart garments.

The clock ticked on.

The inane tune that had set itself to the ticking clanged on as well in the brain of the little lady by the table. She looked round the room again. She wondered faintly why the walls were papered with such heavy red paper and why the person who selected the curtains had chosen that particularly dull shade of crimson. It would have been more cheerful for the waiting victims if the room had been less uncompromisingly dreary. The pictures hanging upon the red paper were good in themselves, but something about their big, heavy frames oppressed her. A sudden longing seized her for her own bright, pretty boudoir, which was all light and color.

How much longer, she wondered, did these doctors intend to keep her in this dreary room while they discussed her case?

Her case!

It was so funny to think that they could talk about her case. Why, she had always been the incarnation of health. Everybody had always said she was so strong and well. It was too ridiculous that she should be sitting in a doctor's waiting room, and she herself would naturally never have dreamed of consulting the great surgeon at all if her own doctor's face had not grown so absurdly grave when she had gone to him yesterday about that little lump which annoyed her. Personally she thought he had made rather an unnecessary fuss. In fact, she had told Dr. Bryant as much to his face—had, indeed, asked him why he could not simply cut the thing away then and there and have done with it.

"I don't in the least mind the tiny scar that a little thing like that will leave," she had said to him, and her own laughing words recurred to her now as her eyes wandered once more to the clock.

Twenty minutes!

How could it possibly take those two doctors 20 minutes to discuss her simple case? Why, she had considered it so simple a matter that she had not even told her husband about it nor that she was to come and see Sir James this morning!

Jack was always in such an agony if her little finger ached that she had refrained from mentioning the lump to him at all, and he knew nothing of her visit to Dr. Bryant yesterday, much less about the consultation today. Why, her dear, loving, fussy old Jack, the dearest husband in the world, would think she was going to die at the very least if he knew that she was sitting in Sir James Cochrane's room waiting for the verdict!

"Waiting for the verdict!"

Something in the words framed by her own mind sent a quick little shiver through her for which she could not account, and a vision rose before her of a prisoner waiting at the bar and wondering—wondering perhaps whether the judge would presently put on the black cap or no. Ah, well, it must be terrible to be in such a position! She was only waiting—waiting for what?

A sudden recollection crossed her mind of the great doctor's quiet, restrained voice that had held in it something which she had at the moment not quite understood. It flashed upon her now all at once that it was pity.

But why pity?

Her heart gave a frightened leap.

She picked up an illustrated paper from the table before her and began hurriedly turning the pages, seeing absolutely nothing. "And his face looked so kind and so—so—sorry." Her thoughts ran on till her heart quickened its beat again. "It's nonsense to be nervous," she told herself. "Sitting here in this silent room full of all these waiting people makes me feel nervous about—about nothing. I shall read a story in The Strand and forget"—

She resolutely took up the magazine and read a page slowly and carefully, then read it over again with equal care, but she found herself spelling each word in turn, and the sense of the phrases did not penetrate into her brain.

Nobody can take in the meaning of a story, she thought, when people whisper, and her glance fell upon a stout widow who sat opposite, whispering volubly in the ear of a girl beside her.

The little lady watched the widow's head bob up and down as her words became more and more emphatic. She noticed how dusty the crape was upon her veil, "and that's the worst of crape," she said to herself, "the least thing makes it look shabby. I always tell Jack I won't wear crape when I'm a widow!"

A smile flickered over her face, and the shabby woman in the corner, watching her, thought enviously how happy she must be to smile like that at nothing.

The little lady's eyes turned again to the clock.

Half an hour now!

Half an hour for two clever doctors to discuss one tiny lump which looked like almost nothing! How she and Jack would laugh presently over the slowness of these medical men! But if they kept her much longer she would be late for lunch, and then Jack would be in a hurry and wonder what had become of her.

Oh, why were they not quicker? Time dragged woefully. There was something aggravating about that tiresome clock on the mantelpiece, with its persistent voice, and the pair of candlesticks exactly alike that flanked it, and the two vases that were such a precise match annoyed her. A wild desire seized her to set them all crooked!

Then she was tired of looking at that hideous silver erection on the sideboard. She was certain it must be a testimonial. And what an ugly one to be saddled with for the rest of one's natural life! She remembered with what dismay she and Jack had received some ghastly odd family plate from a rich uncle and how thankfully they had relegated it to a little used room, Jack saying laughingly that it would come in as heirloom for their grandchildren.

A vision of herself as a white haired old lady made her smile again. She always intended to grow old gracefully—when the time for growing old came! But it was a very, very long way off, and she and Jack had only been married six short months. They had years and years of sunny life in front of them before they—

The door opened.

"Mrs. Ainslie," said the trim parlor maid, and the little lady rose and followed her.

And all at once her heart gave that frightened leap again, but she was smiling when she entered the great doctor's room.

Both doctors were standing, and a queer feeling came over her as she saw their faces, that they watched her pitifully as if—as if she were that prisoner at the bar and one of them was just going to put on the black cap.

It was a whimsical idea. Her glance fell almost involuntarily upon Sir James' gray head, and she smiled again.

Dr. Bryant leaned against the chimneypiece.

It struck her that he kept his eyes averted. She pondered vaguely why he did so. Possibly he had made some little mistake in diagnosis and was rather vexed about it.

"Will you sit down, Mrs. Ainslie?" Sir James' voice broke in upon her thoughts.

She sat down in the big armchair where she had sat just now—all those minutes, or was it hours ago?—when she had first come into the room today with Dr. Bryant. Sir James seated himself at the table facing her.

This room was brighter than the other, where she had waited so long. The sun came into it, and little patches of light danced upon the carpet and upon the table that was strewn with letters and upon the great man's kind, quiet face.

Outside the window there was actually a tree. It was April, and the leaves were beginning to grow green and waved gently to and fro in the soft spring air.

Looking at the tree in the sunlight the little lady sitting there felt a sensation of spring in her own heart—spring and youth and gladness.

Her eyes left the dancing leaves outside and came back to the faces of the two silent men. She realized that they were both strangely quiet.

"Well," she said in a gay little voice, "what is the verdict? You"— The words died on her lips. She could not have said why, only something in Sir James' face gave her a curious sense of suffocation.

"Mrs. Ainslie," he said gently, so gently that a sudden longing to cry assailed her, "I am afraid we have not very good news to give you." He paused, and the sudden longing to cry left her.

Some instinct inherited from her soldier ancestors made her draw herself up in her chair and look the old man squarely in the face.

It was he, not she, who winced a little as she said quietly:

"Is it a very serious operation, then? Don't mind telling me. I am not afraid."

She was dimly conscious that Dr. Bryant turned quickly away from where he stood and moved toward the window and that the silence following her words seemed weighty with meaning.

"No," Sir James said slowly, "I am sure you are not afraid of—of—an operation. But there is no operation that we can do"—

Again she was conscious of a little movement on the part of the silent man by the window, and she watched with a curious sort of fascination how the pattern of the dancing leaves outside was repeated in dancing sunbeams upon the carpet within.

"No operation?" she asked. But"—

Then her eyes went back to Sir James' face.

His own were bent down. He seemed to be examining with the minutest care an ivory paperknife in his hand. She observed that a small stag was carved upon one end of the paper knife. She wondered idly whether he had bought it in Switzerland or where.

"But," she continued after that queer little pause, "then it is not serious at all, I suppose?"

Sir James lifted his head quickly, and their eyes met.

So profound a pity lay in them that she drew back a trifle. Her own eyes never faltered. Only the hand that held her handkerchief clutched it so tightly that it was almost pain.

"I have never had a harder thing to do than this, Mrs. Ainslie," Sir James said. "You must prepare for a great shock, a very great shock. We cannot operate, because an operation would be useless, but the growth is so serious a one that"—

"It will kill me, do you mean?" she said. And the color flashed over her face, but she sat perfectly still, her eyes never leaving his.

"Yes," he answered, so gently that she almost smiled at him, "that is what I mean."

"And—how many years will it take?" she asked, and she noticed how still her own voice was, how her heart, that had bounded wildly a second before, was now beating quietly. "Or—will it perhaps be—a shorter time?"

She could almost have sworn that the gray eyes watching her grew dim. She realized that the figure by the window seemed to be rigid in its stillness.

"It will be a shorter time than that." The great doctor's voice trembled a little.

She was so very pretty—so very young and pretty and fair and so beautifully dressed. It was absurd to think of her clothes at such a moment, but it would have been easier to tell her if she had worn a shabby gown. It flashed into his mind that it was like killing a butterfly that was dancing in the sunlight and yet—

"A shorter time?" she interrupted his thoughts.

He leaned forward and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Yes," he said. "I know you will face it bravely." His voice broke again. "I do not think—it—will be more than—a week, and we can do nothing."

The silence in the room was like something tangible, made more emphatic by the chirping of the sparrows in the tree without and the distant rumble of busy London beyond.

It was the little lady herself who broke the silence.

"That was a hard thing for you to tell me," she said gently. Then she glanced down at her clinched hands. "Do you know," she went on, and a queer little smile flitted across her face, "I have torn my handkerchief into ribbons while I sat here. But—but it won't matter now, will it, if it is only to be worn a week?"

There was no answer from either of her listeners. Words were impossible to them. Only a great admiration dawned in Sir James' eyes as he looked into the bright, resolute ones that faced him.

"Thank you very much for breaking it to me so—so gently," she said in that same smooth, even tone that never trembled or changed. "It is—a very great surprise. A—a—week—you say?"

The great man bowed his head. Obviously he could not trust himself to speak.

"How strange!" she said. "Next week there is a big ball—and I—am going—I mean I was going—my dress will come home—and I— How strange!"

Dr. Bryant turned abruptly from the window. She saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"It is so hard quite to realize," she went on, "that things will go on just the same—and I—not be here"— She paused, glancing out at the green tree and the sunlight.

"But—I ought not to take up your time"—she rose and turned courteously to Sir James—"you have other people to see—and I hope—I hope you will not have another verdict to give—like—mine"—

For the first time her voice shook a little, but her eyes were still steady.

"Will you have a cab called for me, Dr. Bryant? I should like to go straight—home."

She walked from the great man's room with head erect and unfaltering steps, and, watching her, he said softly to himself: "It is the women who go up to the cannon's mouth without turning a hair. What a plucky soul! My God, what a plucky soul!"

Looking from the window of the waiting room the shabby woman saw the little lady shake hands smilingly with her doctor and drive away. And the shabby woman said to herself, "How young and happy she is, with all her life before her—and such a happy life!"

But the shabby woman never knew what the verdict had been which the little lady had waited for so long!—London New Illustrated Magazine.

Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine's letter, unless you act promptly. Procure **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write for advice if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women. All the persons who see private letters at Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, at Lynn, Mass., are women. All letters are confidential and advice absolutely free.

Here is the letter:—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** I felt very badly, was terribly nervous, and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—MRS. W. P. VALENTINE, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N.J.

MRS W.P. VALENTINE.

$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

The Penmanship of Authors.

Is there really any connection between the cast of a writer's mind and his handwriting? asks The Pall Mall Gazette. Thackeray was one of the neatest of writers and boasted that if other trades failed he could get his living by writing the Lord's Prayer on a shilling. Keats wrote like a clerk, and Gray, Tom Moore, Leigh Hunt and Sir Walter Scott all used running hands, which were legible without any marked characteristics. The same may be said of the writings of Anthony Trollope and Professor Tyndall, none, perhaps, of these writers being much given to subtlety of expression.

Carlyle, on the other hand, is said to have produced the most untidy and awful scribble that ever puzzled a compositor, and Victor Hugo, Browning and Tennyson were nearly as bad. Yet, although this looks as if there might be some sort of a rule in such matters, we find Napoleon, who certainly never failed in directness of expression, writing a hand that he could not read himself, and Macready, the actor, whose order for the theater was once taken for a prescription for a cough mixture.

One thing seems pretty certain—that the mere size of the letters has little to do with character.

Raleigh's Favorite Tipple.

Sir Walter Raleigh seems to have had a pretty taste in stimulants, to judge by his "cordial water," the recipe for which is copied from a cookbook nearly 300 years old. This is how Sir Walter concocted his favorite drink:

"Take a gallon of strawberries and put them into a pint of aqua vitæ (brandy). Let them stand so four or five days. Strain them gently out and sweeten the water as you please with fine sugar or else with perfume."

Queen Elizabeth was exceedingly fond of perfumes, and, according to this old book, her favorite scent was made in this manner: "Take eight spoonfuls of compound water, the weight of twopence in fine powdered sugar and boil it on hot embers or coals softly. Add half an ounce of sweet marjoram, dry it in the sun, the weight of twopence of powdered benjamin (benzoin?). This perfume is very good and sweet for the time."

Shorts In a Corner.

"Yes," said young Mr. Bashful to his best girl, "the stock market has been through considerable excitement of late."

"Oh, yes," the girl responded, eager to take part in conversation on a topic which interested her Adolphus. "I have read a lot about it in the paper—all about those dreadful bulls and bears and things."

"Yes," Adolphus went on; "they got the shorts in a corner and effectually squeezed them."

"Did they?"

"Yes."

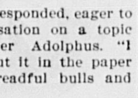
"I think," the demure maid added, after a few minutes' meditation, "that if ever I become a speculator I shall be a short."

A few minutes later she found it was not necessary to speculate in stock in order to be treated as a "short."—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

The Lemon.

The lemon contains various acids, citric acid among them, with citrate of potash, and these acids oxidize in the blood into carbonates of potash and carbonic acid. As scurvy is believed to be due to a lack of potash salts in the blood, we see how substances like lemons, potatoes and fresh vegetables generally act as preventives of the ailment. Also in rheumatism, in which it is desirable to maintain the alkaline character of the blood, lemons are of service. Beyond this I do not think anybody can vaunt the properties of the fruit. A healthy person has no more need of lemons than of, say, tea, for his ordinary food will supply him with all that is necessary for the maintenance of a sound body. People who talk about lemons as "good for the liver," and so forth, found their belief rather on faith than on knowledge.—London Chronicle.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 1.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxvi, 12-25. Memory Verses, 24, 25—Golden Text, Math. v, 9—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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12, 13. "Then Isaac sowed in that land and received in the same year an hundredfold, and the Lord blessed him." The previous chapter told us not only of the death and burial of Abraham and his son Ishmael, but also of the birth of Isaac's two sons, Jacob and Esau, and how Esau despised his birthright, preferring a present enjoyment to a future inheritance (Heb. xii, 16, 17). The beginning of our present chapter tells of a second famine and of Isaac going to sojourn among the Philistines at Gerar. The Lord appeared to him and confirmed His promise to Abraham and gave him "the stars of heaven" portion of the covenant. He fell into his father's sin concerning his wife and was rebuked by Abimelech; truly the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked (Jer. xvii, 9), even the heart of Abraham, and the heart of Isaac, and your heart and mine. All that God does He does for His great name's sake, pardoning our iniquities when we confess our sins (I John i, 9; Jer. xiv, 7).

14, 15. "The Philistines envied him." The majority of mere natural people would be apt to envy one whom they saw blessed and increasing, as Isaac was. It was contemptible to fill his wells with earth, but that was human, too, and devilish, for the merely human is apt to be much used by the devil. To see him prospering notwithstanding these hindrances was more than they could stand and must have made them full of indignation. Envy and strife is earthly, sensual, devilish, and leads to confusion and every evil work (Jas. iii, 14-16; Titus iii, 3). It is bad enough among those who know not God, but when it gets into churches and families it works great havoc and greatly grieves the Holy Spirit (Acts vii, 9; Eph. iv, 30-32).

16, 17. "Go from us, for thou art much mightier than we." Thus they sent him away, as he said afterward when they wanted his favor. "Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me and have sent me away from you?" (verse 27). The presence of the righteous is often a great torment to the ungodly; they cannot stand the sight; it is too strong for their weak eyes. Isaac might have reasoned and argued with them and have insisted on remaining where he was, and have defied them to send him away, but he was not that kind of a man; he was more inclined to yield for peace sake; he was a man of peace.

18, 19. Unless we know something of the meaning of scarcity of water we shall not appreciate what these wells meant, and the enormity of the sin of stopping them. To many people in India, where they have to go miles for water, a well is an inestimable boon. When in South Africa, spending a day at a mission in Natal, my wife, having washed her hands, was about to throw out the water, when she was greeted with such an exclamation of surprise and fear from several lady missionaries as she will not soon forget. They then told her that water was so scarce that they must all wash in that water. To stop the wells as the Philistines did because of their hatred was about equal to murder. See I John iii, 15.

20, 21. The contention and hatred manifested by these unrighteous and wicked Philistines (see the marginal meaning of the names Isaac gave these wells because of the strife) were certainly hard to put up with, and only by the marvelous grace of God could Isaac have acted as he did and yielded again and again to these unjust people the wells his servants had digged. Make the case your own; put yourself as far as you can in his place, that you may in some measure appreciate it.

22, 23. "Now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land." This he said when, after digging a third well, they did not strive for that one. After that he removed to Beersheba. Submission to wrong and oppression for the Lord's sake is not human, but it is Christlike and is a strong testimony for Him as we shall see. If we had anointed ears, we might often hear our Lord say to us, "Suffer it to be so now" (Math. iii, 15), and it would not seem so difficult if we would consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself; who, when He was reviled, reviled not again (Heb. xii, 3; I Pet. ii, 23).

24. "And the Lord appeared unto him the same night and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father; fear not, for I am with thee and will bless thee." What a reward for his meekness, a new revelation of God to him that very night with His glorious "Fear not, I am with thee." How small a well, or a dozen wells, and all one could be called upon to bear seem in comparison with such a revelation and assurance! Truly the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is and shall be ours (Rom. viii, 18).

25. "And he builded an altar there and called upon the name of the Lord and pitched his tent there; and there Isaac's servants digged a well." A tent with the Lord is enough; the Lord without the tent is enough, for a believer should be able to say with much assurance, "Lord, Thou art my dwelling place" (Ps. xc, 1). The tent, the altar and the words from God, "Fear not, for I am with thee and will bless thee," are all and more than heart can wish. It must have been the power of the presence of God that enabled Isaac to act so meekly. See in verse 28 the sequel and note the testimony of Abimelech and his officers, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee." The Lord was seen in Isaac in his yieldingness, for "yielding pacifieth great offenses," and we are exhorted to let our yieldedness be known to all men, for the Lord is at hand (Eccl. x, 4; Phil. iv, 5). Had Isaac stood for his rights, as we say, in the matter of the wells, God would not have been seen in him. We must contend earnestly for the faith (Jude 3), but when we can avoid strife by a little yielding let us yield in His name, though it may seem a personal loss. Isaac might have sent these Philistines away and have refused further intercourse because of their former conduct, but grace again prevails, and now we see the sequel to this yieldedness. Isaac's servants were digging a well at Beersheba and that same day they came and told Isaac that they had found water (verse 32).

Different From the Rest.

They are talking about how they happened to marry.

"I married my wife," said one after the others had all had their say, "because she was so different from any woman I had ever met."

"How was that?" chorused the others.

"She was the only woman I ever met who would have me."

A Hard Character.

He—I went to the palmist's last week to have my character read.

She—Yes? What did he say?

He—He didn't say anything. He looked at my hand, coughed a bit and then gave me my money back.—New York Times.

Born With Less.

"When I started out in life, I didn't have a dollar to my name," said the man who boasts.

"That's nothing," answered the satirical friend. "When I started out, I didn't even have all of my name. It was several weeks before I was christened.—Washington Star.

HOW TO REST AND SLEEP.

A Physician Gives Some Directions For Getting Good Results.

Any one who is nervous should be careful how he expends energy. To rest should not be an art difficult of acquirement or one requiring a teacher, yet many know very little of it. If you are physically tired, a very few minutes flat on your back is worth as a means of repair an hour's sitting in a chair, but mind that it be flat, not reclining on a lounge or with your spine bent out of shape in a deep chair in which your weight rests on any part of your body except the part intended to support it—above all, not in a rocking chair, that special trap for the nervous. Besides getting into this position you must lie still in it, not holding yourself down on to the couch or endeavoring to hold that article of furniture down—that is, you must be loose, relaxed, unstrung. Look at a child in bed, limbs sprawled all abroad, for "how to do it"—the ease of the careless position is more characteristic of perfect relaxation than the more composed attitude of a sleeping adult, says Dr. John K. Mitchell in Harper's Bazar.

Learn to keep still when you rest. When you move, move with the part of the body needed. Do not waste your force by walking with your arms and face as well as with your legs. If circumstances force an unusual and fatiguing amount of exertion upon you, break it now and then by periods of absolute rest. No matter how brief they are, they will be useful if you make them complete and perfect in the way described. This is true of mental as well as bodily exertion. A minute or two minutes of quiet, with eyes closed if possible, with your tension relaxed and the gearing of the machinery thrown off for the moment, will help and refresh you greatly. Here, again, more may be gained if the ability to relax mentally can be secured in a fashion similar to the withdrawing of muscular tension. Learn to empty your mind when not using it.

This will not only help for the purpose of temporary repose, but may be made useful in bringing about sleep. It can, like the trick of muscle relaxation, be acquired and made habitual. You will then be less liable to have your day's work of worry pursue you to bed and fasten upon you, to the banishment of all possibility of going to sleep, or if you escape this, follow you into the land of Nod and hag ride you in your dreams.

Dr. Mitchell gives some good advice about the art of wooing sleep that is worth quoting.

"Overanxiety about sleep hinders its coming and makes one wakeful. Muscular relaxation and a mind emptied of thought are the preliminary requisites," he says. "It may be worth while to add that while we know very little of the physiology of sleep, it is pretty certain that the amount of blood in the brain is lessened during sleep, though whether this diminution in the blood supply is preliminary to or consequent upon sleep is unsure. The ordinary household remedies for wakefulness are founded on this fact—a hot footbath, a hot water bag to the body, a warm drink, which draws blood to the stomach, all having more or less directly the effect of reducing the quantity of blood in the head. Almost all sleep producing medicines act in the same manner, but these are undesirable for nervous people, who too easily grow dependent upon them. The habit of their use is not so dangerous as the slavery to pain suppressing drugs, the greatest reason against them being rather in their somewhat depressing nervous and physical after effects. On the other hand, thought certainly increases the amount of blood in the head."

Living In Hope.

A cabdriver of the night hawk species, who begins to look for his prey even before the sun goes down, patronizes a little Italian bootblack named Tony. Every evening about 6 o'clock he pulls up in front of Tony's stand, climbs from his perch, seats himself in the chair and demands a shine. Tony always responds with great alacrity, but never gets any pay. Still he seems satisfied.

"How is it you shine his shoes for nothing?" asked another customer one evening, as the Jehu climbed up to his seat and drove off.

"Dat's Jeem," replied Tony, smiling until his white teeth fairly gleamed. "Jeem is-a ma frien'."

"Yes, he seems to be your friend," said the man in the chair. "You give him a shine every night, don't you? What has he ever done for you?"

"Oh, Jeem, he's-a all right," replied Tony. "He's a good-a fel. He say to me once, 'Tony, you give-a me a shine evra day, an' some-a time I tak-a you out an' give-a you a ride.'"

'How long ago was that?" asked the customer.

"T'ree year ago," said Tony, still smiling. "Some-a time Jeem, he tak-a me out. Jeem, he's a good-a fel."—Philadelphia Record.

Work.

Work does not necessarily imply manual labor. There are people who, if they see you without anything in your hands—spade or hammer, book, pen or paintbrush, or what not—assume that you are necessarily idling away your time. There is a story told of Archbishop Tait that some guest at Addington asked one of the chaplains what the archbishop, who had apparently spent the entire day strolling about the garden picking caterpillars off the flowers or watching the birds on the lawn, meant by saying that it was one of his busiest days in the year. "So it is," replied the chaplain. "His grace has been preparing his charge to the clergy, and tomorrow he will be able to sit down and dictate it right off to me or some other of his secretaries."—London Post.

Sun Sets Twice a Day.

A very curious astronomical phenomenon occurs in the heavens at a certain time of the year, and which can only be witnessed by standing in the parish churchyard of Leek, in Staffordshire, England.

From that position the top of a mountain known as the Cloud breaks the line of sight and fully intercepts your view of the setting of the sun. This mountain is six miles distant, as the crow flies, from the town of Leek, and owing to its peculiar formation causes the sun, when it has entered that sign of the zodiac known as Cancer, which happens when we are about half way through the year, to produce the strange effect of setting twice daily.

The first time that it sets the town sinks into darkness, and the inhabitants light up their houses and shops in the usual way; presently dawn suffuses over the town, clear daylight follows and artificial lights are put out.

At the second setting of the sun darkness sets in for good. This phenomenon continues for some days.

The head and shoulders of the distant mountain intervene just at the juncture when the sun at the first setting drops behind the top or head of the mountain. There he hides for some time and emerges again from behind just below the head and throws daylight out upon the locality once more, when he again sinks behind the mountain's shoulders and finally sets behind the horizon.—Stray Stories.

Training Moorish Maidens.

The moment a Moorish maiden is engaged it is the bounden duty of her parents to fatten her up like a lamb for the sacrifice. And this is where man intervenes to thwart the plans of nature. The male is generally slim, wiry, sinewy, all bone, muscles and thews, and he likes his mate to be as complete a contrast to himself as possible. So she has to train for it and to persevere until she becomes a woman of four dimensions, an unwieldly bolster of solid flesh wherein the soul is entombed forever.

Every morning she takes the soft part of her wheaten bread and rolls it into long, round pieces about twice the length of her little finger and of the girth of her thumb. After each full meal she eats three or four of these, gradually increasing the dose. At first, while the spirit is willing and the flesh is still weak, she is allowed to wash them down with milk or green tea. Later on liquids are tabooed. Most girls manage in time to put away 50 or 60 of these aids to obesity every day. By the time the wedding day comes round brides have wholly lost their slimness, and after a few years they have irretrievably forfeited the female form divine and resemble huge sacks of down.

One of those ladies having emigrated to Spain, her friends there had to have a huge crescent hewn out of the dinner table to accommodate her. In Morocco tables are not yet the fashion, no more than knives and forks.

Lamont and Cleveland.

The story of how Dan Lamont first won Cleveland's confidence and rose through Mr. Cleveland's favor and his own ability from the position of a private secretary of the governor to a place in the president's cabinet is an interesting one.

When Mr. Cleveland was nominated for governor, Lamont was connected with the state democratic committee. He had never met Mr. Cleveland. Evidently he saw great possibilities in Mr. Cleveland's career, for he determined to win his friendship. Every night he wrote out a report upon the political situation in the state based upon the latest information which had come to the committee and mailed the report to Mr. Cleveland at Buffalo. When Mr. Cleveland was elected governor, he chose Lamont for his private secretary over many aspirants. On the day of the inauguration Mr. Lamont asked the governor what time he would expect him at the executive mansion the next morning.

"Oh, 'long about 9 o'clock," said the governor. When Lamont went home that evening, he told his wife to see that breakfast was ready at 7:30. He was at the executive chamber at 8 o'clock.

"I had not been in more than ten minutes," says Mr. Lamont in telling the story, "when in walked the governor."—New York Times.

The Human Voice.

There is no greater revealer of character than the human voice. It is the first thing that strikes us in a stranger or in a new acquaintance. If it has that spontaneous ring of truth that no training can impart, we recognize its appeal for confidence. Some voices have the jar of falsehood and are as full of warning as the hiss of a serpent. The unconscious natural voice is to be regarded as the index of character. To speak promptly and positively is generally to act promptly and positively, to speak politely is to act politely, and to speak gruffly and rudely is a good way to make rude action easy.—Amelia E. Barr in Ladies' Home Journal.

Leaning Tower In England.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has a rival in the Temple tower of Bristol, in England. It is a square tower of early Gothic architecture. All its parts still preserve their normal relative positions without cracks or fissures. The tower, which is about 115 feet high, is five feet out of perpendicular at the summit. There are no records to show whether the inclination was part of the architect's design or whether it is the result of an earthquake or of slow changes in the inclination of the soil. For many years there has been no change in the slope of the tower.

Go to Bed at 10.

One of the foremost surgeons, who is a medical adviser to the throne, was called in to prescribe for a lady friend of mine who is very active in fashionable life. She was suffering from nervous breakdown, and he found her generally out of order in brain, eyes, heart and digestive organs. I am going to tell you freely what he said, though it cost her $50 to hear him:

"I cannot cure you," says he, "but you can easily cure yourself. All you have to do is to go to bed at 10 o'clock every night, no matter what company you are entertaining or what temptation you have to go out and stay out late. I do it, and have for years refused to allow any business or pleasure to interfere with my habit. If you don't do it, your friends will say: 'Mrs. —— was a clever woman. How well she used to entertain us! But she is dead and gone.' If you do it, they will have no chance to declare you dead and gone for many a year to come. There, that's my prescription. You will not follow it, I know, but it is all I have to offer or suggest."—Julian Ralph in Collier's Weekly.

A Dog Star.

The perfect obedience of dogs who perform in public is the result of a wonderful amount of patience on the part of their trainers, but once they learn their tricks, they seldom forget them. A dog trainer says in the Philadelphia Record that there is one sound which a trick dog never forgets. It is the exclamation "Ip!" very short and sharp.

In teaching a dog to turn somersaults, we will say, a harness is generally used, and when the trainer says "Ip!" over goes the dog, whether it wants to or not. After a while it learns to associate the sound with the motion, and gradually the harness is discarded.

Walking along one of the Philadelphia streets recently, this trainer passed a dog that he recognized as a public performer. Just for fun the trainer said "Ip!"

Quick as a flash doggie turned a back somersault on the sidewalk. The dog's owner scowled at the trainer, but the passersby were openly amused, while the "star" trotted gayly off with the air of one who had done his duty.

THE ISLAND OF TAHITI.

It May Be Rightly Termed the Paradise of the Pacific.

Picture an island set in a reef of coral of myriad hues—the lagoon of a light green, outside the white foaming breakers the vast ocean of intense blue. On shore are great bunches of cocoanut palms lifting their plumes in stately magnificence, then there are lanes of trees blossoming in red and yellow flowers, and nestling in their midst are the low thatched houses of the natives. The delightful and healthy climate of the island brings to maturity all the products of the tropics, which are nowhere found in greater fullness and perfection than here. The wayfarer is soothed by the fragrance of sweet smelling flowers and delighted with the abundance of oranges, bananas, breadfruit and cocoanut which give a perennial supply of food to the natives.

Tahiti may be rightly termed the "paradise of the Pacific" or even the world, as in no other place is there so much variety of scenery. At every turn the constant surprises keep the traveler in a delirium of delight. Sometimes the sea lies before him, the waves wreathed in a foam of white breaking the silence in a continuous roar; on the other side the high, steep mountains in forms of towers, domes and steeples pierce the clouds. Now and then a silvery band of water falls from perpendicular heights to the turbulent stream below. Then you pass under the sheltering shadows of tall interlacing trees which excel even the grandeur of our elm. Farther on you pass through lanes lined with bananas, mango and groves of cocoanut.—Overland Monthly.

HAD NEVER BEEN ABROAD.

But For All That He Had Traveled "Fur and Wide."

"Have you spent all of your life right here in this one place?" asked a stranger of an old fellow he came across seated on a rail fence whittling in front of a log and slab cabin in one of the back counties of Arkansas.

"Not by a derned sight!" was the terse reply. "I been hyar the better part o' the time; but, la, I hev traveled fur an wide!"

"Ever been abroad?"

"Well, not eggsackly to say abroad, onless you call it goin abroad to go from here way over to Petersville. I been over thar twice in the last 40 year. It's 36½ miles to Peterville, an I been furder than that, fur my ole woman an me went clean to Hogback ridge on our weddin tower, an that's 41 mile from here. Then I been over in Pettis county to see my wife's folks twice, an that's twenty odd mile from here. Then I been over to Rocky Hill ez menny ez four times, an that's 18 mile. Ez I say, I been here most o' the time, but then I've traveled fur an wide all the same. I've seen the big four story mill over to Petersville an the engine kyars over to Peaville. I rid three miles on 'em, an it's all I want o' the pesky things. I've seen a calf with two heads an a feller that could eat fire and dance on broken glass in his bare feet. I see a man hung once an a hoss race fur a purse o' $65. Yes, sir; I been fur an wide, an I reckon I've seen the biggest part o' what there is to see in this world, an I don't lot on doin no more gaddin about."—Lippincott's.

The Giraffe's Timidity.

A giraffe is very timid on hearing slight sounds, but is indifferent to loud ones. A writer in The Leisure Hour says: "Noisy sounds, like a man walking by with hobnail boots, it does not notice, but a lady coming in with hardly more sound than the rustling of her dress makes it start, with pricked ears and eyes distended. We remember well, after a terrible explosion of gunpowder on a barge on the canal, asking the keeper of the giraffes of that day how they had taken it, and he said he was surprised how very little notice they took. They jumped to their feet, but almost at once lay down again when they found nothing happened. "But," he added, "if I were at nighttime to creep along that gallery in my socks they would be so scared that I believe they would dash themselves to bits." They fear the lurking foe, and a bing bang scares them less than a faint, rustling sound. They are in that respect very deerlike."

The Bloodstone.

Bloodstone, which is really green chalcedony spotted with jasper, is accounted for by the following legend: At the crucifixion a piece of chalcedony lay at the foot of the cross, and on it dropped the Saviour's blood, from which time the stone is said to have borne red spots, which are supposed to increase and to deepen in color when danger is near. It is also said to revive the spirits and to inspire to great deeds, to check excessive bleeding and last, but not least, to render its wearer invisible at will.

Queer Idea of Cures.

Modern wisdom smiles at the superstitious charms our fore fathers and mothers used to depend upon to cure their ills and preserve them in health. We are not all wise folk yet, by any means, but at least we do not believe, as the Devon and Cornwall people used to do, that the knucklebone of a leg of mutton worn round the neck is a sure cure for sciatica, or that "blackheads" in the face will disappear immediately if the afflicted individual creeps under an arched bramble branch.

A Somersetshire cure for consumption was to lead or carry the sufferer through a flock of sheep in the early morning, when they were first let out of the fold. Some mothers used to place consumptive children in cots in the center of a sheepfold and there leave them from 11:30 to 1 o'clock in the morning, believing that the malady would pass away before the rising of that morn's sun.

West of England folk say that an invalid, when going out for the first walk during convalescence, must take care to "go with the sun, from east to west, or west to east, if after sundown; otherwise a serious relapse cannot be avoided."

In South Wales, as late as 1848, a woman who had been bitten by a mad donkey was persuaded by her neighbors to go and eat grass in the nearest churchyard.—McCall's Magazine.

Food and Force.

The best nourished individual, other things being equal, is the strongest and most useful, and the best fed nations, other things being equal, are those which lead the progress of the world.

An abundance of food is to be regarded as the essential foundation for all individual, social, economic and national aggrandizement.—Dr. Wiley in Everybody's Magazine.

The Trouble.

"What's the matter with you lately? Has she thrown you over?"

"No; that's just what she refuses to do."—Town and Country.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M., **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00. A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8 45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 6.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Winchester, Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Boston & Northtern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
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14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m., 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

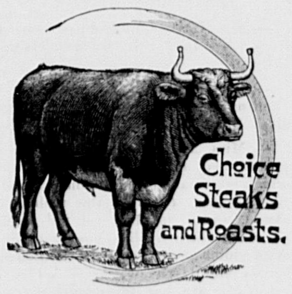
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



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241 Main St., Woburn

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DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

THE EGOTIST.

When I am glum and feeling blue,
Why does all earth seem that way too?

When I am feeling blithe and gay,
Why does the whole world seem at play?

When I was touched with love divine,
Why did the stars more brightly shine?

When jealousy or hate controlled,
Why did the stars at once grow cold?

I sometimes fear to burdened be
With such responsibility.

For good or better, bad or worse,
I regulate the universe!

—Washington Star.

PRE-EMPTED

The Story of a Man Who Escaped a Matrimonial Entanglement by Taking a Wife.

I am an architect and a few years ago was charged with the erection of a building in Boston, in the construction of which I used a considerable quantity of granite. I bought some of the stone of a down east woman whom I knew as Widow Haley. One day I called my assistant, Mr. Benjamin Barker, into my room and said: "Look here, Barker, you've got to go down to Widow Haley's. She sent word that there is some stone ready for us, and I want it looked over before it is shipped, especially those pillars for the entrance."

"Very well, sir," replied Barker. "I'll take the first train tomorrow and be back tomorrow night."

"No," said I, "don't do anything of the sort. Sit down and write the old lady that you'll be down to the place Saturday, and then she'll meet you at the train. Besides that, she'll kill a yellow legged chicken for your dinner."

It was about 10:30 o'clock when Barker reached Agamenticus, and when the train had gone he was like the world renowned Robinson Crusoe—"monarch of all he surveyed"—and he felt to a slight extent as Mr. Crusoe felt when he found himself all alone and "a long way removed from anywhere." But he was not a great while left to his meditations. It was not more than five minutes before his attention was attracted to a cloud of dust rising through the trees in the direction in which the highway leading by the station seemed to run. The cloud of dust came nearer very rapidly, and suddenly a powerful bay horse hitched to a Concord wagon bounded into view, and when Barker saw that a woman held the lines he conjectured that the woman was Widow Haley, and she was.

The horse approached the station at a smart pace and was brought to a standstill with a suddenness that must have given a shock to his nervous system.

"Good morning, madam," said Barker, lifting his hat and at the same time moving toward the wagon. He had been standing in such a position that the woman had not obtained a fair look at him, and as he moved out into full view she seemed to see something in him which had at first escaped her attention. Barker noticed that she gave a start, and that she had to pause a little before she spoke. But when she did speak it was with directness and without embarrassment.

"I'm Widder Haley," she said. "Be you the man from Architect Bullard's that was to meet me?"

"Yes, I'm your man," Barker answered. "Shall I climb in?"

Mrs. Haley gave her assent, and when Barker was seated by her side she hit the horse a vigorous slap with the end of the lines, and he was soon pulling his load briskly over the road which he had recently traveled in an opposite direction. It was about four miles to the quarries, and though Barker made several attempts to engage the widow in conversation he got very little out of her more than yes and no until the ride was almost completed. But he was conscious that the widow was greatly interested in him, for he could see that she was all the while, as openly as she dared, engaged in looking him over. They were well along in the last mile of the road when Barker, turning sharply around, caught the widow's eye while she was gazing earnestly upon his face.

"Well," he said good naturedly, "what is it?"

The woman blushed and turned her head away.

"I s'pose I was rude," she said when she had thought out her reply, "but I couldn't help it. You look so much like him."

"Who's 'him?'" demanded Barker.

"My husband."

"The late Mr. Haley?"

"Yes. He's been dead an gone these 20 years, but when I see him last he was as much like you as peas is like peas."

At the quarries Barker heard corroborative evidence as to his resemblance to the defunct Mr. Haley. Two old men stopped hammering stone and looked at him, and he heard one of them say to his mate, "Did you ever see a man look so much like another as that feller looks like Rufe Haley?"

It was understood when Barker and Mrs. Haley left the quarries that the former should not return to Boston until Monday, for there was a certain stone quarrying which would not be ready for examination earlier than Monday morning. "I guess you'll get along all right over Sunday," the widow said. "You kin climb the mountin an go gunnin, and p'r'aps Effie will take you out a-ridin in the arternoon."

"Effie; that's a girl's name, is it not?"

"Yes, Effie is my daughter, an if I do say it nobody ain't got no better girl than she is."

"Of course not."

"She was jest a year old when her father died, an I've had to bring her up all by myself, but I ain't ashamed of her. I think she's a pretty likely girl. I don't know what you'll think of her."

"Oh, I'm sure that I shall like her!" said Barker laughingly.

Upon the wall of the room into which Barker was shown on arrival at the widow's house was a large photograph of the late lamented Haley. Barker no sooner set eyes on this picture than he was ready to share with the widow and the two quarrymen their astonishment at his resemblance to the man who had been 20 years dead. When dinner was served, Barker found the yellow legged chicken which had been promised him and sundry other things good to eat. He enjoyed his dinner very well until the servant spilled a quart bowl of hot pudding sauce down his neck and back. When that happened, he felt uncomfortable for a minute, which of course was perfectly natural.

"You'd better take the coat off an have it cleaned before the stuff dries in," said the widow.

"But," objected Barker, "I can't go around in my shirt sleeves."

"Would you be willin," asked the widow, "to wear one of Rufus' coats?"

"Certainly, madam," said Barker.

The widow bustled off up stairs and was soon back again, holding out a long tailed, shiny black coat. Barker took the coat and after regarding it for a little while as it hung suspended from his thumb and forefinger by the back of its neck put it on and finished his dinner. He was still wearing the coat an hour later, when the widow's daughter Effie arrived home from North Berwick.

Now, it happened that this coat was the very one which the late lamented wore when the photograph was taken of which mention has been made, and clad in it Barker looked more like his prototype in the picture than before. When the widow presented him to her daughter, the young woman caught the resemblance as quickly as her mother had, although she had no recollection of her father and only knew how he looked by having familiarized herself with his face in the big photograph. Barker, on his side, did not fail to mark a similarity between the daughter's features and his own; but, seeing that the widow was looking at him inquiringly and expectantly, it occurred to him to ask her if she still considered him a reproduction of her departed husband.

"More than ever," said the widow. "And when I look on you an Effie standin there together I kin scarcely believe that you ain't brother an sister."

When bedtime came, Barker was conducted to a chamber leading off from the room where the widow kept her safe and account books. He went off to sleep very easily in spite of the fact that he was incased in a strange nightshirt, one of the late lamented's, and, if he had not been disturbed, would have continued sleeping till morning. As it was, he was awakened a little after midnight by noise in the next room. Listening, he heard what seemed to be blows upon some hard substance. Instantly he thought of the safe. The next instant he slid quietly out of bed and started upon a tour of investigation.

He moved noiselessly toward the door connecting his room with the outer chamber and stood upon the threshold a number of seconds watching what was transpiring in the outer room before the persons who were working there were aware of his presence. He saw two men, one of whom was gray whiskered and apparently 50 years old, engaged with hammer and chisel upon the safe. The gray whiskered man was the first to take cognizance of Barker, and he no sooner saw him than, with a loud shriek, he threw down his tools and started on the run for the door leading into the hall.

"Quick, Joe!" he called back to his younger mate. "Quick, Joe; don't you see Rufe Haley's ghost there in the doorway?"

The younger man ran after the older one, and after the two ran Barker, still in his borrowed nightshirt and nothing else, carrying one of the burglars' hammers in one hand and their lamp in the other. He followed the men down stairs and into the sitting room, but he did not leap after them out of the window. Probably he would not have done that under any circumstances, clad as he was, but there was one overpowering circumstance in the case which made him understand that the sphere of his duty was inside the house. Something which he saw after he had entered the sitting room stopped him short in his pursuit of the burglars, and for a second or two riveted him motionless to the floor.

He saw three bed gowned, bare toed women sitting in a row of chairs placed against a side of the room, bound hand and foot and made mutes of by something crammed into their mouths, each staring at him with widely distended eyes. Barker recognized in the three women the widow, the widow's daughter and the woman who had scalded him with her pudding gravy. His first impulse was immediately to set the three women loose, and acting under this impulse he placed hammer and lamp upon the floor and moved toward the bandaged group.

But he quickly changed his mind, the thought suddenly occurring to him that he was not confronted by a life or death condition and that the call upon him was not so imperative that he would be justified in answering it while he was so scantily clothed.

"Pardon me, ladies," he said. "I was not aware that you were in this room or I should not have followed those gentlemen in here. If you will excuse me for a moment, I will—'see you later.'"

He whisked out of the room, rushed up the stairs three at a time, dived into his bedchamber, grabbed his trousers, got into them fireman fashion on the way down stairs, and within a minute from the time of his departure from the room where the women were he had returned to it and was ready to begin the work of emancipation. When he had finished it, he retired to complete his toilet, promising to return very soon.

When he reappeared, he found the widow alone; no, not alone, for she was sitting with a double barreled gun over her shoulder, gazing fixedly at the windows through which the burglars had made their exits.

"I didn't know but that they might come back ag'in," she said.

"I guess not," said Barker. "But give me the gun and go to bed yourself. I'll lie down here on the lounge and keep guard, and if any burglar tries to enter here I'll blow his head off—if I can get near enough to hit him," he added sotto voce, calling to mind the fact that he had never fired a gun in his life. "But where were the hired men?" he asked, after a pause. "Or did they kill the hired men outright?"

"The hired men," answered the widow—"the hired men is over to Ellot to a weddin. That's why we women was left alone."

"Weddings are bad things," said Barker impressively.

But of course he spoke jokingly, for he knew that he himself was to be married the very next week to my daughter. He told the widow the following day about the approaching wedding. She had just suggested to him the possibility of a union with her daughter.

"I'm a sudden sort of a woman," she had said. "I ain't one of them who believes in deliberatin an prayin. I make up my mind sho't off where I want to go, an I git there as quick as I kin. I only knowed my husband 24 hours before I was married to him, an I didn't make no mistake, nuther. Now I want to ask you a question—How would you like to marry my daughter?"

The average man in Barker's place would have been stunned by a proposition like this, but Barker answered to it without the least hesitation.

"Nothing would suit me better," he said, "but I have been pre-empted by another woman, and she takes possession of me next Friday."

Barker in all human probability will never see the Haleys again, but he has certainly made an impression upon their minds which is destined to last. Neither mother nor daughter ever looks at the photograph of the late lamented Rufus Haley without recalling that another man one day stood in front of it who, though (so far as they knew) he had not a drop of Haley blood in him, was Rufus Haley all over again.

The Drug Habit.

A fruitful source of poisoning is to be found in methylated spirits. In factories where fine chemicals and pharmaceutical preparations are made many hundreds of gallons of this spirit have to be used in the course of a year. This spirit is far superior, of course, to the article sold at the oil shop or retail drug store, and many of the factory workers so quickly develop a liking for it that it is often necessary to watch them carefully to prevent leakage.

Chloroform and mythylated spirits are the principal but not the only form in which temptation comes to the employees in chemical factories. Agreeable but insidious drugs have to be used in large quantities, and many who have the handling of them seem quite unable to resist the opportunity of tasting. It was the open boast of one employee known to the writer that he had tasted everything the firm made or stocked, and the practice is probably not an uncommon one.

Many a victim of a drug poison which is slowly corroding all that is best in him physically and morally can trace his deadly habit to that unfortunate day when he began indiscriminate tasting, when he first ate of the tree of knowledge.—Chambers' Journal.

Thought It Was the Monkey's.

A diamond necklace was possessed by Mme. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire, the wife of the famous French naturalist. It was one of the chiefest of her "contentments" as Hindoo women aptly term their jewels. One day madame missed her necklace. There was a terrible turmoil in the house, and all the servants down to the foolish, fat scullion, were suspected, but in turn proved their innocence. At last it was remembered that M. de St. Hilaire had a pet monkey, and on a search being made in the "glory hole" of the quadrumane the precious bauble was discovered hidden away with a white satin shoe, several cigar ends, a pencil case and a decomposed apple.

The renowned naturalist calmly observed that he had frequently seen the monkey playing with the necklace. "Why did you not take it from him?" indignantly asked his spouse. "I thought it belonged to him," replied M. de St. Hilare. He evidently thought there was nothing unnatural in an ape possessing a diamond necklace as his personal property.

Too Long a Look Ahead.

"I tell you," said the man who was wearing a last year's hat, "it's pretty hard on a fellow to have a wife who never looks ahead."

"Oh, I don't know," his companion sadly replied. "Sometimes I think there's such a thing as looking ahead too much. Now, take my wife, for instance. She always buys clothes that are two sizes too large for our boy, so that he can grow into them next year."

"Well, you oughtn't kick on that."

"I wouldn't if they ever lasted long enough to be a fit."—Chicago Herald.

A Light Repast.

Hungry Horace—Kind lady, can't ye gimme somepin ter eat? I ain't ate nothin sence day before yesterday.

Kind Lady—And what did you eat then?

Hungry Horace—Nothin but de market report in an old paper.—Baltimore American.

The Candid Suburbanite.

"I suppose people around here raise their own vegetables?"

"Some do; others merely plant them."—Puck.

It may be that you haven't more trouble than others, but that you have more time to think about it.—Atchison Globe.

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A LAND OF LAZINESS.

HAPPY GO LUCKY LIFE IS THE RULE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

In That Sleepy Province Nobody Hurries or Worries—Strangers and Tourists Are Welcomed and Skies Are Always Blue.

Up in Nova Scotia there is a train called the "Flying Bluenose" which runs between Yarmouth and Halifax. The adjective is used adversely, because in all the province there is nothing else that flies or hurries. It is a lazy, sleepy, happy go lucky land where men are satisfied with a modest competence turned up from the fields or drawn from the sea. Why a people who must fight the rigors of a long winter are not more enterprising is a problem for the ethnologist. The summer visitor does not puzzle his head with it. He is content to lie outstretched in grass of emerald green and gaze at skies of deepest blue.

It was on the "Flying Bluenose" that a traveler asked the conductor—very gay in blue and brass—if the train would begin its flight on time. The conductor smiled genially and irresistibly. It was clear that the world was his friend. The traveler waited for an answer and then repeated his query. The conductor smiled again, even more genially.

"Well," he replied, "maybe it will and maybe it won't."

In his answer lay the spirit of the place. At first the tourist rebels against it. He wants to be told to "Hurry up!" and "G'wan there!" It doesn't seem quite right that his quasi host should take life quite so easily when perhaps he himself has run a block to catch the train. But ten hours beyond Yarmouth the tourist swings around to the conductor's point of view. Suddenly he discovers that he is walking like an ordinary man, that he is thinking of something besides time tables and that on no account should he do today what he can put off till tomorrow. He concludes that time is a servant, not a master; that life is not arithmetic to be reckoned in integers and fractions.

As a natural corollary to this proposition of placid existence there follows the whole souled cordiality which the Nova Scotians show to strangers. It isn't because they want only the strangers' money. Keepers of boarding houses and proprietors of hotels in certain other quarters of the North American continent want the strangers' money, and, what is more, they get it in a hammer and tongs sort of way. To the Nova Scotian the summer exodus is an event whose financial interest is absolutely subsidiary.

The Bluenose likes to meet and talk to the man from Boston or New York or Chicago. He is so busy about nothing in particular that he is interested in everything in general. Ask him for a match, stop him to inquire the time of day, and he chats with you for an hour. There is no need for him to hurry to store the fragrant marsh hay in the barn. The oxen will wait patiently. Tomorrow's sky will be blue. There will always be another harvest.

The Bluenose doesn't inquire whether or no you like Nova Scotia. Wisely, he takes it for granted that you do. His conversation has to do with matters of personal and intimate interest. He desires to know the stranger's vocation, his age, his politics, what is going on in the States, anything new. The inquisition is so deft that the most secretive person in the world tells his questioner more than he asks. There are no false ideas of station to interrupt intercourse.

A driver at Wolfville was taking a party of tourists through the country of the Acadians, which Longfellow immortalized, and which, by the way, he never visited. The horses started out bravely, then trotted lazily and finally dropped into a walk.

The driver ventured a comment or two on the weather and finally entered into his passengers' conversation.

"I thought you were our driver," said one of them pointedly.

"I'm a gentleman first," quoth the driver.

Nova Scotia is not yet tourist ridden. Its comparative inaccessibility has been its salvation. There is elbow room for everybody and living is inexpensive. The first price is tentative, and there is a sliding scale with apparently no bottom. Twenty-five cents means much to the man who stables your horses or rents you a bicycle. And he does the stabling or the renting with such an air of perfect good will and understanding that you feel like the recipient of a distinguished favor. It is a pleasant feeling because it is not surcharged with the dollar mark.

Altogether, the peninsula is partly Acadia and entirely Arcadia. From Yarmouth to Halifax, through Digby and Wolfville, the tourist drifts slowly, lazily, happily. The world seems to him good whether he be sailing Yarmouth harbor, skirting the shore of Annapolis basin or loitering in the shadow of old Blomidon. He looks down into Gaspereau valley and vows that never was there a more beautiful picture. He sees the meadows of Grand Pre under an August moon and understands the love of the Acadians for their adopted country.—New York Mail and Express.

A Homemade Cough Remedy.

A good cough sirup is made of one pound of figs, one pound of raisins, three lemons, one-half pound of rock candy, one-half pound of loaf sugar and one quart of cider brandy. Split the fruit and slice the lemons and put them in a tight jar in layers. Divide the sugar and rock candy evenly between the layers and pour over the whole the cider brandy. Allow it to stand three days before using. Take a wineglass full three times a day.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree."

The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner.

Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties.

The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing its loss is ascribed to the woman.—Youth's Companion.

Reggie and the Flood.

Reginald, 8 years old, has lately begun to attend Sunday school. Thus far his education has been along "liberal" lines and has included more humorous nursery rhymes than Scripture, but now he is being taught something of the Bible. The lesson last Sunday was on the flood and the landing of the ark. To prepare him for his appearance at Sunday school his sister Constania, aged 15, drilled Reginald a little, and to make it interesting she gave him all the poetry and stories about the ark that she could think of.

At the Sunday school the teacher seemed pleased with Reginald's interest in the subject, and she asked him:

"What verse in the chapter about the flood did you like best, Reginald?"

And he answered confidently and loudly:

"He drove the animals two by two,
The el-ee-phant and the kangaroo!"

After his recollection of the Scripture had been corrected by the elimination of this passage the teacher told how the animals on the ark included all the known existing species. Reginald has a very fair knowledge of geography, and he promptly put this question to the teacher:

"How did the Rocky mountain goat get on the ark?"

The question remains unanswered.—New York Mail and Express.

The Fulmar Petrel.

The fulmar petrel somewhat resembles a common gull at a distance, but has a much more graceful flight, skimming the waves or hovering by the cliffs without perceptible motion of the wings. It makes its nest upon the grassy ledges and cliffs of St. Kilda and is caught with a rod in the same way as a puffin, only as it is found on the precipices it is more difficult to secure.

It was greatly valued formerly for its oil, of which each bird has about half a pint and which it uses as a means of defense and ejects with great force at an enemy. The present general use of mineral oils makes that of the fulmar of less importance, but it is the purest animal oil in existence and is still used for various purposes and also medicinally by the natives for sprains and bruises.—Good Words.

Origin of "a Horn."

A western man at a fashionable bar in New York called for a horn and then had to tell the drink mixer that it was whisky he wanted before he got his order filled.

"Curious," commented the westerner, "how people in the east can't understand plain English. Anybody down in Kentucky knows what 'a horn' is and how it got its name."

"How did it get its name?" inquired a bystander.

"Well, along about 100 years ago the first distillery ever established in Tennessee was set up in Davidson county. It was called the Red Heifer, and the customers who assembled at the still, especially on Saturday afternoon, to drink and gamble, got in the habit of speaking of a dram as 'a horn of the heifer.' As Tennessee was the first state to be settled west of the Alleghanies the phrase spread all over the west and southwest, finally being contracted into the single word 'horn.'"—New York Times.

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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 6, 1901.

☞ On September 1, 1899, Captain Linwood E. Hanson left this city for Fort Ethan Allen at Burlington, Vt., to join the 43d Regiment, U. S. V., then preparing for service in the Philippine Islands. He had previously been appointed by Governor Wolcott Captain of Company B of that Regiment. On arriving at the Fort he was selected as a Recruiting Officer and immediately returned to Woburn and Boston for men. On September 11 he left the Railroad Station with 32 recruits for Burlington, and that was his final departure from here, for as soon as the Regiment was filled up it sailed for the Philippine Islands, which were reached in due season, and where Captain Hanson did efficient military civil service until the expiration of his enlistment, or the Regiment was ordered back to the United States. He arrived with the Regiment, on the return voyage, at San Francisco on June June 26 last, and reached his home here on August 30, sound and well, and happy to see his hosts of old friends, as they were glad to meet him once more. He was mustered out of service at San Francisco on July 5, but remained there some time longer in order to take an examination by a Military Board for admission to the Regular Army. This, it is believed, he passed with success, and now awaits his commission and assignment to duty, which he will doubtless receive inside of two or three weeks, and perhaps sooner. Captain was not sick a day while in the Philippines, and reports that there was but very little illness in his Company during their service there. He speaks highly of the Islands, the climate, agricultural, forest and mineral wealth, which only needs Yankee intelligence, enterprise and money to make the great group one of the richest sections of country in the world. With proper care and temperate habits a New Englander is a immune to disease there as among his native hills, he says, and his experience, and that of his command, goes to prove it. The Captain thinks well of the intelligence of the Philippine people and places them above the Cubans in that respect, as well as in many others. He received a warm greeting from his friends here on his arrival last Friday and has done a good deal of handshaking since. Many regret his decision to go into the Regular service, but he has made that his choice and it is not for others to object. He has our best wishes for a long life and a happy one, and for an early promotion in the Army.

☞ Baseball and trolley touring held the boards in this town Labor Day. The forenoon and afternoon ball games attracted large crowds from the Centre and left it wearing an appearance similar to that of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Were it not for the fact that a detailed account of them would be labelled a "back number," or charged with smelling musty like tomes of ancient history, the JOURNAL would give one, but it hates to be laughed at. The great Labor parade, the crack 69th New York Regiment, the rowing and sailing matches, the athletic sports, field games, and lot of other attractions, in Boston, filled the steam and electric cars with Woburn people all the forepart of the day, and and also at night. It was said that the parades were witnessed by 20,000 people. Then there were the trolley rides. Lexington and Concord were strong magnets; Pinehurst Park on the Shawsheen caught a goodly number of the men, women and children in pursuit of a good time; but the beaches were the objective point of bigger crowds than any other. People just swarmed to the beaches. The electrics had all they could possibly do, and sometimes it almost seemed as though they would have to throw up their jobs. And all this time, as we said before, this city was as quiet and peaceable as a lamb.

☞ Zealously advocating through the columns of their respective papers the nomination of a gentleman of this city whose candidacy for Representative the Republicans have rejected, the Woburn reporters of the Boston *Globe* and Boston *Herald* still blindly and vehemently insist that the busted Horn Pond Boulevard project is a live issue in the present campaign! Is it possible that there is on record a more conspicuous case of "zeal without knowledge?"

☞ Some of the Boston papers have taken it upon themselves to announce that the friends of Hon. John P. Feeney, who has honorably filled the office in years gone by, are urging him to accept, this fall, another term as Mayor of this city. Enjoying a large and lucrative law practice, we think it perfectly safe to say that nothing could induce ex-Mayor Feeney to take another nomination, and that efforts to that end will prove unavailing.

☞ Now that Alderman James R. Wood of Ward 5 has been kindly notified by special messenger that opposition, in a certain quarter, to his nomination for Mayor next November has been magnanimously withdrawn, it is highly probable that Alderman Wood will do pretty much as he pleases about running for that office.

☞ All Republican Caucuses for the choice of delegates to conventions and the nomination of caucuses of candidates for the General Court must be held on Sept. 25. Pick your flints, gentlemen, and get ready for the battle.

☞ It is about as good as settled that Josiah Quincy, ex-Mayor of Boston, who took up his residence in England a year or two ago but subsequently thought better of it, is to be the Democratic candidate for Governor of this State this fall. If such should be the case, where will Gam Bradford be at?

A Communication.

MR. EDITOR—Allow me to speak a few words in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I suffered for three years with the bronchitis and could not sleep at nights. I tried several doctors and various patent medicines, but could get nothing to give me any relief until my wife got a bottle of this valuable medicine, which has completely relieved me.—W. S. BROCKMAN, Bagnell, Mo. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mrs. Lewis—Piano.
L. W. Allen—Room.
C. E. Smith—Notice.
S. F. Co.—"Just" etc.
G. E. Rogers—Order.
J. A. Renwick—Dyeing.
M. H. Littlefield—Violin.
A. F. Converse—Citation.
M. L. Fletcher—Wall Paper.
Ayer & Son—Standard Oil Co.
Ayer & Son—Kennedy Biscuit.
City of Woburn—Registration.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Miss Edith Cotton is visiting at Seabrook, N. H.

— Mayor Davis is enjoying a well earned vacation.

— Miss Grace Heartz passed her vacation at Harwich, Mass.

— Children, school begins next Monday. Are you all ready for it?

— Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Scudder got home a few days ago from their vacation.

— Miss M. Josephine Smith is making a visit at her old home No. 520 Main St.

— Miss Virginia T. Lewis left Boston last Friday afternoon for her home in Chicago.

— Mrs. Phinney accepted an invitation to dine with relatives in Chelsea on Labor Day.

— Mr. George R. Ferguson, of the B. & M. Railroad Company, is taking a Western trip.

— Miss Alice Grammer returned Monday from an enjoyable outing at Pine Point, Me.

— Mr John T. Trull and family have returned from the seaside to their home on Auburn street.

— Mrs. Sophia Hovey was the guest of Mrs. Lucy Carswell at Marblehead Neck last Sunday.

— The song service at the Swedish Lutheran Church last Sunday evening was well attended.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson occupies the pleasantest office in the Savings Bank and enjoys it.

— Miss Mary Agnew and Miss Carrie Andruss took a sea trip to Provincetown last Tuesday.

— Cashier Day of the First National Bank and his sister Jessie A. spent last week at Annisquam.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce was elected Alderman to fill vacancy in Ward 4 by the Council last evening.

— The wife of the notorious Charles Stain was a witness in the Woburn District Court a few days ago.

— Mrs. E. H. Smith will open Dressmaking Parlors at 86 Beach Street corner of Salem, Sept 9th.

— The annual Fair of the Swedish Lutheran Church will be held in Winchester Town Hall on Oct. 24, 26.

— Mr. Waldo Thompson left here on Aug. 25 for a business trip to Wyoming and other sections of the West.

— The National Band of this city played, with scores of others, for the great Labor parade in Boston last Monday.

— Mrs. Mary E. Plannett and her niece Miss Bertha Smith returned from their vacation visit in New Hampshire last week.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint arrived home from Camden, Maine, last Monday. As usual, he had a fine time down there.

— Mr. Joseph C. Larock, the painter, left last Monday for Northern Vermont and will visit Bakersfield, his native town.

— Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor and Marion Taylor reached home from Salisbury Beach last Saturday after a fine outing there.

— It is surmised that the prolonged absence of Captain John P. Crane from the city has been detrimental to the cause of golf.

— Mr. James Cotter, a machinist in the U. S. Navy, has been visiting friends here. He has lately returned from the far East.

— Mrs. E. H. Smith will open School of Dressmaking at 86 Beach street Sept. 16th. Pupils will be prepared for Spring Season.

— Last Sunday evening was a rainy one in very deed. Again kind Providence gave the hired man a chance to rest from his weary labors.

— Mr. Charles Damon of Boston and Mr. Benjamin W. Damon of Cochituate were present at the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Lawrence.

— The L. & B. St. Ry. Co. are going right to work finishing their line from Winn street to Harrison Ave. and will soon have it in use.

— In our account of Labor Day should have been included the statement that better weather for the holiday was never before enjoyed.

— The National Band gave another splendid concert last Friday evening. As usual an immense crowd were present and enjoyed the musical treat.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— Mrs. Henry Martin Eames and her sister Mrs. Alfred T. Carter have returned to this city after a nice visit at the old homestead in Fryeburg, Maine.

— Burbank W. R. C., No. 84, will resume its monthly afternoon meetings and suppers on Friday, Sept. 13, at which time several candidate will be initiated.

— Major Henry C. Hall attended the reunion of his Regiment, First Maine Cavalry, on Peake's Island, Portland Harbor, last week, and is again at home.

— Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Holdridge are on a visit to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo and will also take the Hudson River trip, the most delightful in America.

— Mr. J. W. Huntley the druggist, has kindly presented us a copy of H. R. Mulford & Co's "Antitoxine and Vaccine" of Philadelphia, which the reader will find a valuable production. It treats of numerous diseases curable by innoculation, among them diphtheria, pneumonia, and others and gives ample proof of its virtues. Huntley & Co. carry a full supply of the remedies.

FROM FIELD TO FLOOR

Note the fact that the

CARPETS

sold by us are the products of the best materials and the best skill all along the line—"from field to floor," in short. Our stock is unequalled in New England for variety and completeness, and our prices are *always* moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
658 Washington Street,
Opp. Boylston St. BOSTON.
Business Established 1817.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.
AT LIGHT WEIGHT PRICES.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.
Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Telephone connection in residence; also with Boston office.
Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

Important Announcement Concerning VACCINE.
Just received—A fresh supply of MULFORD'S GLYCERINIZED LYMPH and POINTS. The best produced. Any vaccinations in your family this fall? Ask your physician to use the BEST—that's MULFORD'S. We are sole agents for Woburn.
HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

— Fletcher's wall paper advertisment in this issue of the JOURNAL shows up in fine style. And, by the way, the Fletcher establishment is a sterling and perfectly reliable one.

— The 35th Reunion of the 39th M. V. I. Association is to be held tomorrow, Sept. 7, at Lynnfield. There are over 20 survivors of the Regiment residents of this city.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout and friends enjoyed trips in Massachusetts Bay last week. He can get as much real pleasure out of things of that kind as any person in Woburn, and deserves it.

— A meeting of the City Council was advertised to be held last evening. It was the first one after vacation and presumably considerable business had accumulated to be disposed of.

— Mrs. Captain E. F. Wyer went to North Conway last Saturday to visit the family of Capt. Arthur E. Wyer who have been summering there. The Postmaster will probably take his vacation later.

— As fine a garden of flowers as can be seen in this city is that of Mrs. Lizzie M. Allen on Church avenue. The bloomers are of the choicest kinds and the arrangement of them is artistic and nice.

— Lawyer James Wilson Grimes of Reading was an attendant on the District Court in this City a few mornings ago. He is one of those able young men for whom political promotion is lying low.

— Pinehurst Park on the Shawsheen, two miles this side of Billerica Centre, was dedicated in fine style last Monday. The L. & B. electrics conveyed a great many people to and from the Park during the day.

— Next week Major H. C. Hall will go to the National G. A. R. Encampment at Cleveland, Ohio, and also visit the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Possibly he will journey as far west as Chicago.

— The Liquor Squad made a successful raid last Sunday. It is hard for evil doers to escape the Argus-eyed Squad, and woe be to the party caught. They are doing work that redounds to the honor of this city.

— Every electric road centering here did a large business on Labor Day. Thousands of people rode on them in every direction, and no accidents occurred to mar their pleasure. The electrics are a great institution.

— The Jogalongs beat the Midnight Prowlers in a game of base ball. The Jogalongs were not over 15 years of age. The Midnight Prowlers were 17 years and over. The score 10 to 9. Batteries, Bradley and Dickson, Brown and Partridge.

— John W. Johnson and family returned from Pine Point, Maine, last Monday evening. He praises Scarboro Beach and tells us that Turnbull & Ruggles of Lookout Inn keep a fine hotel and have been doing a good business this summer.

— Miss Bancroft's programme for teaching the pianoforte this season is fully set forth in her change of card in this issue of the JOURNAL. Those intending to take lessons of her will do well to carefully consult it. As is well known, Miss Bancroft stands in the front ranks of the profession and has probably educated a larger number of teachers than any other Woburn instructor. Her work here and in Boston is of the best character, and her rating among professionals is high.

— Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. and A. M., resumed fall sessions last Wednesday evening.

— Attention is directed to the card of J. A. Renwick, proprietor of the Mystic Steam Cleansing House, Dyer, etc., in this paper.

— Druggist F. P. Brooks talks very confidently in his ad. of the ability of "Stop Ache" to cure aches and pains. It costs only 25 cents.

— The Winning Home has been full and running over with children all summer. It is a useful institution and a great blessing to poor children.

— Post-vacation services will open at the Unitarian church next Sunday, Sept. 8. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Parker, will preach, and the soloist is to be Miss Edith E. Torrey of Boston, one of the finest singers at the Hub. F. Percyval Lewis is the organist.

— Miss Emma Macaulay, bookkeeper at The Big Store, goes to New York on The Puritan next Sunday night. She will spend her vacation there and in New Milford, Pa., with her father who is Superintendent of a large leather plant in that place.

— Rev. H. C. Parker and family are well settled in the Unitarian parsonage once more. They were at Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, several weeks, and went from there to Kittery Point, where the boys had a fine time visiting the Navy Yard and seeing other new things.

— Mr. Harrison Bates and daughter have returned from Rockport on Cape Ann to their home in Winchester. He writes us that they have passed six very pleasant weeks down by the "sounding sea" and the venerable gentleman comes back fresh, rested and vigorous.

— Mr. M. L. Fletcher of 84 and 86 Union street, Boston, whose advertisement appears in the JOURNAL this week, is papering the residence of Mr. Benjamin Hinckley on Warren Avenue. He is one of the chief dealers in wall paper, window shades, picture mouldings, etc. in Boston.

— Mr. Charles F. French, the Civil War Veteran, reached this city last Tuesday evening from the Ohio Soldiers Home where he had been living nearly a year, and between which and his home in Woburn he about evenly divides his time. He is in the enjoyment of his usual state of health.

— The exhibit and sales store of Hovey, the florist, on Main street, is a place worth visiting. To a person who takes pleasure in flowers it affords keen delight. A large number of the choicest varieties are now in bloom and make a brilliant and beautiful display that pays one richly for going to see.

— The Cape Cod quality of tan is far superior to that acquired by young ladies at any other shore section of Massachusetts. It is the real stuff. In proof of this remark we respectfully refer the intelligent reader to Miss Clara M. Ryder, who returned from there to her station in the postoffice last Monday.

— The following are the new officers of the Woburn Y. M. C. A.: President, F. P. Brooks; V. P., C. E. B Strout; Sec., W. T. Wilson; Treas., Thomas Heartz; Directors, F. P. Brooks, E. G. Preston, E. D. Hart, J. K. Murdock, W. J. DeLoriea, Judson C. Dickerman, F. B. Richardson, Thomas Heartz, W. A. Prior, H Copeland, E. E. Thompson, J. R. Carter, C. E. Tripp, C. E. B. Strout, W. T. Wilson.

— 8 A. M., Sept. 6, '01. Clear temp. 70, wind N. E.

— Mrs. Charles Taylor entertained her cousin Mrs. Josie Bainey of Newark, N. J., formerly Josie Littlefield, and her husband, Mr. George Bainey, yesterday.

— Last Wednesday evening a car on the L. & B. road collided with a job wagon near North Warren st. and made kindling wood of it, or pretty near it. The driver of the wagon was seriously injured and had to be taken home in a herdic.

— Along through the middle of several days this week the temperature has been rather too high for solid comfort. When, about noon, say, the mercury creeps up to 85 in the shade a sudden change of S. W. to E. wind isn't at all bad to take.

— Mrs. Lewis will resume teaching the pianoforte next Monday, as may be leanned by referring to her card in this paper. As a teacher she enjoys a reputation unsurpassed by the best in the profession, and always has a full class of pupils. Parents who have children to send to a music school will do well to interview Mrs. Lewis

— In 9 of the most fiercely contested innings that were ever witnessed on any Woburn diamond field the Church Streets beat the Chestnut Streets last Friday afternoon by a score of 8 to 2. Noonan was umpire and his decisions all the way through the hot game were fair and impartial. Our baseball reporter said it was a great one.

— The Prophet Micah wrote: "But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree," in accordance with which exhortation ex-Mayor George F. Bean and family, at the close of a delightful sojourn of two months, with rural trimmings galore, returned yesterday from Waterloo, N. H., to No. 130 Montvale avenue, this city.

— Officers Harry Williams and John Iddon of the Woburn Salvation Army Camp have returned from a pleasant vacation spent at Waltham and are now ready for a vigorous campaign against the Devil and all his sinful hosts in this city. They are honest conscientious workers in the Lord's vineyard and deserve to be upheld and encouraged by our people.

— We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of an invitation to attend the wedding reception of Mr. Thomas Charles Quinn of New York and Miss Margaret Frances Quinn to be held at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Quinn, at Walnut Hill from 7 to 9 o'clock Sunday evening, Sept. 15, following the marriage ceremonies. We wish them much joy.

— Mr. Thomas Emerson, Superintendent of our public schools, came to town last Monday from North Conway, N. H., where, in agricultural pursuits, he passed a pleasant vacation. He was well satisfied with his farming operations during July and August, especially in raising potatoes, a fine crop of which he was able to boast of. Supt. Emerson comes back a week ahead of the opening of the schools to get the machinery in running order for the best of work this fall.

— Smith, the U. S. Crop Reporter for New England, in his statement dated Sept. 2, says everything agricultural is perfectly lovely hereabouts. In this connection we take occasion to remark that Mr. George H. Foster of Cambridge street reported to the JOURNAL last Wednesday that the hay crop in his section is a heavy one this year, and that the second mowing yielded more hay than the first. In other sections not far away from him, however, the hay crop, he says, was light.

— Mr. Clarence Littlefield received a letter a few days ago from his son Clarance H. who is away up in the gold regions just this side of the North Pole in which he said he was hale, happy and hustling. If there is gold in that frozen country Clarence is bound to get some of it. He has the grit of his ancestor, Deacon Theodore Wells, who the Atlantic Ocean tried several times to drown, when he was a sailor, but made a humiliating failure of the business, for he died on dry land at last.

— The Knights Templars of this city who attended the Conclave at Louisville, Kentucky, have returned and report a delightful trip and visit. The Kentuckians treated the visiting Knights with characteristic cordiality and did all in their power to make things pleasant for them. Displayed in the windows of Whitcher's drugstore are numerous handsome souvenirs collected and brought home by Sir Knight Charles M. Howe. The collection consists of society emblems, beautiful glass and china ware, and other choice things, which attract the attention of passersby.

— Rev. Frank H. Allen, formerly of Woburn, a son of Mr. L. Houghton Allen, preached an excellent sermon at the Congregational church last Sunday to an audience of good size considering the weather and season of the year. His subject was: "The man through whose heart are the highways to Zion," found in Psalms 84: 5. There were no frills or furbelows on it, nothing of the sensational so much in vogue in certain pulpits nowadays; it was a straight forward, sound, Godly sermon, with brains and heart in it; seasoned with genuine religion and true piety, and well calculated to do people good.

— A Davenport, Iowa, paper announced a few days ago that Mr. Warren Teel, Assistant Postmaster of that city, a native of Woburn, was preparing to attend and witness a baseball game for the first time in his life. There must be some mistake about that announcement. It would take more than one Iowa paper to convince us that Mr. Teel was not present and participated in a good many ball games at Richardson's Row and New Bridge and Middle of the Town, in his native place, three score years and 5 or so ago. Either Teel is trying to make himself out a stripling, or else the Davenport paper didn't know what it was talking about. He isn't a day under 75.

YOU MAY NOT GET WHAT YOU WANT if you simply ask for BUTTER THIN BISCUIT. Ask for KENNEDY'S—the original, famous, best. Packed in the wonderful In-er-seal Patent Package.

EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY

Our Clothing is suitable For ALL MEN and For ALL OCCASIONS.

Made in our own clean workshops on our own premises. Materials, fit and finish—THE BEST.

Macullar Parker Company
400—Washington St.—400
BOSTON

EVERY THOUGHTFUL PERSON USES

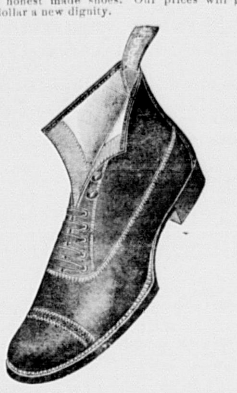
THE PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH

THE PILL BOX Displays 3 Sizes.
CHILD'S, YOUTH'S, 25c ADULT'S, 35c. at Whitcher's

The Store where you get the most change back.

You can't feel poor when you see our goods and prices, though your dollars may be fewer, we will make them go farther. Values were never so marvelously low as right now.

The completeness of our stock guarantees everybody satisfaction. Come and see this choice selection of honest made shoes. Our prices will give your dollar a new dignity.



BOYS' BOX CALF
Solid leather Inner and Out Sole.
$1.00—$1.25—$1.50

Do you want the best? We lay special stress on the excellence of our Boys' and Misses' School Shoes. Quality up to the highest point, and while maintaining our reputation in this respect we go to the other extreme in keeping prices down to the lowest point.

REPAIRING.

Ladies who wear welt shoes, we wish to call your attention to our repair department. We sew on taps and guarantee them to wear longer than when first purchased.

J. LEATHE,
425 Main St., WOBURN

— Miss Lizzie Caulfield has returned from a few days vitit to New Hampshire.

— Some necessary stair repairs and painting were done to the Savings Bank Block last week.

— Miss Maud H. Littlefield has a professional card in this paper for which especial consideration is asked. She resumes teaching the violin on Oct. 1, and it would be well for pupils to make their applications promptly. As a violin instructor Miss Littlefield stands among the profession A 1, and especially are her talents and accomplishments appreciated and set a high value on by Boston masters of the art. She has been a hard student of the violin, as well as the pianoforte, for several years, and received training from the best metropolitan teachers on both instruments. She has the reputation of being one of the best violinists in this part of the State, and it is a whole firstclass concert to hear her play old "Rosin the Bow."

— Probably it was not so intended by the Legislature, possibly it was not thought of, but Labor Day comes in handy to mark the close of the vacation season at the seaside. By common consent, regardless of weather, the beaches are deserted about Sept. 1 every year, and then the mountains come in for their share of people and spoils. By a law as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians, although, like the English Constitution, unwritten, men's straw hats must give way to the stovepipe, derby, or kossuth, and right here Labor Day plays an important part as a reminder of the existence of such a law. Labor Day is the harbinger of school openings, and is good for many other things which we have not time to mention.

— In due season Mr. T. I. Reed, President of the Company, forwarded to the JOURNAL office a polite invitation to attend the formal opening of the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad which took place at 2 30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and was an occasion of importance. The road was completed from Woburn Centre to Billerica, and opened for travel, late last week, but the formal proceedings were postponed until yesterday. President Reed had a special car ready for his Woburn guests at the hour named which was well filled with prominent citizens who took their first trolley ride to the fair town of Burlington and on to Billerica. Everyone conceded that the ride to Billerica is one of the pleasantest in this section of country, and that it will become a favorite trip with pleasure seekers is not to be doubted. The opening occurring late yesterday afternoon, the JOURNAL is unable to give the particulars of it, but it was taken for granted that President Reed made it an enjoyable event for those who participated in it. Everybody from Woburn to Burlington and Billerica is thankful that the L & B is at last open to the public. The new line makes connections with the already built to Lowell, and people are now enabled to ride from Woburn Centre to Lowell in 40 minutes at a cost of only 15 cents. The road furnished another trade feeder for this city which should be worked by our merchants for all it is worth.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c. per box. Sold by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

The following firms believe in shorter hours as indicated by the annexed agreement.

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m. on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week, provided all others do the same. This arrangement to begin only after the public have been notified at least two weeks in advance."

Hammond & Son	L. E. Hanson & Co.
C. M. Munroe	Osborne Gillette
McDonald Bros.	E. S. Parker
J. Ginsburg	F. A. Hartwell
G. R. Gage & Co.	H. S. Dickinson
A. Grant	W. R. Bartlett
J. R. McMillan	Aiken & Dunton
Copeland & Bowser	J. Linnell
Alvah Buckman	Geo. Durward
T. F. McCormick	S. A. Potter
J. G. Connolly & Co.	E. Caldwell
E. Prior	M. A. Burns
Josiah Leathe	Cummings & Snow
P. Carlson	A. W. Cobb & Co.
W. J. Buckman	J. R. Carter & Co.
Fitz & Stanley	Eames & Carter
W. H. Lewis	Ham & Co.
S. K. Ames	Jacquith & Co.
E. P. Kennedy & Co.	Cummings, Chute & Co.
T. W. Stowers	C. Cummings & Co.
Thomas Moore	J. C. Finnegan
L. W. Thompson	G. N. Othote
C. M. Strout & Co.	Wm. Haber
A. L. Holdridge	A. V. Haynes
F. P. Brooks	H. F. McKensie
J. W. Huntley & Co.	Wallace & Andrews
Edw. H. Callahan	J. D. Haggerty
J. A. Yates & Co.	E. J. Callahan
Mrs. Jennings	Mystic Dye House
E. F. Hovey & Co.	Shaw & Campbell
Wm. G. Stretton	

Additional names will be welcomed and fully appreciated, especially by the clerks.

A Certain Cure for Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford County, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when editor Ward, of the Laceyville *Messenger*, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy and this time one dose cured me." Sold by all druggists.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the Woburn friends for their great kindness in our recent bereavement.

J. HENRY SYMONDS AND FAMILY.

A Shocking Calamity

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for Burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. "Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Tuesday, October first.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from September 23d to October 1st.
Miss Bancroft teaches in Woburn Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., WOBURN.
Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after October 1st, 1901.

MRS. LEWIS,
Teacher of Pianoforte.
Private or class lessons may be arranged for, on or after
Monday, Sept. 9, 1901,
2 Bennett St.

During the Summer Season Canned
Meats and Fish
are very convenient and are largely used. Below we quote a few of the leading kinds:

	Per Can.
R. & R. Tongue,	80c.
Armour's Tongue,	70c.
Boneless Ham,	60c.
R. & R. Chicken, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Turkey, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Lunch Tongue,	35c.
Ham Loaf,	10c.
Veal Loaf,	10c.
Chicken Loaf,	15c.
Deviled Ham, 5, 10, 20, and	25c.
Salmon, tall	12c.
Salmon Steak, 12c., 17c., &	20c.
Shrimp,	10c.
Little Neck Clams,	10c.
Lobster,	20c.
Mackerel,	25c.
P. & C. Sardines, 25c. and	35c.
American Sardines, 5c. and	10c.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Furnished Room
Nicely furnished. All modern conveniences. 14 Church Ave.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: A New Emphasis in Religion. Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Topic: "Whence this wisdom and powers?" Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor meeting at 5.45. Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Topic: "The Household of Jesus." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—14th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Friday evening Prayer at 5. Rev. E. J. Burlingham, Rector.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—14th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Ten Lepers." Sunday School at 12 M. At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Works of the Flesh and the Fruit of the Spirit." Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. Sermon by the pastor at 7 P. M. Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Preparatory Lecture. Followed by an informal season of sociability in the Ladies' Parlor. Mrs. James H. Roberts and her sons will be present, the last opportunity for meeting her before her departure for China in October.

Married.

In Somerville, Sept. 4, by Rev. Daniel March, Frank W. French and Hattie E. Goodwin of Somerville.

In Randolph, Aug. 27, by Rev. Elijah Harmon, George L. Hosmer of Woburn and Lucy M. Harmon of Randolph.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 28, Thomas Morton, aged 70 years.

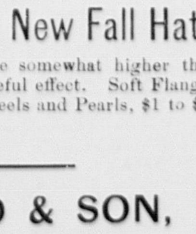
In this city, Sept. 2, Mrs. Frances A. Lawrence, aged 78 years, 5 months, 29 days.

In Burlington, Sept. 4, Lydia G. Estes aged 65 years.

At South Duxbury, suddenly on Sept. 1, Etta W. wife of J. Henry Symonds, daughter of the late William Pierce of Woburn.

THE GUYER HAT CO.
FALL 1901

PRICE $3
Washington street stores ask $3.50 & $4.00.



THE "Franklin" AT $2

Have You Seen the New Fall Hats?

We have them—the crowns are somewhat higher than heretofore, giving a very graceful effect. Soft Flanges are quite correct in Blacks, Steels and Pearls, $1 to $3. Sizes to fit everyone.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

Established 1851.

Shorter Hours.

We believe it is for the interest of all concerned. Therefore after the first of September we shall close our store at

6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Mondays and Wednesdays.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

"Stop-ache"

For all kinds of Headaches. A sure

Remedy.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

DRUGGIST,

361 Main St.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Mrs. Lawrence.

Mrs. FRANCES A. LAWRENCE died at her home in this city just after midnight Monday, Sept. 2. She had been a resident of Woburn more than a quarter of a century, and her sudden death was a sad surprise to her many friends.

Mrs. Lawrence before her marriage was Frances Abigail Walker, born in Charlestown, March 4, 1823. Her parents, Edward and Hannah (Walker) Walker were direct descendants of Capt. Joshua Walker of Burlington and they removed to that place in 1833, where the subject of this sketch grew to womanhood. Having completed a course of study for a teacher she entered upon the work and followed it in Burlington and Billerica for a number of years with success.

In August, 1857, she became the wife of Mr. William Lawrence of Burlington where he died in 1872, after which she made her home in Woburn to be near the Unitarian church, which she had joined in her youth; also the Benevolent Society of that church and fully identified herself with its work. She was one of the three first members who survived to help celebrate its fiftieth anniversary a few years ago. A brother, Mr. James Walker of Woburn, and two sisters, Mrs. Hannah B. Russell of Hamilton, Mass., and Mrs. Lucy J. Fletcher of Arlington, survive her. The widows of two deceased brothers, Mrs. Samuel Walker of Burlington, and Mrs. Henry Walker of Woburn, many neices and nephews, and two step-grandchildren, Mrs. Otis S. Brown, and Miss Josephine Hendley of Cambridge, also survive her.

Mrs. Lawrence had a nature so loving and sympathetic that her death comes as a great personal loss to many who cannot claim kinship. She so completely gave herself in sympathy with all the fortunes of her friends that she shared their anxieties, lifted their burdens, consoled their grief, and rejoiced in their happiness. Her courage and hopefulness was an inspiring memory when she was absent, and her unselfish devotion made her presence always welcome. Her faith in peace, and rest, and joy beyond, when life's work was done never faltered and when it became evident to her that her own day on earth was closing she said "it is all right." She had whispered words of hope to the stricken and dying and the faith imparted to others sustained her, as the night of death drew near.

"She loved the light and round her feet
Now laughs and leaps perpetual day.
She chose the life, and now repeat
Her pulses their immortal play."

The funeral took place from the Unitarian church parlors Wednesday at 2 P. M., Rev. Henry C. Parker officiating with a service beautiful and consoling. Miss Mabel Davis, soloist, sang "Beyond the hill tops" and "Nearer My God to Thee." The flowers heaped in such abundance spoke of the love of many hearts for her whose peaceful face was in itself a benediction. An elegant wreath rested on the casket, from the family and friends. Another was lilies from friends, also asters from Mrs. Martha A. Tidd. Roses from Miss Josephine Hendley and Mrs. Otis S. Brown of Cambridge. Roses from Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Marion, Mrs. A. J. Walker. Asters from William H. and Loraine Walker. White and purple asters from Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Nichols. Bouquet, Master Leonard Marion. White asters, Mrs. Hattie W. Drew. White and purple asters, Mrs. William H. Winn. Bouquet, Anna Jaquith. Purple asters, M. W. Carleton. Bouquet, Mrs. C. A. Burdette. Asters, Mrs. J. W. Hammond. A wreath and several bouquets and sprays from friends whose names were not given.

Interment in her husband's lot in Burlington.

Mrs. Symonds.

Mrs. ETTA W. SYMONDS, wife of Capt. J. Henry Symonds of New York, formerly a resident of this city, passed away suddenly at South Duxbury, where she was spending the vacation season with her daughter Daisy, on Sunday, Sept. 1. For a number of summers it had been her habit to visit Duxbury and Woburn for rest and pleasure and she was preparing to come here when death claimed her.

Mrs. Symonds was Etta W. Pierce before her marriage, a daughter of the late William Pierce, resident of that part of Woburn known as Durenville, where her home was during the early years of her life. She was the school mate and companion of many of the present residents of this city, by whom her death will be deeply mourned.

Capt. J. Henry Symonds, who was the publisher of a trade journal in Boston, and family resided here up to a few years ago when they changed their residence to New York. Mrs. Symonds had many warm friends among our people, and was a woman greatly esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. She was 58 years old.

When a resident of Woburn Mrs. Symonds, with her family, was a communicant of the Congregational church, and as a member of its several societies, and a co-worker in the cause of the Y. M. C. A., of which her husband was at one time the President, and her son William P., an active helper, she was modestly prominent, her heart and hand always open to meet their needs, and to advance the cause of religion and morality. She was in every sense a kind and charitable woman, and a true Christian.

Mrs. Symonds was gifted as a writer. Her first story was written when she was a school girl and published in the WOBURN JOURNAL. In after years she was a contributor of clean and entertaining fiction to several of the leading magazines of the country.

She will be long remembered as one of the best, kindest and most useful women of Woburn. She left a husband, one son, William P., one daughter, Daisy, and many friends and old acquaintances to mourn her sudden death in the prime of life.

Funeral services were held in the parlor of the Woburn Congregational church Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. March officiating. The burial was in Woodbrook.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

How General Grant Lost His "Hiram"

Not many Americans know that Hiram U. Grant was the eighteenth President of the United State. Yet it is true, for "Ulysses Simpson" was never legally the name of our greatest General. This interesting fact is brought out by Franklin B. Wiley in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for September, in Famous People as We Do Not Know Them." The story of how it came about was told by a member of Congress—Thomas L. Hamer—who recommended young Grant as a candidate for West Point in 1839. Mr. Hamer had long been a friend of the Grants, but when he came to make out the application papers for Ulysses he could not recall the boy's full name. So, deciding that he was doubtless named for his mother's family, he wrote it Ulysses Simpson Grant. Thus was it recorded at West Point, and though the attention of the officials was several times called to the error they did not feel authorized to correct it. This name was gradually adopted, and by it Grant was, and always will be, known. But as for any record in the birth of Ulysses Simpson Grant," that does not exist.

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Recent Advances in Photography.

The camera of the amateur photographer is playing an important part in the world of art these days. A delightful phase of its value as a depicter of Nature is shown in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for September. In this issue two pages are given to the last of that magazine's prize photographs of rural scenes, and the collection is a notable one, interesting alike to the picture-taker and the lover of pictures. Some of the scenes have all the distinguishing qualites of paintings, with the added charm of being true to Nature.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The names of Bunth and Rudd are household words: they are synonyms for mirth, nonsense, laughter and jollity. Bunth and Rudd have no equals and there is no act and never has been an act which combined such funny sayings and doings as theirs. He who has listened to the pompous Dr. Schwindler, the supreme oracle of the mystic world, the silent sorcerer, the mute mystifier, from "the Old World," has been induced to laughter which led to tears and hysterics. It is some time since these two peers of grotesquery have visited Boston and the countless humorous caprices and conceits which they will present will be entirely new to local amusement seekers. Bunth and Rudd are not men of a single specialty; they are adepts in eccentric dances, in exquisite pantomime, in marvelous contortions, in skilful juggling and in sleight of hand, real and burlesqued. To use the words of Dr. Schwindler himself, the act will be "a dream, a rhapsodie, a revelation" in comicality.

Josh Westhafer, of Loogootee, Ind., is a poor man, but he says he would not be without Chamberlain's Pain Balm if it cost five dollars a bottle, for it saved him from being a cripple. No external application is equal to this liniment for stiff and swollen joints, contracted muscles, stiff neck, sprains and rheumatic and muscular pains. It has also cured numerous cases of partial paralysis. It is for sale by all druggists.

Have you a sense of fullness in the region of your stomach after eating? If so you will be benefited by using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They also cure belching and sour stomach. They regulate the bowels too. Price, 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Burlington.

This afternoon (Thursday) the formal opening of the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad takes place. President Reed has issued a large number of invitations to prominent citizens of Burlington, Woburn and other places, to enjoy the courtesies of the Company, many of which, it is fair to presume, will be personally responded to. Mr. Frank Cotton, a Director, is to look after the Woburn end of the affair.

Labor Day, which is now generally recognized as marking the end of the summer vacation season, was spent in a quiet and orderly manner by the good people of this fair rural town. Labor of all kinds was generally suspended and the rest, for which the holiday was intended, was taken according as individual taste and means dictated. A goodly number attended the dedication of Pinehurst Park at Billerica, a new and beautiful pleasure resort on the banks of the fair Shawsheen River, which the opening of the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad enabled them to do with comfort and speed. A few persons went to the Beaches, and there was some family visiting.

Thanks to the good work of a few of our enterprising citizens, the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad, of which our public spirited citizen, Mr. T. I. Reed, is President, has been opened for public travel to Billerica where it connects with the Lowell Suburban, giving a continuous line from Woburn Centre to Lowell. The time between those points is about 40 minutes, and the fare only 15 cents, as cheap as, or cheaper than, any in the country. The road is a fine one, substantially built, equipped with the best modern 8-wheel cars, and everything up to date. The ride over the L. & B. to Billerica, thence on to the City of Spindles, is an exceedingly pleasant one, and will, no doubt, especially in the summer, secure a handsome patronage. The people of this town are delighted over the completion of the road.

Literary Notices.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for September is a strong and attractive number. There are several papers on intresting topics, and the fiction is excellent. Modern Catholicity in Scotland is the subject of a comprehensive article by Rev. Micheal Barrett, O. S. B., who furnishes much information relative to the Highlanders, Lowlanders, and Scoto-Irish in the practice of their faith. The number opens with an article on Cardinal Wiseman, by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham. Many fine portraits and scenes illustrate the text. Major Dudley Costello contributes a graphic description of the Manchester Rescue, and Anna Seaton Schmit writes of Rescue Work in Liverpool. Under the caption Irishmen in a Famous Conquest, Edward Fitzpatrick reviews the taking of Vincennes, and relates many interesting facts in connection with that event. A Jubilee Poem, by Rev. Abram J. Ryan, hitherto unpublished, is an attractive feature of this issue, and other poetic contributions add to the entertaining character of the contents.

When you want a pleasant physic try the new remedy, Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Tennis Tournament Opens.

The 15th annual Tournament of the Woburn Lawn Tennis Club was played last Monday on the Mt. Pleasant Courts, this city.

First round—Kenneth S. Johnson beat William E. Blodgett, 6-0, 6-0; Fred E. Leathe beat J. E. Fraser, 6-1, 6-1; R. C. Duncan beat E. F. Johnson, 6-4, 6-1; H. S. Dimick beat H. P. Johnson, 6 0, 6-3. Semi-finals, K. S. Johnson beat F. E. Leathe, 8-6, 6-2, 6-2, and R. C. Duncan beat H. S. Dimick, 9-11, 6-4, 14-12.

The final was postponed until Thursday, Sept. 5. On Saturday, Sept. 7, the winner will play Albert White for the Championship Trophy.

It is generally understood that Woburn has some as skilful tennis players as can be scared up anywhere.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

JUST WHAT YOU NEED. File and bind your letters, bills and papers. Quick, economical and orderly. The Simplicity Self-Binding Letter and Bill File beats any $1.50 file made. Sent anywhere, all charges prepaid, for 30c., stamps or cash. Agents wanted everywhere. SIMPLICITY FILE CO., 1450 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Called Lorillard's Bluff.

Heavy bettor as he was, Pierre Lorillard once met his match when he ran up against gray bearded James E. Kelly, who introduced bookmaking into this country. It was nearly a generation ago and at Jerome park. Kelly was laying 2½ to 1 against one of Lorillard's horses in a big stake event. The news went to Mr. Lorillard, seated on his coach on the clubhouse lawn.

"I'll just take a little of the conceit out of that sawed off Irishman," said Lorillard to Wright Sanford, Newbold Morris, John Hunter and a few other congenial spirits. They started for the ring together.

"I'll lay $10,000 on my horse at that price, Kelly," said Mr. Lorillard in his princely fashion, expecting to see Kelly wilt and refuse to take the wager.

"Certainly, Mr. Lorillard." Then turning to his sheet writer, Kelly said: "$25,000 against $10,000, Pierre Lorillard." Quickly he turned to the tobacco magnate with a polite "Much obliged to you, Mr. Lorillard; very much obliged. Would you or your friends care to bet another $10,000 at the same odds? Should be delighted to accommodate you."

"What a nerve!" was all Mr. Lorillard could say as he turned on his heel and walked away.

Jimmy Kelly won the bet, for Lorillard's horse was beaten.—New York Times.

Death Gulch.

A ravine in the northeast corner of Yellowstone National park, in Wyoming, is known by those living near by as Death gulch. Grewsome as is the name, it is exceedingly appropriate. It is a V shaped trench cut in the mountainside and begins about 250 feet above Cache creek. Apparently it forms a natural shelter for the beasts of the forest, as food, water and shelter are there, but entrance to the gulch means death to any animal, for the poisonous vapors that rise out of the ravine are more deadly than the bullets of the huntsmen.

For ages this death trap in the Rocky mountains has probably been luring the inhabitants of the forest to their doom. With the rains of spring the bones of the dead of the preceding year are carried down to the creek and the gulch cleared for the death harvest of the summer and winter.

The geologists say that the lavas which fill the ancient basin of the park at this place rest upon the flanks of mountains formed of fragmentary volcanic ejects. Gaseous emanations are given out in great volume. These come, the scientists say, from deposits of altered and crystalline travertine mixed with pools in the creek. Above these deposits the creek cuts into a bank of sulphur. In the bottom of the gully is a small stream sour with sulphuric acid.

No wonder the poor animals seeking shelter in the gulch meet death there.

A Curious Trap.

A curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive is to be seen near Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam. The labyrinth is formed of a double row of immense tree trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing.

Where it begins, at the edge of the forest, the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile wide, but as it approaches Ayuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around.

Suspecting no danger the wild elephant enters the broad opening at the forest end, lured on by a tame elephant. The gradual narrowing of the boundaries is not observed until the elephant finds himself in close quarters.

Having reached the end of the labyrinth, the tame elephant is allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives. The sport is a dangerous one, for the enraged elephants sometimes crush the hunters under their feet.

Alphabetical Abuse.

The prosecuting attorney in a lawsuit had waxed especially indignant at the defendant, whom he characterized as an "abandoned, baneful, cynical, diabolic, execrable, felonious, greedy, hateful, irresponsible, jaundiced, knavish, lazy, meddlesome, noxious, outrageous and profligate rowdy."

"The learned counsel on the other side," said the attorney for the defendant when he rose to reply, "should have put his adjectives in a hat and shaken them up a little before using. You must have noticed, gentlemen of the jury, that they were in regular alphabetical order. This shows that he selected them from a dictionary, beginning with 'a.' He stopped at 'p,' but in his manner of reproducing them he has given us the 'cue' as to how he got them."

This turned the laugh against the other lawyer, and he lost the case.

A Bright Jury.

In a larceny case in Maine it was agreed to go on with only 11 men on the jury. The trial lasted several hours, and then the jury retired to deliberate upon the evidence and find a verdict. After being out four hours the jury reported that it could not agree, and accordingly it was discharged from further duty in the case, and the prisoner was remanded to the jail. A little later the attorneys for the respondent "got at" one of the jurymen and asked him how the vote stood in the jury room.

"Well," said he, "we balloted about 20 times, and each time there were 11 votes for conviction, but at no time could we get 12 votes for conviction, so we had to report a disagreement."

A Bit of Bowery Dialogue.

This gem of metropolitan English is vouched for by the New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette:

I heard this bit of dialogue between two Bowery hoodlums the other day:

Said one as he pointed to his shiny black trousers: "Oh, Chimmy, howcher like me blacks?"

"All right," was the response, "but dey ain't ez good ez yer lightest."

"G'wan, yer guy; git wise. Dese is dose, only I had 'em dyed."

And then they got aboard a car.

How to Quit Chewing Tobacco.

The "substitute cure" is worthy of the attention of sufferers. We have a citizen of Mobile who has tried it. He was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. He stopped chewing and took to chewing a pine stick. He always has this bit of wood between his teeth, in waking hours at least. He has not tasted tobacco in many years.—Mobile Register.

Unavoidable.

"Why do you wander aimlessly from place to place?" inquired the philanthropist.

"Well," answered Meandering Mike, "eight hours' sleep a day is enough for anybody. And we's gotter do somet'ing wit' de other 16 hours, ain't we?"—Washington Star.

Standard ..of.. the.. World.

Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Minneapolis, Minn.

It is quite possible to make poor bread with good flour, but it isn't possible to get the best bread without using the best flour.

Pillsbury's Best is the **Standard of the World**

... SOLD BY ...

COBB, BATES & YERXA CO.

Fitz & Stanley, C. E. Quinn,
Thomas Moore, Perkins Bros.

AND GROCERS GENERALLY.

The Landlubber Ducks of Sahara.

"The proverbial fondness of ducks for water would lead one to presuppose that of all the world the most destitute of ducks would be the Sahara desert and that if a stray 'springtail' happened to drift into that region he would either vamoose or turn up his toes with briefest delay. Well, not at all," said a Frenchman who was formerly a resident of Tunis.

"There are parts of the desert where ducks abound, flourish and multiply with every evidence of perfect satisfaction. The fowl is slightly different from any of the varieties we know in this country, but it has the same flat bill, extensive breast and web feet, showing that it was once a water bird, though now it scarcely finds enough to drink and has become too provident to waste any of the precious fluid in ablutions. Like the other good Mussulmans of the country, they take their prescribed bath in the sand, and their web feet come in very handy as snowshoes to walk upon the deep yielding dust. It is claimed by an eminent French ornithologist that the Saharan ducks are the remains of a race of aquatic birds which frequented those seas when the present desert was a part of the Atlantic ocean."

Holes In Everything.

You are skeptical about the accuracy of this statement and ask why water does not leak from a bottle if there are holes in everything? The answer is simple enough—the drops or globules of water are bigger than the holes. Taking glass as an illustration, we find that air is about the only substance that can get through those holes.

A scientist proposes the following as an experiment: Place a bell in a bottle exhausted of air and hermetically sealed. The bell will not ring because the medium for conveying sound is not there.

Set the bottle aside for a few months, then try the bell again, and it will ring, faintly, perhaps, but nevertheless there will be a sound. That means that the air has got in. It has made its way through the holes in the glass.

The incandescent lamp is a bulb of glass exhausted of air so that the slender filament may glow when the electricity runs along it. The air works its way in gradually and the light becomes less brilliant in proportion.

Nuts as Food.

Nuts contain a large amount of nourishment, and owing to their oily nature digest easily. Eaten with salt they are palatable. Either as a dessert course or salted and used as a relish their value is the same. They are not expensive, for from the peanut through the imported varieties they can be bought in bulk at small cost.

The peanut has many good qualities to recommend it, and from its low estate is coming to the front as an important item in dietetics. It is supposed to cure insomnia if eaten just before retiring. Salted, they are much cheaper than almonds. The small hickory nut, at a few cents a quart, can be used on the most economical table. The English walnut makes a very good salad blanched and used with celery. Filberts, almonds and Brazil nuts are more expensive, but as only a few are needed at a time the cost is not great.—Woman's Home Companion.

How They Do In China.

In China liquids are sold by weight and grain by measure. John buys soup by the pound and cloth by the foot. A Chinaman never puts his name outside of his shop, but paints instead a motto or a list of his goods on his vertical signboard. Some reassuring remark is frequently added, such as "One word hall," "A child two feet high would not be cheated." Every single article has to be bargained for, and it is usual for the customer to take his own measure and scales with him.

When you engage a servant or make a bargain, it is not considered binding until "the fastening penny" has been paid. Although his bad faith is notorious in some matters, yet, to do him justice, when once this coin has been paid by you he Chinaman, cooly or shopman will generally stick to his bargain even if the result to him be loss.

Cigars Are Rights and Lefts.

"It is not always because a cigar is badly made that the wrapper curls up and works off," said a tobacco dealer. "It is often because a right handed man is smoking a left handed cigar. Sounds strange, hey? Well, a left handed cigar is one rolled by the maker's left hand, for all cigar makers must be ambidexterous. A piece of tobacco for a wrapper is cut on the bias and is rolled from left to right on the filler. The other piece, for reasons of economy, is then used and must be rolled the opposite way by the operator's other hand. Hence a smoker who holds his cigar in his right hand sometimes in twisting it about rubs the wrapper the wrong way and unloosens it."—Philadelphia Times.

The Chances In Policy.

The retired "poke" shopkeeper was explaining to his interested hearers some of the mysteries of his former business.

"The chances of winning at the policy game," he said, "are about like this: You take a bushel basket and fill it with small white beans. Then you put one small black bean into the basket and shake the lot up. After that go to some 'skyscraper' building, say one about 29 stories high, and place a penny on the sidewalk in front of it. This done, shoulder your bushel of beans and take the elevator to the roof of the building. Then lean over the edge of the roof and, aiming at the cent on the sidewalk below, dump out the beans in the basket all together. Then hurry down on the elevator and rush out to the sidewalk. If you find that the black bean has fallen upon the penny, you win."—New York Times.

The Silliest Birds.

Dodo is the Portuguese name for simpleton, and it is given to the silliest bird that ever lived. Three hundred years ago, when the Portuguese first visited the island of Mauritius, they found a large number of these birds. They were about the size of a large swan, blackish gray in color and having only a bunch of feathers in place of a tail and little, useless wings. More stupid and foolish birds could not be imagined. They ran about making a silly, hissing noise like a goose, and the sailors easily knocked them over with their paddles. They couldn't fly, they couldn't swim, they couldn't run at any great speed, and, as for fighting, they were the greatest cowards in the world. They were much too stupid to build a nest, and so they dropped an egg and went off to let it hatch as best it could.

A Patti Satire.

During one of Adelina Patti's last tours in the United States, the following preliminary notice was published by a western editor:

Mme. Patti Nicolini, the eminent vocalist and farewellist, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip, for Patti never says goodby twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two thousand dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woeful ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales and who only uses one kind of soap can soar when she tries."

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Jessie Abbott of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, Lucy E. B. Converse, Executrix of the will of Parker L. Converse, who was guardian of said ward, has presented for allowance, his first and final account as guardian upon the estate of said ward:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

To the Public.

All business relations, including any agencies, heretofore existing between Dr. Hervey L. Shepard and myself have this day been dissolved.

DR. BENJ. T. CHURCH,
Winchester, Mass.
August 14, 1901.

NOW IS THE TIME

To examine your wearing apparel or household furnishings. We CLEANSE or DYE such articles in the neatest manner.

Mystic Steam Dye House,

26½ Montvale Ave., WOBURN.

Mrs. S. C. PHINNEY,

Teacher of Singing,

No. 29 Warren Ave., Woburn

LOST.

A DIAMOND RING

on Elm, Ward or Pearl street. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the store of

PERKINS BROS.,
North Woburn.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing
To Strike
The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on

Saturday Evening, Sept. 21, 1901,

From 7 to 10 o'clock,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sect. 37, Chap. 548, Acts of 1898.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 1, 1901.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SUPERIOR COURT,

September 4, A. D. 1901.

Harlow H. Rogers of Brookline, in the County of Norfolk, plaintiff, vs. Edgar W. Foster of said Brookline, defendant.

This is a plea of land wherein the said Rogers demands against the said Foster three parcels or pieces of land, situated in Newton, in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, namely; a parcel of land containing about 3,200 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Boylston street, southeasterly, southwesterly, and northwesterly by lands now or late of Julia D. Foster, being lot 51, in Block one, of Section 55 of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in said City of Newton; and a certain parcel of land containing about 3,200 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Boylston street, southeasterly, southwesterly, and northwesterly by lands now or late of Julia D. Foster, being lot 52, in Block one, of Section 55 of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in the City of Newton; and a certain parcel of land containing about 4,350 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Walnut street; southerly by land now or late of Daniel O'Driscoll; southwesterly by land now or late of Julia D. Foster; northerly by Walnut Place, being lot 7 in Block 3, of Section 55, of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in said City of Newton, as set forth in the plaintiff's writ dated August 1, 1901.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff and on inspection of the officers' return on the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant had no last and usual place of abode, tenant, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or to said officer; and that no personal service of said writ has been made upon the defendant;

IT IS ORDERED BY THE COURT, here, that the plaintiff give notice to the defendant of the pendency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in Woburn once in a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before the first Monday of October next, and that this action be continued until notice shall be given to the defendant agreeably to this order.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy, attest,
RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

C. E. JENNINGS, Auctioneer,
55 Ames Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Charles H. Taylor of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to James A. Booth of Everett, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, dated May 29, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex N. D. Reg. of Deeds, Book 307, Page 263, for and on account of a breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the twenty-third day of September, 1901,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, namely:—A certain piece or parcel of land, with buildings thereon situated in Wilmington, in said the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz: —Beginning at land now, or late, of Boutel on the road leading to Woburn; thence running easterly by said road to the road leading to Burlington; thence southerly by said Burlington road to land now, or late, of Ebenezer Foster; thence northerly and westerly as the wall stands to the corner; thence as the wall stands by the land now, or late, of said Foster and by land, now or late, of said Boutel to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Charles H. Taylor by James A. Booth aforesaid.

Said premises are conveyed subject to a prior mortgage of $1100, and any unpaid taxes or assessments. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JAMES A. BOOTH, Mortgagee.

WATCH YOUR INTEREST SELL OUT AT AUCTION HOUSES FARMS LAND STOCK STORES FURNITURE ANYTHING

EXPERT AUCTIONEER,
10 Tremont St., Boston.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

CABOT'S *Sulpho-Napthol* TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

should be used by every housekeeper. Unequalled for cleaning painted, polished, oiled or marble surfaces, furniture, carpets, windows, etc., disinfecting toilet-rooms, sinks, drains, stables, kennels, &c., and for destroying insects on plants and animals. A little goes a long way.

In original packages at all dealers, or

THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,
No. 4 Merrimac Street, BOSTON.

Boarders Wanted.

Nicely furnished rooms, good table board. Moderate prices. Convenient to electric cars and Railroad Station.

MRS. F. A. LAUSCH,
Eaton Ave., Woburn

C. M. Strout & Co

AGENT FOR THE

"Palace Regent"

Furnace

One of the best and most economical on the market today. It took a prize at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Rubber Hose at All Prices.

The "National Blue Flame" Oil Stove is the Best.

Telephone 124-7.

Brown's Charcoal

10c. Bag

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

We Are Headquarters
—FOR—

Hampden Cream.

FRESH DAILY.

It's here for you. At

J. LINNELL,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Coveny, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Sarah J. Coveny of said Woburn, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named as Sarah Coveny, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

FOR SALE.

A farm of 40 acres, tillage, pasture, and woodland well watered, good frame buildings, wood-shed, barn, and carriage house; all in good condition, situated in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, two and one half miles from railroad.

Cash price $750.

For further particulars apply to
GEORGE W. NORRIS,
415 Main street, Woburn.

For Sale

AT A BARGAIN.

At No. 53 Pleasant street, a Second-hand PIANO, and other articles of Household Furniture.

OLIVER F. BRYANT, Ex.,
371 Main street.

Woburn, Aug. 9, 1901.

To Let.

A House with all modern improvements, in one of the most desirable locations in this city, at a reasonable rent. Apply at the JOURNAL office.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

The guests are gone the smile slips from the face of the hostess and she gives up to the pain which racks her body. Many a woman entertains and wears a smile while her back aches and her nerves quiver with pain. Surely any medicine which offers relief to women would be worth a trial under such conditions. But when the woman's medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is offered with the proof of efficacy in thousands of well attested cures, what excuse can then be offered for suffering longer?

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I write you the benefit my mother has received from your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" says Miss Carrie Johnson, of Lowesville, Amherst Co., Va. "She suffered untold misery with uterine disease and nervousness, and had a constant roaring and ringing noise in her head. After taking six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she was entirely cured."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the liver.

THE PASSING BAND.

A lone, deep drone
Thrummeth a resonant monotone;
Up soareth the horn with an undulant flare
That dies, is reborn—just a flash of an air,
Through the rumble of drums, as their throbbing beat
Sends a rhythmic pulse down the winding street.
Then a streaming pennant of sound is outflung,
Flamboyant from wall to wall it swung.
Near—and more near—the harmonies clear
Build skyward a ponderous tower; then sheer
It breaks in a clarion clash of sounds,
An ululant tumult, that bounds and rebounds:
A voluminous groan
From the blaring tombstone
And a clangor of brass
As the cymbals pass;
Then the drum's lone boom as the melodies fly
Forward—and waver—and faint—and die
Into murmur amphoric,
Sweet blending, choric,
To a faraway swell
Till at last they mell
In a note long drawn—
Are gone—on—on.
—London Academy.

BUNKOED BY A GREEK.

......BY M. QUAD.

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The pair of us had been in Athens three or four days when a party of English excursionists who were making a tour arrived. Among them was an antiquary who was looked up to and respected for his knowledge of ancient history and ruins, and each evening there was a gathering in the parlors of the hotel to hear him give a sort of lecture on what he had seen during the day. Professor Hempstead, as he was named, had been charged to pick up all the old Greek manuscripts to be had for money, and it was his inquiries for such documents that doubtless led to our undoing. One day a man named Talanti, who had somewhat the manners and dress of a gentleman, brought the professor two ancient manuscripts as a present, and to show his further good will he announced a valuable discovery which had just been made on the island of Ægina, about 40 miles distant. He was the owner of the island, and while his workmen were getting out stone they had come across some rare treasures in art, but had developed only a small portion of them. They had partly uncovered a stone box which he

A BATTERED OLD SCHOONER.

believed held a large number of manuscripts and valuable coins, but he had delayed the opening of it that some of his friends might be present. Three or four of them were going to his island home on the morrow, and he would be glad to have as many of us foreigners go along as could make it convenient. The voyage would be made in his schooner, and there would be no trouble about feeding and lodging all who chose to go.

Aside from the English party, there were Americans, Germans and Frenchmen to the number of 20 in Athens, and when the list was made up we numbered over 40, of whom 10 were ladies. When we came on board the schooner, there was considerable surprise at finding her the craft she was. She was nothing more than a trader, and her accommodations were of the most primitive character. Mr. Talanti's friends, who were supposed to be eminent professors, turned out to be a common looking lot and not inclined to be sociable, but we were out for a jaunt and might expect a few drawbacks. We had a favorable wind for the voyage, and the professor and others felt that it would be the event of their lives. As the weather was pleasant and we had brought lunch from the hotel, our noonday meal was a sort of picnic. For an hour or two after the meal Professor Hempstead entertained us with a historic lecture, and time passed pleasantly for all hands.

My friend could speak Greek, but when he attempted to enter into conversation with Mr. Talanti's friends he found them surly enough. This excited our surprise, as they were supposed to be gentlemen. When we came to look them over, we began to get a little suspicious. Their language and manners did not correspond with their dress, and they did not seem to be at their ease. We also caught one of them exchanging a wink and a grin with one of the common sailors, and this caused us much worriment. In a quiet way we reported the fact to one of the English party, and he quietly replied:

"Do you know, I've got a suspicion that this is a put up job and that we shall hear something drop as soon as we land at the island."

"But why should Mr. Talanti deceive us?" we asked.

"In the first place, is he what he represents himself? Who made any inquiries about him? In the next place, you never saw an aristocrat with such big hands and feet. His skin is coarse, his language full of slips, and you may notice a sort of roll to his gait, as if he had been at sea for years. I believe the man's an impostor."

"But Professor Hempstead seems to be perfectly satisfied with him."

"That counts for nothing. The professor may be up on ancient Greece, but he is way off on confidence games. I believe we are in for some sort of a skin game, but it's nonsense to worry over it. We have walked into the trap like a lot of idiots."

The island was fairly well covered with trees, and yet it did not have a hospitable look. As we made a closer approach we could see a couple of rude huts and a primitive jetty, but Mr. Talanti explained that his castle was hidden by the forest and that he was landing at that point to save us a long walk. It was as we were drifting in to make fast to the wharf that others in our party became suspicious. The noble Greek was neither crafty nor diplomatic. He let the mask slip and betray him or at least aroused wonder and distrust, but the most suspicious of us were hardly prepared for the climax.

As soon as the craft was made fast the three eminent friends of Mr. Talanti suddenly produced pistols and knives and took their stations by the gangway. The sailors divided into two parties, and, handling their naked knives in a menacing fashion, they drove the people into line. When Professor Hempstead had rubbed his eyes, scratched his head and got it into his brain that something not down on the programme was going on, Talanti mounted a box and smilingly observed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are now about to pass ashore to behold my wonderful discoveries, but each one of you is required to leave behind you all money and jewelry. I will see that everything is safely cared for."

"But what—what does it mean?" asked the bewildered professor as he looked around him.

"It's robbery!" cried three or four voices in chorus.

"Do not mar the harmony of the occasion with hard words," continued the chief villain. "I simply borrow your purses and jewelry. The term robbery does not sound well. As time flies let us get to work. Antonio, you may begin with the professor first."

The men cried out in anger, but what could they do? I do not think there was a firearm among them, while the Greeks seemed overanxious to use their knives. There were protestations and threats of the law, but Talanti only smiled at them and ordered the work to go on. Each man in our crowd was regularly held up—that is, his pockets were thoroughly searched, and everything of value was taken. The women were requested to hand over, and each one had her watch and rings in hand as she moved up. In the course of half an hour the last one was ashore, and then Talanti took off his hat, made a sweeping bow and sailed away with his piratical crew. He had no sooner gone than a gang of half a dozen villainous looking men came down from the huts. They told us they were fishermen, but their actions belied the statement. Their first move was to demand cash, and great was their indignation and disappointment at being told that Talanti's crowd had taken the last coin. When sure of this, they left us, and an hour later two genuine fishermen came ashore in their boat. There were a dozen vessels within five or six miles of us, and a dollar would have been big pay for them to sail out and notify the nearest craft of our situation; but, realizing our helplessness, they demanded the sum of $100. As there was no money to pay them, they were finally prevailed upon to take an I O U signed by all the men of the party.

It was almost dark when a battered old schooner came sailing up to take us off, and the terms were $3 apiece, to be paid in Athens. We spent a dreary night on deck and landed in the city at noon next day. Immediate notice was given to the various consuls and to the Greek government, but no one had any faith that anything would be accomplished. The government made loud promises and seemed to be making all possible efforts, but as a matter of fact Mr. Talanti was not even pursued. He never could have put up and carried through such a job without a number of officials standing in with him, and each and every one of them doubtless shared in the plunder when it was divided. It was said that the money and jewelry amounted to about $6,000, and the only consolation any of the victims had was the privilege of abusing a country where such things could be carried out.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archæologists the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of the name.

It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather; but, after all, the principles of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.

The Kind He Wanted.

"Young man," said the fortune teller, going into a trance, "I can see you in the near future with an airship"—

"Make it an heirship to a million, can't you?" eagerly exclaimed Ardup, slipping another half dollar into her hand.—Chicago Tribune.

Evarts and the Author.

When a popular young author came to see William M. Evarts while he was secretary of state in behalf of a consulship for which he was an applicant, Mr. Evarts congratulated him on the fame which he had acquired, but hastened to add, "Although you have laurels on your brows, I suppose you can't browse on your laurels."

"For eight years I suffered with inflammation of the womb and bladder, profuse and painful menstruation, and at times it seemed as though I should die. I doctored most of the time, but seemed to fail every time. A short time ago I began to take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND, and thanks to it, to-day I am a well woman."—MRS. L. L. TOWNE, Littleton, N. H.

Mrs. Towne, like many other suffering women, was a victim of theory. Her physician did his best. He had battled with her case steadily and could do no more. If Mrs. Towne had asked advice of Mrs. Pinkham seven or eight years earlier, she would have had just so many more years of happiness and comfort and health.

It is not reasonable to expect that any living person can advise for female troubles as safely as Mrs. Pinkham, whose experience is without parallel in the world. This should appeal to the common sense of any woman, especially when nearly every newspaper in this country is printing in almost every issue the letter of some woman who has been cured by Mrs. Pinkham when doctors had given her up. Don't wait for the doctor to give you up to the surgical knife, or tell you that you cannot live. Get your advice where you are certain to have the benefit of the widest experience. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and rely on her. No charge is made for advice.

There is no female complaint, however simple or however serious, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not help; of this there is monumental evidence in its thirty years' record of constant success. When you ask for this medicine at the druggist's, be sure you get what you ask for and nothing else. The medicine that cures is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

$5000 REWARD We have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, $5,000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letter is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

As a Last Resort.

"There has been considerable said about the per cent of fare the conductor thinks belongs to him over and above his salary, and some very witty things have been said about it. Even the Broadway back platform philosopher has his digs at them," said a Cleveland professional man the other day to a reporter.

"I once heard of a fellow, much under the influence of liquor, who got on the train to go home after enjoying himself at a picnic. He slipped into a seat and fell asleep. After the train pulled out the conductor came into the car and called, 'Tickets!' The picnicker was too weary to respond, and so the conductor poked him up a little. The fellow roused up, fumbled in one pocket, then another till finally he pulled out a very ragged bill and handed it to the conductor. After examining it carefully the latter said: 'Say, my friend, see here. I can't use this.'

"The passenger pushed himself up on his elbow and remarked, 'What's (hic) that you shay?'

"'I can't use this,' the conductor replied.

"'Well, give it (hic) to the comp'ny, zen,' remarked the weary but generous hearted man, dropping back into the seat, confident he would be put off at his destination."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To Clean Old Engravings.

The cleaning of old engravings requires special care, and it is sometimes prudent, if they are rare masterpieces, not to confide this operation to strange hands. We give a process of cleaning, the result of which is excellent, and which we have seen adopted by one of the most celebrated collectors of engravings in Paris.

The engraving must be soaked for 12 hours in a flat bottomed basin containing a solution of half ounce of carbonate of potassium in half gallon of water. It is then taken out, shaken and placed between two boards heavily weighted down, being first carefully spread between two sheets of blotting paper. It then undergoes a fresh washing by having a small jet of pure water played upon it for some hours, when it is dipped for one hour in salt water (half ounce salt to half gallon water) and exposed to the air for half a day. It is then washed again in clear water and dried between two leaves of blotting paper under heavy pressure.

These successive operations are somewhat long, it is true, but nevertheless far preferable to the proceedings of the so called restorers of engravings, who frequently use chloride water, which rapidly destroys the paper.—Art Amateur.

Some Early Advertisements.

The earliest advertisement of any kind which we have been able to unearth occurs in a Rider's Diary for 1736, which possibly belonged to the newspaper collector. It is that of a dentist. We give it with its own spelling and punctuation:

"Artificial Teeth, set in so firm, as to eat with them, and so Exact, as not to be distinguish'd from natural; they are not to be taken out at night as is by some falsely suggested, but may be worn years together; yet are they so fitted, that they may be taken out and put in by the Person that wears them at Pleasure, and are an ornament to the Mouth, and greatly helpful to the Speech; Also Teeth clean'd and drawn by John Watts. * * * Racquet Court, Fleet Street."

Many also are the advertisements of losses of money and property through footpads, whether it be "a lusty young fellow who wore his own hair," or "a pock fretten man in a pair of everlasting Breeches," or on Wimbledon Common "a tall man in a blue Frock and a light Bob wig on a bay Horse with a Swish tail and look'd like a genteel galopping hunter."—Bookman.

Permitted to Speak.

"Mabel," he said, with an apparent effort, as he gazed down into her dreamy eyes, "you've always been a sister to me, haven't you?"

The long expected moment had at last arrived, and she gazed coyly at the floor.

"I've tried to be, George," she whispered.

"And if I were to say something to you that should only be said by persons who are intimately acquainted and who thoroughly understand each other you would not take offense?"

She thought it rather queer that he should view a simple proposal in this light, but she tremblingly assured him that she would not.

"Then, Mabel," he continued, lowering his voice to a quaver, "I apologize for my boldness in saying it, but while I leaned over to turn the page of your music I busted off two of my suspender buttons. Will you sew them on?"

And trembling inwardly, but regaining her outward composure with an effort, the brave girl went into the other room and brought forth the necessary implements.—Indianapolis Sun.

Garter Superstitions.

A worn garter is regarded by some people as quite a valuable present, for it brings to its new wearer luck, or, at any rate, is supposed to do so.

A bride should always wear a blue silk garter at her wedding. Her garter is often given her by a friend who has taken away its newness by wearing it a few times, says Home Notes. The wearing of the garter does not end the ritual concerning it. After the wedding ceremony it is either cut into pieces or hidden. When it is hidden, the bridesmaids hunt for it, and the finder is assured of being happily married before the year is out. When it is cut, it is divided among the bridesmaids to give to each good luck and a devoted husband. Sometimes the bride bestows her garters on the first bridesmaid, and in Germany each bridesmaid receives a pair of blue white silk garters from the bride.

A Discoverer.

Bobby burst into the house in a state of high excitement. His hands and clothing were smeared with a liberal amount of some sticky substance, and his face wore a glow of triumphant satisfaction.

"I say, mamma, those new people across the way don't know much!" he exclaimed. "They've got a sign on their front door that says 'Wet Paint!'"

"And you are covered with it! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said his mother severely. "That sign was put up to warn people to keep away from it."

"Yes, mamma," persisted Bobby, with the enthusiasm of a richly rewarded scientific investigator, "but it wasn't paint, and I knew it. It was varnish!"—London King.

"Growing Down."

Everybody has noticed that in extreme old age people grow rapidly shorter, so that a person formerly of average height "grows down" into quite a diminutive man or woman. A German contemporary points out that this decrease of height begins as early as the age of 35 years. At 30, we are told, the human body has reached its full height, which is retained for a few years, after which the "growing down" process begins. At first and for many years the process is so slow as to be almost imperceptible, but at the age of about 60 it begins to be noticeable, and after 70, even though a veteran does not stoop at all, the fact that he is "growing down" becomes apparent to one and all.

A Moody Retort.

A religious enthusiast, whose hobby was anti-Catholicism, went to the great evangelist one day and put the direct question: "Mr. Moody, do you ever intend to do any preaching against the Catholics?"

"Yes, I may some time."

"When will that be?"

"After the Protestants are converted."

One Way of Telling.

Curley—You see that fellow loafing over there? He used to go to the same college that I did. I wonder if he remembers me?

Burleigh—Ask him for the loan of $5.

Curley—What for?

Burleigh—If he remembers you, you won't get it.—Judge.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 8.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxviii, 10-22—Memory Verses, 13-15—Golden Text, Gen. xxviii, 16—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]

10, 11. "And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran." The previous chapter tells of the deception practiced upon Isaac by Jacob and his mother, Rebekah, and of Esau's hatred and purpose to kill his brother because he had supplanted him and taken his blessing, and as a result of this the sending of Jacob to Haran to Rebekah's brother Laban for a time. Our lesson is the story of the appearing of the Lord to Jacob as he journeyed to Haran and is a record of the wonderful grace of God, but seems also to imply true penitence on the part of Jacob after he left his father's house, for he would have much time to meditate as he journeyed onward alone. If Rebekah had believed God and had trusted Him to accomplish in His own way His promise to her (chapter xxv, 23), she might have been spared this separation from Jacob. But she seems to have feared that the purpose of God might be frustrated by Esau and his father and that it was necessary for her to act promptly even if not honestly. It is a restful thing to believe that every purpose of the Lord shall be performed both for His people and against His enemies (Jer. li, 29; Isa. xiv, 24) and just abide in Him. As Jacob journeyed from his home the blessing of his father (verses 1-4) and the love of his mother would lift him somewhat above the thoughts of his brother's anger, but he knew he had sinned against God, even though his mother was the most guilty, for she had been his counselor to do wickedly (II Chron. xxii, 3), and there must have been some searching of heart before God. His mother promised to send for him when his brother's anger had quieted, but we do not read that she ever saw him again on earth.

12. Behold a ladder set up on the earth and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. The Lord Jesus said to Nathanael, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man" (John i, 51), which teaches us that the ladder was typical of the Lord Jesus, through whom alone sinful man can come to God or have any revelation of God to him.

13, 14. Behold the Lord stood above it and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father and the God of Isaac. All things are of God through Christ; salvation is of the Lord. The unchangeable Jehovah here confirms to unworthy Jacob His promise to Abraham and Isaac, giving to Jacob the promise of seed as the dust of the earth, whereas He had given to Isaac the promise of seed as the stars of heaven (chapter xxvi, 4). It is possible that when the kingdom comes we shall see that the promise to Isaac refers to or includes the church, while the promise to Jacob refers to the earthly seed Israel, and by the two righteous companies shall the righteous King of kings and Lord of lords rule all the earth.

15. "And, behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest and will bring thee again into this land." This is the fourth "behold" of our lesson; a ladder, the angels, Jehovah and now the assurance of His presence, His keeping power, His guidance and the fulfillment of all His promises. What more could sinful mortal desire? How undeserving is Jacob! How gracious is Jehovah! Can any one else appropriate such a promise, or was it only for Jacob? Why should any child of God hesitate since in Christ God hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, and all things are ours in Christ? (Eph. i, 3; I Cor. iii, 21.) As one of His redeemed on earth for Him I have often appropriated it and lived upon it, specially in Europe in 1895, around the world in Japan, China and India, and on His great oceans in 1897, and in South Africa and the going to and fro in 1898, as well as in the constant journeyings of every week from October to May.

16, 17. "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." Such were his waking thoughts as he remembered his beautiful dream, and a great sense of his unworthiness and sinfulness filled him as he considered that the God of his fathers had appeared to him also. He probably felt like Job and Isaiah and Daniel and John when they saw the Lord (Job xlii, 5, 6; Isa. vi, 5; Dan. x, 8; Rev. i, 17). Simon Peter had a somewhat similar experience when he saw the great goodness of his Lord and cried, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord (Luke v, 8). The believer should never be found where he cannot say, "Surely the Lord is in this place," but the precious truth of Math. xxviii, 20, should be an unceasing comfort to us, for He is ever saying, "Fear not; peace be unto you." See also Jer. xxix, 11.

18, 19. His pillow became a pillar, anointed unto God. May it suggest the change in himself that whereas in more senses than one he had recently been prone upon the earth he was now by the grace of God an upright man before God and anointed by His Spirit? One of the promises to the overcomer is that he shall be a pillar in the temple of God (Rev. iii, 12), and Paul wrote concerning James and Peter and John that they seemed to be pillars (Gal. ii, 9), speaking of the time when they gave to Barnabas and to himself the right hand of fellowship. There is one great truth that believers are very apt to forget, and that is that their bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost and that they are not their own, but mansions in which Father, Son and Holy Spirit have come to dwell (I Cor. vi, 19, 20; John xiv, 17, 23). The word "abode" in John xiv, 23, is the same as "mansion" in verse 2.

20-22. "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." Reading this passage just as it is in our A. V., it looks as if Jacob did not quite believe God, but said, If God will do as He has said, then I will give Him the tenth of all that He gives me. Such bargaining would be unbecoming in a child of Abraham who cheerfully paid tithes to Melchisedek (chapter xiv, 20). If we should read it, "Since God will be with me," etc., which translation, some say, the word will allow, then it becomes on the part of Jacob a grateful consecration to the Lord who appeared unto him. We may hope that the latter reading is correct, but let us who are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ see to it that we gratefully and cheerfully and conscientiously give the Lord at least the tenth of all He gives us that we may in our experience manifest the truth of Mal. iii, 10, and II Chron. xxxi, 10, and prove Ps. lxxxiv, 11.

A Reluctant Candidate.

During a local election in a German town only one man appeared at the nomination desk.

"Whom do you nominate?" inquired the official.

"Myself!" was the answer.

"Do you accept the nomination?"

"Well, no."

The officer laughed and said:

"Then we must try again. Whom do you nominate?"

"Myself!"

"You accept the nomination?"

"No."

A subdued "donnerwetter!" escaped the lips of the perplexed official, but he went on:

"For the third time—whom do you nominate?"

"Myself!" same the invariable reply.

"Do you accept the nomination?"

The man rose up, and a smile of satisfaction spread over his face as he answered proudly:

"Having been three times solicited by my fellow citizens to accept the nomination, I can no longer decline to accede to their wishes." He then retired.—Tit-Bits.

DAWN AT VENICE.

The burnished cloud first turned a jagged prow;
The conscious water nestled deep among
Her murky gondolas that, bow on bow,
Freighted with shadows at the molo swung.

Soon palace and canal paled into sight,
Fainting as watchers whose long vigil wanes
Till dawn's approach across the waves of night
Flushed the rose blood in sleeping Venice's veins.

Then up the dazzling steps that lead to God
One radiant sunbeam and a lone white dove
Santa Maria's holy threshold trod—
A shrine of morning lit by light and love!

Loud warned the chime to mass o'er quay and home,
Calling soft flocks of doves to meet the day
Mid sculptured saints and angels round the dome,
While market women followed in to pray.
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Scribner's Magazine.

CATARINA

A SKETCH.

From such surroundings? Yes, perhaps because of such surroundings. Genius will flourish anywhere, and genius has the happy faculty of bending every difficulty to its own advantage. At any rate, though genius itself is apt to be very dubious respecting this comforting doctrine, I cannot but think that Princes road made Catarina. Yet, truly, what a setting for such a pearl!

Her mother was an Italian, her father had died while she was still a child, and from that day Catarina was marked by fate. The mother had bought a greengrocer's shop in that very unlovely Princes road I have referred to, and there, ensconced in that little fortress—it might be truly said hardly ever quitting guard—she had begun and carried on through long years one of those terrible, grim, silent struggles with poverty, disaster and death with which London is replete. She had survived, she had been always able just to keep her head above water, but heaven only knows at the cost of what heroism, of what intelligence and of what privations in that little sea of troubles in which her lot was cast!

The older inhabitants of Princes road still remember her as a buxom and high spirited young woman, speaking English very badly, but shrewd enough withal. But the years had gradually robbed her of every trace of her former beauty, and from the first day I knew her she was a prematurely old, quiet, careworn dame, her face sallow and withered, her cheeks drawn and sunken, her hair dry and dusty, and if any hint remained to give assurance to the memory of her charms it was in her Italian eye, sad, but deep, lustrous, blazing up at times with some inward fire or occasionally revealing the strange, yearning, hunted look of a poor child of the sunny south wearing out her life in a somber clime and among an alien people.

No; there was another testimony to her former beauty—Catarina! She was about 13 when I saw her first, and most children are pretty at that age, but no one with the eye of an artist or with insight into character could once gaze upon Catarina's countenance without inwardly resolving that that strange, foreign looking creature was predestined to a "career."

Catarina was often to be found in the shop about that time or in the little "parlour" that served for everything at the back. She was generally to be found there, in fact, for, though she avoided school and was not a particularly shining light in the paths of learning, the girl was devoured with a rage for reading. There she was to be found as often as not with a smudge upon her short nose from having handled dusty potatoes, perched up or crouched down with a novelette, a story book, a book of travel, of adventure. She was extraordinarily precocious in her understanding of the world, just as much as she was backward in physical development, for she was small for her age. Even then she was ambitious—she was more than ambitious; she was fiery and resolute. One saw it in the flash of the wonderful eyes as she glanced up quickly from her book, seeming in one earnest dart to look through your own eyes into something, possibly the soul, behind!

She was delightfully shy, though confident; timid, though fiery; rapid, though tender. When she dropped her eyes, there was a fascination that depended on no mere demureness, that must indeed have been something unconscious, for it seemed really to be due to the lashes, with their long and peculiar fanlike sweep.

Catarina had resolved even to be an actress. By a sort of instinct she perceived that that was the only avenue by which she could escape from the surroundings of Princes road, which at the same time she loathed and acquiesced in with a natural and even affectionate familiarity.

Catarina would weigh out a pound of potatoes with "East Lynne" in her hand. She would haggle over an odd halfpenny with the asparagus man, dreaming—for she was always dreaming—of the most brilliant conquests, the most illustrious situations of the "boards."

* * * * * * *

Catarina had been six months in "the profession." By dint of what exertions, of what energy, resolution, had she carried her point! It was heroic, but of that kind of heroism which is utterly unconscious to the doer. Catarina knew a world of things, and she had nerves of steel. She had succeeded. And then her chance came. Almost as one tosses a ball of worsted to a kitten they had given Catarina an interpolated "song and dance."

She could not sing a "little bit," for, though her voice had a quality as though the sense of touch had somehow been dissolved into it, the volume of sound in singing was altogether too feeble. The audience laughed, laughed even at the beautiful Italian eyes, simply because they were "new"—until Catarina began to dance. They had taught her steps for a fortnight, but in her excitement she had forgotten them. She fell back upon the steps her mother had taught her and upon her genius. Her dancing spoke, it sang, it laughed, it teased—yes, like the very kitten with the worsted—it fascinated, it struck fireworks, it brought down the house in a thunderclap of sudden, impetuous, astonished applause.

I met her going home one night shortly afterward. She had slipped away and was actually trudging or, rather, stepping it, like a fairy on foot. Perhaps she liked the walk; perhaps it was the habit of the old days when a halfpenny loomed vast as a sovereign. She was beautifully dressed, though outwardly enveloped in a coarse cloak.

It came on to rain, and I suggested we should take a hansom. She consented with the air—in her it was no affectation—of a princess, giving me her dainty little hand. On the way down Bayswater road she alternately laughed and cried for joy, and her whole pleasure was that she would be able to make the "mater" a countess.

"The mater, you know, suffers, although she never complains. She has indigestion."

Poor mater! I thought of that long campaign of suffering, of privation, even doubtless at times of starvation, and Catarina knew it. We came near Princes road.

"Tell him to stop!" Catarina cried suddenly. Then with the confidence of old acquaintance:

"I can't bear to tell any one my address is in Princes road. I abhor it. But the mater is positively loath to leave it."

"Catarina," I said, "no one, I hope, judges you by"—

She started up as if she had been struck by a whip, her eyes in the moonlight glaring like those of a tiger, throwing a luster upon the pallid, beautiful countenance.

The sudden glance recalled to my mind the picture of the "mater" maimed and bruised from the terrible battle of life, with her broken English, garnished with the hideous slang of Princes road, which she had piously accepted as the English vernacular.

"Catarina," I pursued firmly, "no one, I hope, judges you by Princes road."

She seized my hand. The tears gushed to her eyes. "I thought you were going to say something else. If you had, by Jove, I'd 'a' gone for you!"

We walked on in silence till we came to the little greengrocer's shop. I was about to bid Catarina good night, but she said: "Come in for a minute and talk to the mater. She sits up waiting for me always. And if you tell her I danced well she could listen to you telling it a hundred times."

We entered through the darkness of the shop. A pale light shone, however, through the crack in the parlor door. Catarina, a little surprised that the mater had not opened to greet her, called out, "Mater, mater, mater!" as she entered the room.

There the mater sat in the old arm chair. In front of her on the table was a little painting representing herself as a young girl of about Catarina's age. Beside the painting was Catarina's latest photograph. A newspaper was still in her hand. Her face was smoothed of wrinkles in its last repose. In the pale light of the lamp it had an expression almost of joy.—Black and White.

"In the Swim."

This phrase is, one fears, bad English in so far as it has acquired a soupcon of vulgarity which, in the first place, perhaps, it did not possess, since it is thought to have originated from anglers being in luck when they find a swim or "school" of fish. Thus it has come to mean being in the popular current either in opinion, speculation or fashion—dans le mouvement, in the vogue with others. It is possible that the phrase was suggested to anglers by the eastern metaphor "To swim in golden lard," meaning to be prosperous, "And, gentle sir, when you do come to swim in golden lard" (B. Jonson, "The Fox," I, i).

Webster gives it as colloquial and says the meaning is "to be in a favored position; to be associated with others in active affairs." The Imperial Dictionary also classes the phrase in the same way and describes "the swim" as "the current of social or business events; the tide of affairs; the circle of those who know what is going on." The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable gives the origin as from an angler's phrase and says, "A lot of fish gathered together is called a swim, and when an angler can pitch his hook in such a place he is said to be 'in a good swim.'" —Notes and Queries.

The Kings of Denmark.

The dust of the Danish kings is kept in a great cathedral at Roskilde, an old town 20 miles from Copenhagen. Every year the entire royal family always pays a visit to Roskilde in obedience to an ancient custom. On one of the pillars are marks showing the height of Peter the Great, Nicholas, the Iron Czar; Alexander III of Russia; the king of England, and many other kings. The cathedral was built in the eleventh century. It has two mighty towers, which can be seen at a long distance. The oldest grave is that of King Harold I, who died in 987.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Good Children.

"People are always content with their children," said Mr. Crusty.

"Yes," answered Mr. Dusty, "if a boy is diffident they say he is naturally refined, and if he is boisterous they say he is sure to make his way in the world."—Washington Star.

Basuto Sayings.

The Basutos are addicted to metaphor, and their metaphorical sayings are numerous and interesting. The following are a few in common use and are given as specimens:

"Men may meet, but mountains never;" "Do not prick an enemy with a two pointed needle, as that hurts yourself quite as much as it does him;" "A mother is like the cow which sustains the family in time of drought;" "One hand washes another;" "A sitting hen never gets fat," an answer to our "rolling stone" aphorism. When all is quiet in the land, they say, "We are sitting down building houses." Another saying is, "A man who is patient eats fatted beasts, but an impatient man has to content himself with the flesh of a lean goat."—Chambers' Journal.

A Fish and Lizard Story.

One afternoon I thought I would go down the river and troll. I had on my hook a live minnow and in a little while had a strike, and I hooked my first fish, which seemed to be quite a large one. I reeled him where I could see him and found it was a large pike 25 or 30 inches long. I pulled him up to my boat, but when I lifted him from the water he was as light as a feather. I measured him and found he was just 30 inches long and should have weighed eight or nine pounds, while he only weighed two. He was just skin and bones. I killed him, took my knife and cut him open and found a live lizard, five inches long, in his stomach. The reptile was as black as coal and very lively, living 24 hours after I took him from his prison.—Field and Stream.

Without a Ring.

A wedding without a ring seems incongruous, but in Cadiz, Spain, no ring is used. After the ceremony the bridegroom moves the flower in his bride's hair from left to right, for in various parts of Spain to wear a rose above your right ear is to proclaim yourself a wife. Thus the rose takes the place of the ring.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases many a hard jolt.—Chicago News.

CAPRICES OF FAME.

Writers Who Live by a Single Book or Poem, Some by a Single Line.

It is one of the many odd experiences of life that while some men in pursuit of fame write a library of books and die and are forgotten other men under some happy inspiration write a single line, poem or volume and are forever ranked with the immortals.

In some cases immortality goes a-begging from the modest shrinking of an author to claim his offspring, as in the case of the oracle who penned the eloquent word "Don't" in answer to Punch's request for advice to those about to marry, but there are many cases in which men are known by the work of a few minutes or hours whom all the rest of their life's work would have left in obscurity.

Very few read Congreve nowadays, and fewer still could quote half a dozen lines from any of his poems and dramas, and yet to many who have never even heard his name there are few lines more familiar than the oft quoted and misquoted, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Charles Wolfe, the Irish divine and poet, wrote many poems of excellence, but only one redeems him and all his works from obscurity, the poem which Lord Bryon himself described as "the most perfect ode in the language," and of this few could get beyond the first line, "We buried him darkly at dead of night."

Thomas Gray, poet and friend of Horace Walpole, has left one legacy only from all his writings, but that is an imperishable one—his "Elegy Written In a Country Churchyard," the most widely quoted poem in our language. Yet those who can recite every word of it with the infallibility of a phonograph could probably not even give the name of a single other poem by the same writer.

Lady Anne Barnard would have no place at all in the public memory if she had not written that sweet and pathetic ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," which has brought sympathetic tears to the eyes of thousands who have not read another line by its author.

John Pomfret, the Bedfordshire poet, would have been forgotten for nearly two centuries had he not in a happy hour penned his exquisite poem, "The Choice," which is considered by many, including Southey and Johnson, the most perfect and beautiful lyric in our language.

Of the two English poets of the name of Collins one is only known to have attempted a single poem, but that has been sufficient to make him immortal among lovers of beautiful verse. Nothing is known of the life of the author of "Tomorrow," but his poem has given delight to thousands who could not give his Christian name or birthplace "to save their lives."

"Single Speech Hamilton" won oratorical fame by the very simple expedient of never speaking in the British parliament except on one occasion, although he was a man of political importance, chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland for over 20 years and actually author of a volume of speeches. His works and writings are as dead as their author, but the memory of that single impressive speech serves to keep his memory more alive than that of many an orator famous in his lifetime.

There are many men whose memory will be green for centuries as the consequence of having produced one successful book. Cervantes has a popularity almost as widespread as that of Shakespeare, and yet all his plays are lost, and of all his writings practically nothing remains but "Don Quixote," a book which is regarded as a classic in almost every country of Europe.

Boswell will live as long as the memory of Johnson endures solely through his life of his great friend. In the same way Scott confers immortality on his son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart, for, apart from this single valuable contribution to our knowledge of the great magician, Lockhart and all his writings would be forgotten by all but the student.

Contagion In Schools.

Any one who has worked in schoolrooms must have been impressed with the fact that the children come into frequent and close personal contact, such as putting their faces together, blowing into each other's faces, examining slates and papers and sitting close together.

Common means of contagion are these: Kissing, exchanging handkerchiefs, ribbon, chewing gum, whistles, pencils, which are almost always, consciously or unconsciously, carried to the mouths. Coins are also treated in the same way. Drinking cups, by their common use, often spread diseases. Schoolbooks are ready carriers of contagion. Then, also, may be mentioned the dangers from overcrowding the schoolrooms, which leads to the breathing of impure air and the dissemination of germs. Wraps which are not absolutely needed often hang where they dry and are aired in the schoolroom.

The foundation for many cases of pulmonary diseases and chronic invalidism can sometimes be traced to a badly ventilated schoolroom.—Motherhood.

Man and Labor.

Lady Russell, in her volume, "Swallowfield and Its Owners," points out that in 1820 the Berkshire estate came into the hands of Sir Henry Russell, who had been a friend of Dr. Johnson. It was at Russell's table that one day the doctor maintained that "no man loved labor; no man would work if he could help it." Reynolds objected and gave Pope for instance. But Pope's inspiration, said the doctor, "was the love of fame and not the love of labor. Leander swam the Hellespont, but that doesn't prove that he loved swimming."

Won by His Wit.

A story is told of an English clergyman who owed his appointment to a rich living to a lucky pun. He was tutor to the son of a nobleman and had not long taken orders when he attended the funeral of the rector of the parish in which the nobleman's seat was situated.

The father of his pupil was patron of the living and was also present at the funeral of the deceased rector. There was a young clergyman present also whose grief was so demonstrative that the noble patron was much affected by the sight and asked if the young man was a son of the deceased gentleman.

"Oh, dear, no, my lord—no relation at all," said the tutor.

"No relation!" exclaimed the nobleman in a surprised tone.

"None, my lord; he is the curate, and I think he is not weeping for the dead, but for the living."

His lordship, who was something of a wit and a cynic himself, was so delighted with the bonmot that he conferred the living upon the ready punster.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00 A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.05 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Boston & Northern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

J. R. Carter & Co.
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369 Main Street.

The Wise Man
Does not wait until he sees a storm coming before he sets about mending his leaky roof. Neither does he await the approach of another Winter to repair or replace his defective heating apparatus. Prices are lower now than for several years, with a rise in prospect.
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Telephone 28-2.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. A. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
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Telephone 39-2.

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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

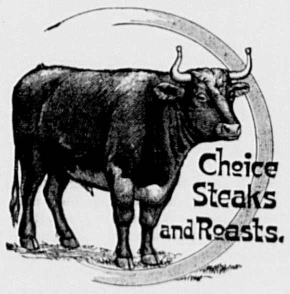
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director.
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

DR. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

More than a thousand years ago—
Shadows of time, how the days go by—
There was a man I used to know—
May seem strange, but you'll see it's so
After I tell you the reason why—
Worked in a brickyard, same as you
And all of us have to do;
Mixed in the trouble and worry and strife,
The mirth and the other things of life;
Stirred in the hopes and the pains and fears,
Kneaded the mud with his sweat and his tears,
Humanest mass that ever you saw.
"Poor brick!" said the man, "but I have no straw!"

Up to his knees in the miry pit,
A pygmy's way, but a giant's grit;
His back was a chain of throbbing aches,
Lifting the mold with its earthen cakes;
Elbows rusty as hinges of steel,
Knees so lame he could hardly kneel;
Mud so stiff it would clog a plow
And couldn't be stirred with a wheel nohow;
Nights as short as the days were long;
Nothing seemed right, but everything wrong.
"Best I can do," said the man; "but, pshaw,
You can't make brick when you have no straw!"

Taskmasters pitiless lashed the man.
"Can't!" sobbed Weakness, but Courage cried,
"Can!"
"Don't!" said Despair, but Duty cried, "Do!"
"All right," said the man, "I'll worry her through!
Can't do much, and I reckon you'll see
Brick won't be just what they ought to be;
Ain't nigh so good as I know I could make
If I just had straw; but you'll have to take
The best I can do for the work's own sake."

He finished his tale of brick and then
Went home to rest, and the sons of men
Looked on his perfect work and saw
He'd have spoiled the brick had he put in straw.
—Robert J. Burdette.

The Exhumed Repentance...

How a Mexican Merry Go Round Served a Double Purpose.

Cortes' gray palace, with its arches of stone, looks down on the spot. The spot is paved with cobblestones, and, save for a few wistful handfuls of grass that grow there in the rainy season, it is very bare. It is a tiny public square in the center of Cuernavaca, surrounded on two sides by the adobe walls of pink, blue and yellow dwellings, on the other two by the flowery gardens of the Plaza of the Constitution. Pacheco's one legged statue stands near, leaning on its crutches of bronze.

The pink house is nearest. There on a rainy, gusty day somebody was dying. The room was full of many colored things of a cheap sort, such as the print of Mary Magdalene over the bed. The bed was a narrow cot. The moribund lady was exceedingly old.

Having got rid of the priest, she sat up with unexpected vigor and gazed about. The rain was dripping through the tiles. Nobody was left in the room but her son, Tomas, and his wife, Julia. They beheld, shrieked in terror at this rising of the dead and fell down by the cot, crying out: "Mother! O Dios!"

"Take it cool, you sillies," said the fat perishing one, scolding and gasping. "I'm not a ghost, Lord save you. Nor am I going to disappoint anybody. I'll die at 10 sharp or know the reason why. I'm too old a bird by ten years. But there is a weight on me, and I must have it off."

"Lie down!" groaned Tomas, his hair standing on end.

"Oh, lie down!" wailed Julia.

"I've got to lie long enough later on," joked the old lady grimly. "Now listen."

She clutched Tomas by the shoulder and dragged him nearer. Julia crawled to the foot of the bed and lay there gaping. Julia was one of those lower middle class Mexicans who are almost incredibly beautiful and without any distinctly Spanish or Moorish characteristics.

"Now listen fast," said the husky old one, still with a sort of grim humor, "or you'll not keep up. You know the bare space in front of the house? It looks innocent. Fifty years ago a building stood there. The middle of that space was the middle of a patio, and walls surrounded it. Well, there came a foreigner. Lord knows whether he was French or Hindoo or Chinese or Irish. I take no stock in any of your foreign trash. Anyhow some fool war or other was just finished, and this fellow was called a deserter from the trashy foreign army, whatever it was. He was big and bony, with a drooping mustache. He was secretive and bought the house that stood where the bare place is. There he lived alone for ten years, and whenever there was a holiday or the visit of a general he shut himself up. Once I climbed the aguacate tree and looked over, and he was digging in the patio. He looked thin. After that I heard him from my patio digging. Then at night I saw the haze of his lamplight shine up over the wall. So I climbed up again at night and sat there an hour in the rain looking down on him. Now listen. This is what I saw."

She was still clawing Tomas to make him come closer.

"I saw him take up two boxes. I saw him hold the lamp over them, and the stuff that glittered in them was money. He buried them and pounded down the dirt and put the stones on top. Two days after that he died. We went in with the officers who found him. He was lying on the floor with a newspaper in some trashy foreign language in his hand. Some thought he killed himself. They found no money nor name. There was no heir to the house, so the government tore it down and make a public square out of the ground, and so it is to this day. I never told about the boxes. Mind you"—she pointed a fat, admonishing finger at Julia—"wherever there is money buried there are devils. Bad luck and death comes to him that digs. Besides, it was some trashy foreign money which can't be passed in Cuernavaca. Every year I thought I might dig, but the place is so public—besides, the devils."

She paused and, though panting hard, seemed to dream long and absorbedly. At length she sighed and looked at the clock. "Nigh 10—heigh ho!" She lay down.

"They say a Mexican can't keep an appointment. I am five minutes ahead of time, and the saints can hurry for once," chuckling. "Goodby, Tomas. Don't forget that I had the milk hung in the fountain. It'll sour by night."

With this the odd old person passed away.

After a week, during which the life of Tomas and the beautiful Julia established itself on a motherless footing, they began to whisper to each other about the money buried in the square.

"Julia," said he, lying at dusk with his head in her lap, "do you believe it?"

She tickled his chin, propped open his eyes and twisted his lip, then kissed him all over the face with comical fury.

"I do!" she cried. "Your mother was the most practical woman in the world, Tomas, and never lied."

"Julia, how could we dig down and see?"

"I don't know, without the whole town standing round and hooting at us. Oh, oh!" she gurgled in an ecstasy of imagination. "Two boxes of gold!"

"I believe it's some old Aztec treasure," said Tomas, "and the man who buried it was an Indian of a tribe unknown to my mother. Aztec gold has been dug up before, thousands of dollars of it!"

She twisted his hair till he cried out and hugged him convulsively and said:

"You must devise a plan. I will—I will dig!"

"You don't believe it—about devils?"

"I can charm the devils. Is it not so? Little sweet Tomasito, can she charm the diablito?" She was kissing his lips and talking endearing baby talk to the big rawboned man.

"She can!" swore he. "Let us plan! But how—but how?"

And for two whole weeks they moped about repeating, "But how—but how?" staring at the bare open space which all the town went trooping over. Tomas worked no more. Julia scarcely cooked, so that they were unconsciously hungry and thin looking. They grew melancholy during that fortnight looking out of the window at the cobblestones.

One day at dinner when neither had spoken for an hour Tomas suddenly hit his plate with his fist.

"I have it!" cried he.

She sprang up, dancing, leaped to him, hugged and twisted and smothered him, uttering a flood of incoherent questions.

"Why—ah—ugh—don't choke me—gr-r-r-r!" gasped he, with beans in his mouth. "The merry go round!"

She sat down with a sudden gloomy thump and gazed at her coughing lord.

"Tomas, what rude, unkind joke have you played on your little Julia? Oh, Tomas!"

"No joke! I say the little horses!"

Merry go rounds are called "little horses" in Mexico. He was now arising in excitement.

"But—but," she murmured, sitting there, a beautiful picture disconsolate, "how in the world can we do it with them?"

"Didn't Romeo tell me he was losing money with his merry go round in Yautepec and offer to rent it to me to try in Cuernavaca?"

"Ye-yes," with reproachful doubt.

Tomas was now dancing, dignity gone, the idea fully formed in his brain.

"Big silly!" cried she, running and holding to his ears. "What is it?"

"Why, can't you see? This is the very spot the government rented once before to a merry go round. And merry go rounds have small inner circles walled in and hidden with canvas!"

Light came into her eyes. Her lips were apart. She threw her slender body with a cry of joy into his arms and upon his breast.

"And I can sing while you dig!" wept she.

Next morning Tomas rode away to Yautepec. For a week the world was a prison, life all but unbearable to Julia. At the end of that time the little horses came.

They had wound along mountain trails from Yautepec. On the backs of mules and burros were they bound. Canvas, poles, ropes and much timber were bound likewise. A little steam engine, made in Cleveland, O., and sadly out of its element, came a roundabout way over two railroads. The caravan was a strange sight, yonder in those mountain wilds. The Cuautla valley, green and tropical and glorious, whence the little horses came, lies in a basin of the mountains. Over the low range, green and tropical and glorious, too, lies the valley of Cuernavaca. The two are sisters. The stony mail route from Yautepec crosses the range near the two round hills called Tetillas. Across that summit, with the green basins in view on either hand and the clear air making old Popocatepetl seem close, wound Tomas' train, wooden horse legs sticking up from mulebacks, wooden horse heads overhanging burro heads, all the paraphernalia of a battered, modern, dreary, American merry go round, crawling thus over Montezuma's ancient trails.

On the bare space by Pacheco's one legged statue the caravan at length came to a halt. The drivers saw the anxious face of a woman looking out of the window of the pink house. Already ragged boys were whooping in the joy of anticipation, for this sort of diversion, the grandest which heaven ever permits to men, comes but once in many moons to the boys of a town like Cuernavaca.

Tomas came and burst open his door, and the two fell into each other's arms as though they had been parted a dozen years.

"My angel, Tomasito!" gurgled she.

"Soon—ah, very soon," he muttered incoherently, with her hair wound round his neck. Then he strode out.

At length the circular canvas top of the merry go round was up. Then for two slow days Tomas and some workmen fitted those battered wooden steeds in place. The steeds stood in pairs, woodenly prancing on a circular platform. The engine was delayed. Tomas stormed and walked the patio. Julia sat right down on the floor of the corridor and wept many endearing tears for her lord's encouragement.

After awhile the old engine from Cleveland, O., came growling into the open space, and there was a man to run it and burro loads of wood for fuel. Julia heard the shriek of the petulant whistle. Handbills of that extravagant, overdone sort common to Mexico had been strewn in all the streets. For Tomas was no dreamer, and if there should prove to be no Aztec gold below ground at least there was Aztec copper above. The bills read as follows:

"Viva Mexico! Little horses moved by steam. The company, desirous of pleasing the high taste of this exalted community, is disposed to offer its services, together with an instrumental concert every day. Knowing that we are abjectly unworthy of the commendation of so enlightened a city, we have yet ventured, with humility, to bring forward our poor abilities. Viva Mexico!"

Within that circular platform of horses was a smaller circle of canvas wall, surrounding and hiding the central pole and a space three yards in diameter around it. This was the customary private chamber—forbidden city—of the owner of the caballitos. To the ragged boys it was the retreat of a god. Thereto strode Tomas, and casually big iron tools were taken in also and concealed.

At 4 o'clock out from her home steps Julia, arrayed in sky blue, with her hair waving nobly and her eyes like mountain lakes. She takes her seat in a chair on the movable platform between two pairs of open mouthed little horses. She carries a guitar in her hand. With that sweet, calm, mild, reliable repose which is the exclusive property of the Mexican woman of a certain class she sells little green tickets at 3 cents apiece to the clamoring boys. True, her calm permitted some small scamps to steal rides for nothing, but that is neither here nor there.

"Tomas—ah, where is Tomas?" asked many.

"Taking his chocolate," replies she sweetly.

The whistle shrieks, the engine gives a puff, and the horses do truly prance, indeed, go all round, one pair snorting after the pair in front, and they in turn snorting after those before them, till finally even the first snorters are snorted after, and the battered circuit is complete.

Julia takes up her guitar in a fair hand and, remaining seated on the circular platform, with that mild, reliable repose, goes round and round, forever snorted after by incredible rings of those animals. And as she goes she touches her guitar with light finger and casts up the mountain lakes to the canvas of the tent and sings. Her song is sweet and ringing, clear and full of pathos. Her constant change of place causes the music to have that wavering, sinking and rising uncertain quality so prized by certain lovers of the art. To be one moment yonder and the next here makes the voice of Julia like that of the night wind, which swells and retires with varying gusts and fills the soul with sadness. The words she sang were like these:

Ah, that sweet, fair senora,
She lived beside the spring!
There stands a blue cross over her,
And the breeze goes murmuring,
"Ah, sweet, sweet, fair senora!"

It may be mentioned as a general truth that there is always something exceedingly melancholy about a merry go round in Mexico. It is not known why. One's philosophy staggers before this truth. But, alas! A merry go round in Mexico is exceedingly melancholy.

The movement ceases. Other tickets are sold, other circuits are made, and the senora is still mentioned as having lived beside the spring. The shades of night come on, and torches are lit.

"And Tomas—why, where is he?" asked many still.

"Taking his chocolate," says Julia sweetly.

"Faith, he takes much and long!"

"Si, senor. Tomas was always very fond of chocolate."

Midnight at last arrives. The crowds have gone away. Julia, something of eagerness affecting her repose, descends, with guitar in hand, and runs with swift feet into her home, her hair flying. The torches are out. The engine is settling down grumblingly to slumber. The engineer has gone. The stone paved space is deserted.

She sits in her room staring at the door, waiting. The door bursts open. She springs forward with a cry, to fall upon Tomas, who comes in with a burden. He is toil worn, earth stained, with blistered hands. He locks the door, and they sink down on the floor beside his burden.

There are two iron boxes, each about eight inches square and locked with padlocks. She tears at them with her fair hands and falls palpitating on Tomas' breast. He takes a crowbar, pushes her aside and smashes the locks, and it is Julia's white fingers that throw the lids back.

The lamplight shows some silver and gold in little heaps, but not very much. It shows some packages wrapped in cloth. The silver and gold coins are hurriedly piled on the floor. The packages are torn open. They reveal bank bills and a letter. Tomas and his wife stare stupidly at one another and at the money. They finger it. The coins and the bills are unlike Mexican coins and bills. They do not know what kind they are or their value, but there are eagles on some of them, which at least is like Mexico and cheering.

"Read the letter!" she cries, curling up with convulsions of emotion in his lap.

It was as follows, in bad Spanish:

CUERNAVACA, June 9, 1857.

This is a confession to be read by him who finds this money. I was born in North Carolina in 1821. I have lived nearly all my life in Texas. I joined General Taylor's army for the war with Mexico in 1846. I was in the battles of Buena Vista and Chapultepec. I was captain of a company in the Twelfth regiment. My colonel was a beast and treated me beyond the endurance of man. The regiment disliked me and made my life miserable. They stole my money. After awhile I was made crazy, so stung was I. I came to hate the name of Americans, my people though they are. Then came a chance to take some money sent down by the United States government to pay the troops. One night I took it and deserted. Having shaved off my beard, I came safely to Cuernavaca and buried myself here. I have lived the life of the damned, and this is to testify that before God I repent. But what is a man to do?

ROBERT T. MARTIN.

This was the mute and brief appeal. This foreign trash meant little to Tomas and Julia. They made a secret trip to Mexico. They received $23,000 in Mexican money for the coin and bills. And in a pretty house in San Angel, that delightful suburb of the capital, does Julia twist the lip and prop open the eyes and fall upon the breast of Tomas.—Argonaut.

Largest Variety and . . . .
Lowest Prices in Boston in
Wall Papers,
Picture Mouldings
— AND —
Window Shades.
MELMON L. FLETCHER,
(Formerly with Ward & Waldron),
84 & 86 Union Street, Boston.
Near Haymarket Subway Station. Telephone 233-3 Richmond.

GREYHOUNDS.

They Are the Fleetest of All Four Footed Animals.

Comparatively few people realize of what remarkable speed dogs are capable. Some remarkable statistics in regard to this have been gathered by M. Dusolier, a French scientist.

After pointing out the marvelous endurance shown by little fox terriers who follow their masters patiently for hours while the latter are riding on bicycles or in carriages, he says that even greater endurance is shown by certain wild animals that are akin to dogs.

Thus the wolf can run between 50 and 60 miles in one night, and an arctic fox can do quite as well, if not better.

Nansen met one of these foxes on the ice at a point more than 70 miles northwest of the Sannikow territory, which is 480 miles from the Asiatic coast. Eskimo and Siberian dogs can travel 45 miles on the ice in five hours, and there is one case on record in which a team of Eskimo dogs traveled 6½ miles in 28 minutes.

According to M. Dusolier, the speed of the shepherd dogs and those used in hunting ranges from 10 to 15 yards a second. English setters and pointers hunt at the rate of 18 to 19 miles an hour, and they can maintain this speed for at least two hours.

Foxhounds are extraordinarily swift, as is proved by the fact that a dog of this breed once beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in 6½ minutes, which was at the rate of nearly 18 yards a second.

Greyhounds are the swiftest of all four footed creatures, and their speed may be regarded as equal to that of carrier pigeons. English greyhounds, which are carefully selected and which are used for coursing, are able to cover at full gallop a space between 18 and 23 yards every second.

How great an achievement this is may be judged from the fact that a thoroughbred horse rarely if ever exceeds 19 yards. Moreover, it is said that a hare at its greatest speed never goes faster than at the rate of 18 yards.

These interesting statistics are exciting much comment among sportsmen and other lovers of dogs, and the opinion is unanimous that M. Dusolier has fully proved the right of the greyhound to rank as the swiftest of the quadrupeds. Express engines only surpass them.—London Mail.

Tentative Interment.

A poor Scotchwoman lay dying, and her husband sat by her bedside. After a time the wife took her husband's hand and said:

"John, we're goin to part. I have been a gude wife to ye, haven't I?"

John thought a moment.

"Well, just middling like, Jenny, ye know," anxious not to say too much.

Again the wife spoke.

"John," she said faintly, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Str'avon beside my mither. I could na rest in peace among unco' folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgie."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John soothingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasgie first, an gin ye dinna be quiet we'll try ye in Str'avon."—Spare Moments.

He Didn't Complain.

Young Wife—This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense.

Friend—Doesn't your husband complain at all?

Young Wife—No, indeed! Why, last evening I couldn't find my gloves and had a long hunt for half a dozen other things, and yet when I was finally dressed and went down stairs to my husband there he was by the fire reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late.

Friend—Well, I declare! Where were you going?

Young Wife—To prayer meeting.—New York Weekly.

As She Saw It.

Mrs. Kleener—What is the matter with you this evening, John, that you ain't smoking?

Mr. Kleener—The doctor says I mustn't. He says I must stop smoking or die.

Mrs. Kleener—Oh, I'm so glad! You won't be scenting up my curtains any more, will you?—Boston Transcript.

A Chinese philosopher says there is an ounce of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

CONFECTIONS FROM GRAIN.

Wheat and Malt Used In the Manufacture of Candy.

A manufacturing plant in New Jersey, formerly used as a manilla paper mill, is now operated by a corporation engaged in the unique industry of making confections from wheat and malt, about the last materials in the world one would expect to find in candy.

In the earlier stages of the process the grain is fanned, ground and mixed in proper proportions. Then it is cooked to a mash, from which a thin sirup is squeezed by hydraulic presses and conducted to a great iron evaporator. Thence the sirup is carried in pipes to a vacuum pan. Here it is vigorously stirred and further evaporated. The thickened sirup is drawn off into huge, shallow tin pans, where it is cooled and hardened. Plain or flavored with peppermint, the mass is a rich golden brown in color. Combined with chocolate it is dark as the familiar caramel in the candy shops.

When a batch of goods is needed for the market, the stock in the pans is broken into pieces and put into a boiler surrounded by a steam jacket. It is reduced by heat to the consistency of taffy at an old fashioned candy pull. Skilled workmen shape the mass into long strips that lie like golden snakes on a board table.

They are fed to a cutting machine, a noisy little monster with an insatiable appetite for sweets. You could almost cover the machine with a hat, yet it turns out malt creamlets nearly as fast as a Maxim gun hurls a storm of bullets. The boys who carry the creamlets from the machine to the tables where they are wrapped have little time for meditation.—Chautauqua Herald.

EDITOR STOREY'S NOTION.

Theory on Which He Remitted a Fine and Raised a Salary.

"I was slashing copy on old Storey's Chicago Times many years ago," said one of the guests at a reunion dinner. "We had a correspondent in an Illinois town who simply would not schedule his matter, but as he generally sent good stuff we let him run on, slashing his stuff to suit the exigencies of the night. Besides, his stuff always suggested good headlines, and that was one of Storey's hobbies.

"On one occasion the correspondent sent up about 700 words which went into 100, with nothing over. On the 100 words I constructed a headline which was right up to the mark. The next day I was instructed to tell the man who made out the checks for the country correspondents to knock $5 off the correspondent's pay.

"When he received his check, he wrote to Mr. Storey saying that under ordinary circumstances he wouldn't kick about the deduction, but in this particular instance he did because the fool headline over the item made by a fool telegraph editor had infuriated the man whose name was mentioned in the dispatch and brought on a fight between him and the correspondent, the result of which was that the correspondent was fined $5 in the police court.

"Mr. Storey was a very just man when you got at him the right way. He instructed the cashier to send the correspondent the amount of the fine and raised my salary because the headline I wrote had caused a row. That was his way of encouraging a headline writer."—New York Sun.

Cities Without Slums.

Berlin has none of the horrible areas which disgrace London and so many other English towns. Even in the poorest quarters the dwellings are good, the streets well paved, clean and comparatively wide. It also has no slums in the English sense of the word. Kioto, in Japan, and Sevastopol, in Russia, both boast an absence of slums and paupers. In England the largest manufacturing town which is free from this reproach is probably Huddersfield, and after that would come Leamington Spa and London by the Sea.—Pearson's Weekly.

There They Were.

"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction." "And I am here," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things." "And I," said the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself." "And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town."—Kansas City Independent.

Sleeping Rooms.

In all sleeping apartments where carpet is used, in the interest of health, an uncovered painted margin should entirely surround the room so as to prevent the accumulation of dust, possibly containing dangerous microbes in the cracks. If this border is regularly washed with water containing a disinfectant, it will also aid materially in purifying the room.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 13, 1901.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

At about 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, September 6, 1901, while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the body of President William McKinley received two bullets from a 32-caliber revolver fired by Leon Czolgosz, an Anarchist, whose home is in Cleveland, Ohio. One struck in the region of the lungs but glanced, and being speedily extracted, proved not to be of a serious character. The other entered the upper part of the abdominal cavity, but fortunately failed to strike the intestines, to which fact, probably, the life of the President was due. But for the instant and vigorous action of James Parker, a stelwart Negro, and Corp. O'Brien a U. S. Soldier, who was doing guard duty, the Anarchist would have got in a third, and possibly fatal, shot; but he was overcome, after rough handling, and conveyed to jail.

The shots were fired while the President was shaking hands with Czolgosz, or about to, the latter presenting his left hand, the right being covered with a bandage, as though injured, but which was really used to conceal the murderous weapon with which he intended to take the life of the President.

The President immediately sank into a chair, and the wildest excitement and confusion ensued among the immense crowd that filled the great hall.

The most eminent surgeons of Buffalo were hastily summoned and the President was removed to the Milburn House, where another operation was performed and an unsuccessful attempt made to locate and remove the remaining ball. Except when under the influence of chloroform the President was conscious and fully realized his perilous condition.

For three days, while the gravest uncertainty hung over the fate of the President, and until the attending physicians gave out that the crisis had been passed, the most intense anxiety filled every loyal heart in the land. Denunciation of the dastardly act that was intended to deprive the Nation of one of the best, purest and ablest Presidents it ever had was bitter and universal.

On Monday the news from Buffalo as to the President's condition was more cheering; on Tuesday strong grounds for hope for his recovery were sent over the land; and on Wednesday morning the doctors announced that the danger point had been safely passed, that there was no longer any doubt of his full restoration to health and strength, and that he would be able to go home in three weeks. The prayers of the American people have been answered and McKinley lives.

The shooting of the Presdent has served at least one good purpose; it has brought out the fact not hitherto known but only suspected that our country is cursed in all is parts with individual Anarchists and Anarchist organizations, many of which have been brought to light and located since the terrible affair at Buffalo, which has aroused the whole people, not only to the realization of the danger from their presence among us, but to a determination to crush and drive them out. Already the headcentre, the viper, Emma Goldman, has been arrested in Chicago, and soon the vile nest of Anarchists at Patterson, N. J., their national headquarters, and at every other point, will be wiped out. It can't be done too soon for the safety of the country.

PRAYERS AND PRAISE.

The Woburn clergymen, Protestant and Catholic, prefaced their sermons last Sunday with prayers for the recovery of the President and words of praise of him as a man, a citizen, and ruler. The Rev. J. J. Keegan of St. Charles Catholic Church referred at length at all the masses to the attempt to take the President's life, and asked his congregation to pray for the President's speedy recovery. He denounced the deed and eulogized President McKinley as one of the noblest rulers this country has ever had.

The attempted assassination by the Anarchist Leon Czolgosz at Buffalo was strongly denounced by each of the ministers, as were also the Anarchist organizations in this country, of which the would have been murderer is unquestionably a member, and who committed the dastardly act under instructions from them.

The noble and patriotic spirit exhibited in their remarks and sermons and the earnestness of their prayers struck a responsive chord in the heart of every listener. The community had been deeply shocked at the attempt on the life of President McKinley and the strong language of their pastors was heartily endorsed.

Like services were listened to in each of the several churches in this city, and in them warm and heartfelt tributes of respect and admiration for the stricken President of the United States were spoken and heard with deep appreciation.

PRESIDENT NOT SO WELL.

The reports this morning, Sept. 13, from the President are more unfavorable. He had a relapse last evening but rallied at midnight.

☞ A large element of strength in Mr. Riley's campaign is the fact that when, last year, Mr. Wetherell assured Republicans that he would be satisfied with a second term and would not seek a third, Mr. Riley generously announced that he would not be a candidate against him and warned those of his friends who were contrary minded not to make use of his name in the caucuses. This honorable course by Mr. Riley gave the field exclusively to Mr. Wetherell and he had no opposition except in one Ward. Mr. Riley's conduct was warmly commended by fair minded Republicans who now remember it and stand ready to reward him for it. He was honorable; he supported the candidacy of Mr. Wetherell conscientiously; and, relying on Mr. Wetherell's representations last year, and the Republican two-term rule, (suspended for special reasons in the case of Representative Wood, but not abrogated, or meant to be), Mr. Riley is now a candidate for his reward. It is conceded by the leading Republicans of this city, by the men who are prominent and influential in the councils of the Party, that Mr. Riley is unquestionably entitled to the nomination this year, and that he will have their earnest and hearty support. He is sure also to receive the same cordial help from all lovers of fair play and honorable political dealings.

☞ The election of Mr. Elmore A. Pierce to represent Ward 4 in the Board of Aldermen is enshrouded in impenetrable mystery, so some people say. Not that it was not fair, open, and aboveboard, but what did it mean? He was elected by the votes of 7 Democrats and one Republican, the other Republicans voting for Mr. Beggs. Mr. Pierce is a Republican. It is expected that the mystery will be cleaned up at an early meeting of the Council. Some say the election of Mr. Pierce means granting of the pool licenses vetoed by the Mayor, while others are free to express the opinion that the "Nigger in the woodpile" is the old "Kelley Lot" fight over again. Nearly all profess to see a "trade" in the transaction, but the trouble is to locate it. The JOURNAL is neutral. It hopes, however, that the surmises of the suspicious will turn out to be wrong, but more especially in respect to the pool licenses. The JOURNAL is not entirely clear in its own mind that a revival of the "Kelley Lot" controversy, and a good smart squabble over it, might not be of public utility. It might stir up the authorities to the point of providing suitable quarters for our surplus school population, and lead to the erection of more rooms. But public necessity does not demand more poolrooms.

☞ Discussing Senatoral possibilities and probabilities *Practical Politics* of Sept. 7 has this to say concerning Senator Wood: "Senator Wood has smoothed out the wrinkles which promised to bother him a little earlier. Representative Keene of Stoneham is reported as now willing to go back to the House and await his turn for the Senatorial nomination. Woburn plays so strong a part in that District that those who thought of making trouble feel disposed to wait and see the way a little more clearly. Senator Wood now stands a good chance of renomination and re-election, and Representative Dean of Wakefield, who at the first stir-up thought of taking the Democratic Senatoral nomination, has made up his mind that it would be but a barren field, and has announced himself for his fifth term in the House."

☞ As the leather manufacturing business of Woburn is largely owned by the American Hide & Leather Company, and one of the Directors, Mr. James Skinner, and several stockholders live here, it is natural to believe that our people are interested in learning the names of the new Directors, elected at a meeting held on Sept. 4, at which meeting also the number of Directors was reduced from 19 to 15: Thomas W. Hall, W. N. Eisendrath, E. L. White, Theodore S. Haight, Aaron Hecht, M. Robson of Salem, F. L. Roenitz, C. H. Buswell of Newton, Charles W. Tidd of Stoneham, William Becker, Thomas Kiernan, James Skinner of Woburn, Geo. A. Hill, Frederick Strauss, Thomas J. Ryan.

☞ The election of Mr. Elmore A. Pierce to fill out the term of Ald. J. Grafton Murdock, resigned, makes him the logical candidate for the office at the next December election. The voters of Ward 4 cannot consistantly ignore him and his claims at that time, but will be in duty bound to give him at least one full term in the Council. Should they do this, there may be possibilities of promotion in store for Ald. Pierce which need not be discussed at this time.

☞ The Annual Fall Excursions of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company to the White Mountains will begin next Sunday, Sept. 15, for which tickets are on sale at all their Railroad Stations. In this connection it will be well enough to bear in mind that the open season for deer in Maine this year will be from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15; and for moose from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1. Sportsmen should cut this item out and paste it in their hats.

☞ Reports reach us to the effect that Hon. John H. Pousland of Amesbury is likely to secure the Woburn delegates to the Republican Councillor convention. He has influential friends here who, it is said, are putting in some good work in his behalf. The Republicans of this city who know him best stand ready to endorse him as a worthy gentleman, intelligent and honest, and amply qualified for the honorable office of Councillor.

☞ One or two of Wetherell's hefty campaigners are blowing around that a majority of the Republican Ward and City Committee favor his nomination. It is certainly known that 25 of the 35 members are earnest supporters of Mr. Riley, and several of the remaining 10 are actively opposed to Wetherell. So much for that campaign yarn.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

F. A. Locke—Pianos.
F. A. Locke—Reader.
G. F. Jones—For Sale.
Dauchy & Co.—Ivers & Pond.
R.R. Commissioners—Pet. & Order.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— The apple crop is light in these parts.

— Postoffice Clerk William E. Kenney is taking his annual vacation.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred. A. Hartwell went to Antrim, N. H., last week.

— Miss Florence Ferguson has gone back to her school at Milford, N. H.

— The public schools of this city opened in fine bettle last Monday morning.

— Chief of Police McDermott has returned from his vacation outing and is looking fine.

— Ernest Legg, son of the photographer, is Principal of the High School at Meridith, N. H.

— Miss Edith Lillian Smith has returned to Mt. Holyoke College where she is a Sophomore.

— Mr. and Mrs. George A. Simonds recently visited York Beach and had a pleasant tarry there.

Note the fact that the

CARPETS

sold by us are the products of the best materials and the best skill all along the line—"from field to floor," in short. Our stock is unequalled in New England for variety and completeness, and our prices are *always* moderate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,

658 Washington Street, Opp. Boylston St. BOSTON.

Business Established 1817.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 23 Water Street.

Light Weight Goods for Summer Wear.

AT LIGHT WEIGHT PRICES.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING, BY FRANK A. LOCKE.

24 YEARS EXPERIENCE. Telephone 17-3 Jamaica.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable. Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Free use of any Telephone, night or day, to send an order. Pianos sold for cash or easy payments.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

Cures Coughs and Colds,

Relieves Sore Throat and Hoarseness.

Huntley's Tar, White Pine and Wild Cherry

25c. PREPARED ONLY AT

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"

417 MAIN STREET.

— The changes in the entrance and stairway of Mechanics building, and in other respects, are a decided improvement.

— Mr. John H. Sheehan came all the way from New Jersey to attend the 39th Regiment reunion at Lynnfield last Saturday.

— Miss Gladys Aldrich will return to College on Sept. 18. Presumably other Smith girls will go back to their books about that time.

— Last Saturday was another hot one. Dog Days ended on Sept. 5, but the heat kept right on just as though nothing had happened.

— Mr. Albert E. Maguire, the Judge's oldest son, is a student at the University of Virginia to which he returned a few days ago.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— Last Wednesday, so Ald. Wood told us, highway work enough to come to $10,000 was laid out by the Committee. Now all that is lacking is the money.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker is putting in heating plants for people and getting things ready for cold weather. He is classed as one of the best men in the business.

— Last Saturday we received a fine armful of "Blackeyed Betties" from Miss Mary H. Hoover of Church Avenue, an old time flower that we set a store by.

— The grand and final Fair of Post 33, G. A. R., is to be opened on Oct. 21 and close on Oct. 26. The several committees are hard at work on the preparations.

— But little business was transacted at the first fall meeting of the School Board held on Sept. 3. Mr. Michael Walsh was appointed Janitor of the Wyman School.

— The attendance at our public schools reached nearly 3000. What to do with them all is a serious question just at present. More room is imperatively demanded.

— Workmen of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Co. have been ploughing up and otherwise disfiguring Winn street this week at a great rate, but it will be all right in the end.

— Some kind friend has sent us a copy of "The Town and Country Journal" published at Sydney, Australia, and we wish we knew his or her name that proper thanks might be returned.

— The bakery of Mr. William W. McCabe on Montvale avenue was injured by fire last Monday morning to the extent of about $1000. The origin of the fire could not be definitely determined.

— Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., will spend a few days this week at Brattleboro, Vt., to participate at the 7th anniversary of the dedication of the church, for which he then raised the necessary funds.

— Mr. Fred Cottle and family did some heavy and pleasant resting at Salisbury Beach. Mr. Cottle, as the head and Manager of a big Woburn tannery, is on the high road to signal business success.

— Miss Mary Ethel Hayward, daughter of Mr. Rufus C. Hayward, has been engaged as a teacher in the schools of Bath, N. H., where she is a capable, well educated young lady.

— Hope Circle, D. R., have resumed regular meetings.

— The fine rain of last Wednesday reminds us to remark that the "Line Gale," or Equinocial Storm, is due in a little more than a week. The days and nights are about of a length, and winter is approaching.

— The ear of the people is close to the sod listening intently to hear the gong sound of Supt. Brackett's every 15 minutes cars from Woburn to Medford. The Company hang back, but 15-minute trips are sure to come.

— About 15 members of the Woburn Company attended the reunion of the 39th Regiment at Lynnfield last Saturday and had a fine time. The ranks of the Regiment grow thinner year by year, but those who are left are all right.

— Mr. Charles W. Cooper of C. E. Cooper & Co., Real Estate Agents, left here last Saturday for the Pan-American Exposition, from whence, after seeing it all, he will visit Niagara Falls, take the Hudson River trip, and then come home.

— When we met Alderman Frank A. Winn Friday afternoon he had just returned from a trolley trip on the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad which he enjoyed. By the way, why wouldn't Ald. Winn make good timber for Mayor this fall?

— Last Monday Mr. Charles E. Tripp took a large Nason & Russell party to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo as a Conductor. The above firm are doing a large excursion business and Mr. Tripp is often employed to conduct parties.

— This week the City of Woburn has been minus an Executive Head. Mayor Davis is sailing the Hudson, St. Lawrence and Saugurney Rivers, and President Blodgett is in Virginia, and there you are! "The Old Harry to pay and no pitch hot."

— Captain John E. Tidd enjoyed his New York and Canadian trip very much indeed. After a sail up the Hudson and visits at Lake Champlain, Northern Vermont, Montreal, Quebec, and a voyage up the famous Shagurney River, he returned to this city last Saturday.

— Judging from the last monthly report of the U. S. Treasury Department just at hand from Mr. A. C. Floyd it would appear that Uncle Sam is still financially solvent with no threatening prospects ahead. It is highly gratifying to be able to make this statement.

— We have no hesitation in recommending September trolley trips as eminently conducive to health and happiness. Our people can't take too many of them when the sun shines genially and the breezes are soft and balmy. They are better than physic

— The National Band deserves to be honored for postponing their concert on the Common last Friday evening on recieving the sad news of the attemped assassination of President McKinley. Such action was expected of the Band, for they are gentleman and loyal American citizens.

— The Boston & Maine *Messenger* gives a complete list of all the Boston & Maine Railroad excursions from now until late in October; also the date of conventions, fairs, etc, in towns all over New England. These lists should prove of value to those contemplating autumn trips for health and pleasure.

— The Co-operative Bank held a meeting last evening.

— The last band concert of the season will be given on the Common this evening.

— Miss Amelia McFarland has returned from Plymouth and is visiting with Mrs. W. W. Hill.

— Mr. James G. Cole of Beaufort, S. C., a Woburn boy, is visiting his sister, Mrs. H. L. Andrews.

— Mrs. Lucy Sanborn of Auburn, Me., has been visiting Miss Fannie Teare at Mrs. A. V. Haynes's.

— Mr. Lawrence Reade of this city has been elected President of the Massachusetts Undertaker's Association.

— Mrs. Marvin Parker, Mrs. Elfie Frances and children, returned on Friday from their summer home at W. Lebanon, Me.

— Last Tuesday evening Patrick Connolly was badly injured by being struck by the 9.15 inbound Boston train at the Highlands.

— Mr. Francis Wayland Estey and Miss Sarah Elizabeth Norris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Norris, will be united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 544 Main street, this city, Wednesday, September 25, instant. Mr. and Mrs. Estey will make their home at Roslindale.

— October Water Bills will soon be making people unhappy. Registrar Wade is putting in big licks on them and their distribution will take place in a few days. Closely following these will come Collector Maguire's tax bills, and there is to be no rest for the weary. How true it is that death and taxes cannot be escaped.

— Last Monday Mayor Davis, Mrs. Davis, and William Fred, started out on a vacation excursion, the itiniary of which included New York City, the Hudson River, Quebec and its scenic and historic attractions, the St. Lawrence and Saguaney Rivers, and return. The route is an attractive and highly satisfactory one.

— A very fine bunch of lawyers and laymen, Messrs. John P. Feeney, Francis P. Curran, John B. Moran, Frank McDermott, Anthony J. Doherty and Lawrence Martin, left here yesterday for Coke on Littleton camp on Concord River, where they will entertain Mr. Percy Linscott until next Monday. They went away in high spirits.

— The annual State convention of the Christian Endeavorers of Massachusetts will be held at North Adams on Oct. 15 and 16. It promises to be a large one, for which a good programme has been arranged. Any information respecting transportation may be obtained by addressing Mr. George E. Copeland, 80 Birch Street, Worcestsr.

— If Station Agent Eaton's depot flowerbeds and lawns don't get a higher prize this year from the B. & M. Railroad Company than ever before it will not be because they are unworty of it. The simple truth is, the flowers are very fine. They are arranged with excellent taste, and the blooms themselves are of the best and most pleasing varieties.

— The Mayoralty question continues to be a puzzle to many people. It looks now as though President Blodgett of the Council was the coming man. We should have thought that Mayor Davis, before setting out on a vacation tour, would have considered more seriously than he evidently did the old saying: "When the cat's away the mice will play."

— T. L. Bridges, Acting Section Director of the U. S. Climate and Crop Service, in his report of date Sept. 9, declares that about everything of farming and fruit kind hereabouts is lovely. As indicated in last week's JOURNAL a heavy crop of rowan was garnered from the grass meadows, and everything else in proportion. The price of potatoes has got to come down.

— Mr. Niel Doherty, pitcher of the North End Ball Team, has a host of admirers and friends, so, at the close of last Saturday's game with the St. Charles Team, they presented him with a handsome gold watch in token of their esteem and good will towards him. It was a complete surprise, but he managed to make a neat reply to the presentation speech.

— Kenneth S. Johnson, son of the Judge, has been awarded the Mt. Pleasant Tennis Club cup. He beat Albert White 3 out of 5 sets, and raked in the persimmon. The cup has been fought over and for during the last 14 years, and a player must win it 3 times before it becomes permanent personal property. Judge Johnson is one of the competetors, and has two wins to his credit.

— Messrs. Ellis & Buswell of this city closed a contract with the Boston & Maine Railroad Company last week to build bridge abutments in West Bedford on their line. This firm of well known contractors do a large amount of stonework for the B. & M. Co. every year, which goes to show that they give satisfaction in the execution of their contracts, both as to quality and prices.

— All of the real estate of the late Jonathan Thompson has been put into the hands of Mr. Gilman F. Jones to sell. What it consists of may be seen by referring to his advertisement in this paper. It is city property, valuable, and very desirable for occupancy or speculation. Mr. Jones will show would be buyers the various houses, lots and land with pleasure, and what he tells them may be relied on.

— Mrs. James H. Roberts, wife of the Missionary Pastor of the Congregational church in China, and three sons, in college and seminary in this country, visited at Rev. Dr. Scudder's last Monday and subsequent days, and attended the mid-week meeting of the church. Mrs. Roberts goes to China to join her husband in his work there, but the boys will remain in America until they finish their college course.

— If you are thinking of buying a piano, new or second hand, for cash or easy payments, you would do well, and save a lot of money, by first having Frank A. Locke, the well known piano tuner, and special salesman, call on you and talk the matter over. Send us your name and address for a catalogue. You will receive (free) a beautiful illustrated ad in paper. Look at his new ad in paper. Free use of any telephone to telephone to him night or day.—tf.

EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE —AND—

ARE ON EVERY LADIES' DRESSING TABLE.

THE PLACE TO BUY THEM

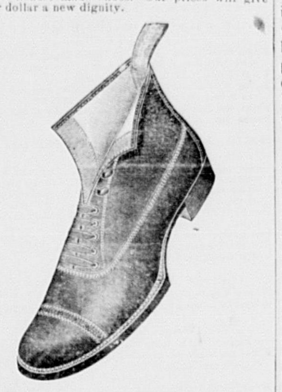
THE PILL BOX.

Whitcher's

The Store where you get the most change back.

You can't feel poor when you see our goods and prices, though your dollars may be fewer, we will make them go farther. Values were never so marvelously low as right now.

The completeness of our stock guarantees everybody satisfaction. Come and see this choice selection of honest made shoes. Our prices will give your dollar a new dignity.



BOYS' BOX CALF

Solid leather Inner and Out Sole.

$1.00—$1.25—$1.50

Do you want the best? We lay special stress on the excellence of our Boys' and Misses' School Shoes. Quality up to the highest point, and while maintaining our reputation in this respect we go to the other extreme in keeping prices down to the lowest point.

REPAIRING.

Ladies who wear welt shoes, we wish to call your attention to our repair department. We sew on taps and guarantee them to wear longer than when first purchased.

J. LEATHE,

425 Main St., WOBURN

— The other day Rev. Dr. Scudder kindly introduced us to Mr. Charles Roberts, son of the Woburn China Missionary, who is a member of the Senior Class at Yale. He is a fine looking young man. Two other sons of the Missionary are in American Colleges.

— Eighty-nine years ago to-day Sept. 13, 1812, the British fleet made an attack on Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, which was successfully defended by Major George Armistead, the commander of the Fort, and the city was saved. That night, while detained a prisoner on board one of the bombarding British warships, Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," one of the two or three National Songs of America, more popular today than ever.

— The Montvale Congregational church gave Dr. Calkins a happy greeting on his return last Sunday morning, the organist Mrs. Richardson having prepared a special program of music. Mrs. Moore of Somerville whose sweet and finished rendering of sacred solos is so much enjoyed here, sang on this occasion Adams's "O Shining Light," also Marston's "Im a Pilgrim." The Prelude and Offertory were appropriate to communion service which was observed on that day.

— It is understood that Mr. Arthur G. Loring, Genealogist, will be the Democratic candidate for Mayor again this fall. He made a good smart run last December, being a well known and popular gentleman, and a second nomination follows as a matter of course. He is an Old School, dyed-in-the-wool, Jacksonian Democrat, and all the term implies, and if he goes into the fight again his campaign will be fought out on merit alone, with no "dickerin' and tradin'."

— Mrs. Jennings keeps her store well filled with the kinds of goods and wares that the public want. She sells them at prices which the public can afford to pay. Those two things put together make a successful business. Her Employment Office is well patronized. It is probably the oldest one in this county, and from a small beginning Mrs. Jennings has built up a large patronage, which increases year by year. Reliability is what she prides herself on, and her word and judgment are trusted by the public.

— The news of the shooting of President McKinley at a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, last Friday afternoon, was particularly sad to Mrs. Bessie Lesquereux, who is a Canton, Ohio, woman and intimately acquainted with the President and his wife. They have always been neighbors and friends at Canton, and the report of the shooting was a severe shock to Mrs. Lesquereux, who sympathizes with Mrs. McKinley who has been an invalid since the death of her mother and two children, very deeply and keenly.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett had a narrow escape from serious and perhaps fatal injury on their return from Washington, D. C., this week. They left Washington about 4 p. m. and between that city and Philadelphia their train was run into by one following and the dining car in the rear, which Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett had just left, was badly smashed. Several passengers were cut and bruised, the dining car porter seriously burned. Fortunately our Woburn people escaped uninjured.

— As to weather, last Sunday was all that any reasonable heart could desire. For several days it had been intensely hot and muggy, but at 4 o'clock that morning the wind suddenly changed to the North, blew briskly, and the mercury in thermometers fell several degrees. Many people, it was subsequently reported, arose from their couches and shut the windows and then went back to bed and pulled the blankets up over them. A charming day followed which was greatly enjoyed by those who had become more or less exhausted by the previous heat and humidity.

— Last Friday afternoon a game of baseball was played in this city which was worth going a good ways to see. Thews and science batted and combatted for the victory in manly style. The Champions beat the Eastern Avenues 9 to 0 in 9 splendidly contested innings, and weren't the Champions happy, though? Charlie Noonan was Umpire. Of the Champions, Will Casey was Pitcher; Mart McGrath, Catcher; Amos Lewis, 1st base; Bert Connery, 2d ditto; Al Boutwell, 3d; Gene Lewis, R. F.; Ralph Moreland, S. S.; Fitzgerald, L. F.; Frank Carr, O. F. It was a great match.

— Last December the rooms formerly occupied by the Towanda Club were rented by the Y. M. C. A. and the adjoining bowling alleys purchased giving rooms conveniently located for young men who wish to enjoy the latest magazines, games and bowling. Ably assisted by the Ladies' Auxiliary, a successful opening Reception was held in January making the beginning of a year of growth. Beginning with April, most helpful religious services have been held at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoons conducted by the pastors of the Woburn churches and those of neighboring towns, with an attendance of from 45 to 92. From a modest beginning the membership has increased to 171, and after being closed for two months, the rooms were opened Thursday, with every prospect for greater success in the coming year.—SECRETARY WILSON.

A Communication.

MR. EDITOR—Allow me to speak a few words in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I suffered for three years with the bronchitis and could not sleep at nights. I tried several doctors and various patent medicines, but could get nothing to give me any relief until my wife got a bottle of this valuable medicine, which has completely relieved me.—W. S. BROCKMAN, Bagnell, Mo. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

THE GUYER HAT CO.

FALL 1901

PRICE $3

Washington street stores ask $3.50 & $4.00.

THE "Franklin" AT $2

Have You Seen the New Fall Hats?

We have them—the crowns are somewhat higher than heretofore, giving a very graceful effect. Soft Flanges are quite correct in Blacks, Steels and Pearls, $1 to $3. Sizes to fit everyone.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Established 1851.

MISS BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

Tuesday, October first.

Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from September 23d to October 1st.

Miss Bancroft teaches in Woburn Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., WOBURN.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after October 1st, 1901.

MRS. LEWIS,

Teacher of Pianoforte.

Private or class lessons may be arranged for, on or after

Monday, Sept. 9, 1901,

2 Bennett St.

During the Summer Season Canned

Meats and Fish

are very convenient and are largely used. Below we quote a few of the leading kinds:

	Per Can.
R. & R. Tongue,	80c.
Armour's Tongue,	70c.
Boneless Ham,	60c.
R. & R. Chicken, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Turkey, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Lunch Tongue,	35c.
Ham Loaf,	10c.
Veal Loaf,	10c.
Chicken Loaf,	15c.
Deviled Ham, 5, 10, 20, and	25c.
Salmon, tall	12c.
Salmon Steak, 12c., 17c., &	20c.
Shrimp,	10c.
Little Neck Clams,	10c.
Lobster,	20c.
Mackerel,	25c.
P. & C. Sardines, 25c. and	35c.
American Sardines, 5c. and	10c.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Furnished Room

Nicely furnished. All modern conveniences. 14 Church Ave.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "What Would Jesus Do?" Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Midweek Service.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meeting Tuesday at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "What Only Love Can Do." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45. Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Subject: "The Household of Jesus." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—15th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Friday evening Prayer at 5.
Rev. E. J. Burlingham, Rector.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—15th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Untimely Cares."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Whatsoever a Man Soweth, That Shall He Also Reap."
Thursday, at 7.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCANDINAVIAN FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Young People's Meeting at 6 P. M.
Preaching at 7 P. M.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, "The Household of Jesus," 7.30 P. M.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 10, by Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Robert H. Foster and Mary W. Foster, both of Woburn.

In So. Boston, August 25, by Rev. Joseph Czubek, Charles P. Parker and Mary Pashko, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all over 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 10, Hannah, daughter of James and Hannah Brogan, aged 1 year 2 months.

In this city, Sept. 12, Ann O'Connell, aged 56 years.

Shorter Hours.

We believe it is for the interest of all concerned. Therefore after the first of September we shall close our store at

6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Mondays and Wednesdays.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Important Piano Notice!

MR. FRANK A. LOCKE, the well-known piano tuner, who has spent 30 years of his life on tuning and construction of pianos, and who has been much sought after, on account of his knowledge of pianos, to select pianos for persons about to buy, wishes to notify the people of Woburn and vicinity, that in connection with his tuning, he has been appointed a special salesman for pianos. This means that if you are thinking of buying a piano, by consulting Mr. Locke you can have his advice, the benefit of his knowledge and a large reduction from the regular prices of pianos, either by cash or easy payment system saving from $25 to $75.

Old Pianos or Organs taken in exchange.

Write at once and he will call and talk over the matter. This will not obligate you to buy through him. Get some points on how to buy a piano; it will cost you nothing to have him call. Send your name and he will send you a beautiful illustrated catalogue free of cost.

Free use of any telephone, night or day, to call him up, or to send your name; or you can address, **Frank A. Locke, Woburn, Mass.,** or you can call and leave your name at his Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's Periodical Store.

Boston Office only by appointment. His Telephone number is 17-3 Jamaica.

Local News.

— A smart rain blessed the earth last Wednesday.

— A frost was feared on the night of Sept. 9, but fortunately it did not come. One is due in a week or two.

— Somewhere about noon last Saturday Mr. Fred E. Soles of 25 Lawrence street, dealer in meats, was prostrated by the heat at Arlington while serving customers on his route. He fell from his wagon and was found on the ground unconscious, but whether rendered so by the sunstroke or the fall could not be determined. He was brought home, still in an unconscious state, and a physician immediately summoned. He remained in the same condition several hours, but towards night showed signs of improvement, and on Sunday was much better. The Doctor pronounced it a severe case, but Mr. Sole, it is reported, is getting over it as well as could be expected.

— A visit to the large and well stocked dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser furnishes evidence of a real revival of trade, for the visitor will discover unmistakable proof of good business. At any hour of the day or evening many women can be seen standing at the counters being waited on by Mr. Copeland, Mr. Dorr, and a corps of prompt and courteous sales people, and the sight reminds one of old times. The enterprising firm carry full stocks of goods in their line, in abundant variety, all fresh and stylish, and when it comes to prices it is known absolutely that they are as low at Copeland & Bowser's as they are for the same kind of goods in Boston.

— Supt. Emerson had a conundrum on his hands last Monday morning and he had to rack his brains to guess it. There were not less than 50 school children hovering around destitute of school homes. The Board of Health had prohibited the use of the Charles street building and the city authorities had provided no rooms for them. This condition of things was the outcome of an entanglement, differences of opinion, and small quarrels over the question of building a new schoolhouse, and it was deplorable. But Supt. Emerson set his wits to work and by noontime had placed a large share of the children where their educational needs could be properly attended to. The most of them were put into the Union Street school (only temporarily, it is hoped) but what a mess! The lower rooms of the house are used in the forenoon for teaching the Union school, and in the afternoon for the Charles Streets. What a state of affairs this is! Somebody is to blame for this—the Mayor, people say—and somebody ought to be ashamed of it.

Join Europe against Anarchy.

The Rev. Doremus Scudder, pastor of the First Church (Congregational), Woburn, prefaced his morning's sermon with a short address on the terrible event of last Friday afternoon, uttered amid the profoundest stillness, that testified to the suppressed emotion of the people. He said:

"At a time of such inexpressible horror, in the presence of an atrocity before which the whole world stands aghast and when a sorrow so deep and threatening overhangs the Nation, it is not the occasion for multiplying words. Yet the people of this community and of this historic church are most profoundly moved with gratitude to God that the life of our beloved President is still spared.

"We are realizing once more that the world is a unit, one in its great sympathies, one in its sharing of a mighty common life and one in its conceptions of crime. What is a source of grave civic peril in monarchical Europe is equally dangerous here in these democratic United States. The time has come to join hands with the governments of the world in ridding human society of the red-handed terror. Let it be done without passion, with due deference to those forms of law so honored in Anglo-Saxon history, but with thoroughness and dispatch."—*Boston Herald.*

City Council.

President Blodgett hurried back from New York City to preside at the first regular meeting after vacation of the City Council held on Sept. 6.

D. J. Reddy was granted a license for a poolroom at 150 Main street.

Places for the Republican caucuses were assigned as follows: Ward 1, Co-operative Bank; Ward 2, Armory; Ward 3, Mechanics Block; Ward 4, Republican headquarters; Wards 5, 6, and 7, respective Hose Houses.

Request for return of forfeiture check of $5,000 deposited by Lowell & Boston road on Burlington route—to Com. on street railways.

On the third ballot Mr. Elmore A. Pierce was elected Alderman to fill a vacancy in Ward 4. He took the oath and his seat on the Board.

The Board of Public Works sent in a letter stating that the widening of lower Main street for which $14,000 had been appropriated, contemplated making the street 60 feet wide, but in the opinion of the Board, it ought to be widened to at least 70, if not 75 feet. That in the immediate future there would have to be a double track in the street, and 60 feet would not be wide enough for such construction, and that 70 or 75 feet would make a more dignified approach to the city. They asked that the $14,000 might be used on the basis of 70 or even 75 feet.—To Com. on Finance.

Ordered to second reading—$700 appropriation for finishing Main street between Charles street and Eaton avenue; $200 appropriation for sidewalk on Arlington street; $3,000 loan for sidewalks and edgestones; $1,000 loan for continuing block system.

On petition, supported by Lawyer John P. Feeney, it was voted that job wagons be given their former stand near the Common. It was resisted by the Mayor.

Caucus places for the Democrats were assigned same as last year.

Louisa M. Alcott in a New Light.

Those who have read Miss Alcott as a woman who did not encourage intimacies, and seldom wrote letters except to her family, have a pleasant surprise awaiting them in The *Ladies Home Journal* for September. In that issue of the magazine the orignal of "Laurie" in the famous story of "Little Women," presents for the first time a number of most delightful letters which came to him from this remarkable women. "Laurie's" real name is Alfred Whitman and he now lives in Kansas. When a boy he spent a year in Concord, and there met the author, with whom he soon became a favorite. After his removal to the far West they corresponded regularly, and these letters, the first installment of which appears this month shows Miss Alcott to have been different in many ways from what her biographers would have us believe. Of them Mr. Whitman says: "Deference to the wishes of the surviving members of the family compels me to omit several letters and parts of others. Enough remains, however, to prove to all lovers of Louisa M. Alcott that justice has never been done to the sweetest and most attractive side of her nature — her real love for boys, which sprang from the nature that was hers in so marked a degree."

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

"Stop-ache"

For all kinds of Headaches. A sure

Remedy.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

DRUGGIST,

361 Main St.

The following firms believe in shorter hours as indicated by the annexed agreement.

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m. on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week, provided all others do the same. This arrangement to begin only after the public have been notified at least two weeks in advance."

Hammond & Son	L. E. Hanson & Co.
C. M. Munroe	Osborne Gillette
McDonald Bros.	E. S. Parker
J. Ginsburg	F. A. Hartwell
G. R. Gage & Co.	H. S. Dickinson
A. Grant	W. R. Bartlett
J. R. McMillan	Aiken & Dunton
Copeland & Bowser	J. Linnell
Alvah Buckman	Geo. Durward
T. F. McCormick	S. A. Potter
J. G. Connolly & Co.	E. Caldwell
E. Prior	M. A. Burns
Josiah Leathe	Cummings & Snow
P. Carlson	A. W. Cobb & Co.
W. J. Buckman	J. R. Carter & Co.
Fitz & Stanley	Eames & Carter
W. H. Lewis	Ham & Co.
S. K. Ames	Jacquith & Co.
E. P. Kennedy & Co.	Cummings, Chute & Co.
T. W. Stowers	C. Cummings & Co.
Thomas Moore	J. C. Finnegan
L. W. Thompson	G. N. Othote
C. M. Strout & Co.	Wm. Haber
A. L. Holdridge	A. V. Haynes
F. P. Brooks	H. F. McKensie
J. W. Huntley & Co.	Wallace & Andrews
Edw. H. Callahan	J. D. Haggerty
J. A. Yates & Co.	E. J. Callahan
Mrs. Jennings	Mystic Dye House
E. F. Hevey & Co.	Shaw & Campbell
Wm. G. Stretton	

Additional names will be welcomed and fully appreciated, especially by the clerks.

A Certain Cure for Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford County, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when editor Ward, of the Laceyville *Messenger*, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy and this time one dose cured me." Sold by all druggists.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Buenth and Rudd, the eminently grotesque comedians, were no disappointment to the thousands who journeyed to Boston Music Hall this week to hear and see them. On the contrary, they were even funnier than had been anticipated and their new act—for aside from the characters of Dr. Schwidler, the unruffled lecturer, and his pantomimic associate, the necromancer—the specialty is a novelty, is mirthful beyond compare. It is a hodge-podge of ludicrous illusions with side-splitting exposures, of comical eccentric dances, of some rare pantomime, and of some remarkable contortion work, to say nothing of a nameless dog which goes through a series of tricks with utmost seriousness. Dr. Schwindler, with his nonsensical application of "From the Old World," to everything which the conjurer does, is easily the central figure and his every utterance provokes a laugh.

RICE'S NEW "EVANGELINE."

After months of preparation, Rice's "Evangeline" will have, at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, on Saturday evening, one of the most brilliant productions that great burlesque has ever had. The libretto has been greatly changed by the author, Mr. Cheever Goodwin, and many extremely humorous and up-to-date situations and pieces of "business" have been introduced. Mr. Rice has also been busy with the score, and the music, always catchy and most tuneful, will be whistled on the streets. As usual Manager Rice has succeeded in gathering together a host of pretty girls, and the cast of the piece is fully as good as any that well known manager has ever selected. The dresses will be of the finest character, from designs made by Mr. W. R. Barnes, who is responsible for all the beautiful costumes worn in the Webber & Fields pieces. Most gorgeous scenery has been painted by Mr. Frank Rafter and assistants. More than one hundred people will be employed on the stage. Notwithstanding the costliness of the performances to be given on the stage of the Columbia, Manager Henderson has decided on a scale of prices that will command the attention of all classes of theatre-goers. Only 25c, 50c, 75c, and $1.00 will be charged for reserved seats, and on Wednesday matinees the prices will be 15c, 25c, and 50c—no higher.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health Only 25c. per box. Sold by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

Literary Notices.

The departments of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE are more than usually good in the September number. Two new features are added: Nixon Waterman's Fun and Philosophy and Studies of Books and their Makers. Mr. Waterman's fame as a poet, genial philosopher and lecturer assure him a warm welcome from NATIONAL readers. In the new book department will be found—not mere cursory glances at many books, but illuminative studies of a few of the most notable volumes of the day; brief, suggestive sketches upon literary themes, and contributions by readers of THE NATIONAL in answer to the question: Who Is the Foremost Living American Author? The editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple, in Affairs at Washington, notes the trend toward reciprocity, contrasts Mark Hanna and Tom Johnson, the rival political giants of Cleveland, as they appear day by day in their offices at home, and reflects the social side of life at the national capital in his customary chatty and readable style. This department is, as usual, lavishly illustrated with portraits of men and women of the hour at Washington and elsewhere throughout the country. In Convictions, Anna Farquhar gives us a discussion, scholarly, yet quaintly quizzical, of certain phases of individual and national life, characteristic of the times. The publisher announces that the October NATIONAL will be an Export number, giving special attention to the development of trade between the United States and Australia and the Philippines.

The AMERICAN BOY (Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit) for September contains a spirited editorial on its mission, and illustrated stores as follows: The Grocer's Test, A Proper Pennance, Three Boys in the Mountains, Rob's Gymnasium Ticket, and Bravery That Made History. Leading articles bear the titles; Notable Naval Cadets, How to Learn Drawing, A Boys' Building at the St. Louis Exposition Proposed, Boys as Money Makers, Turning Points in a Boy's Life, The Boy's Library, A Rowing Skiff for Boys, The Order of the American Boy, The American Boy Shut-in Society, Boys' Exchange, Boy Stamp and Coin Collectors, New Orleans Home for Waif Dogs, The Boy Photographer, Indian Boys and Their Band, The Boy Journalist and Printer, The Agassiz Association of Young Naturalists, September in American History, Tangles and Puzzles. There are 66 illustrations. $1.00 a year. Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

A LITTLE CARE WILL MAKE YOU SAFE against imitations. See that the name KENNEDY is on the package when you buy BUTTER THIN BISCUIT. In the In-er-seal Patent Package.

Josh Westhafer, of Loogootee, Ind., is a poor man, but he says he would not be without Chamberlain's Pain Balm if it cost five dollars a bottle, for it saved him from being a cripple. No external application is equal to this liniment for stiff and swollen joints, contracted muscles, stiff neck, sprains and rheumatic and muscular pains. It has also cured numerous cases of partial paralysis. It is for sale by all druggists.

Have you a sense of fullness in the region of your stomach after eating? If so you will be benefited by using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They also cure belching and sour stomach. They regulate the bowels too. Price, 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Business is booming at the McKay factory.

Postmaster Richardson is out on vacation.

The season of the Winchester Boat Club will close on Oct. 15.

Mr. Abijah Thompson advertises his elegant home here for sale. Too bad!

The Mission Union of the Congregational church are to hold a sale late this month.

A large number of our people are arranging to visit the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Chief of Police McIntosh and family are taking their vacation. It has been well earned by the Chief by good and faithful service.

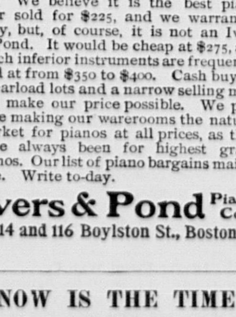
Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, a gentleman who everybody likes, has returned from his summer resting place at Little Boar's Head to his very pleasant home here. Much joy to him.

There has been a considerable amount of residence building here this summer, and the prospect of a continuance of it this fall is good. It indicates an increase of population and wealth.

Our oldest town paper, the *Star*, says its circulation is larger now than ever before, and I guess its Editor tells the truth. I get to see quite a good many country newspapers off and on and it is a fact that none of them, to my mind, equal the *Star*, editorially or mechanically, and none go ahead of it in these respects. Editor Wilson is a conscientious worker for the promotion of the best interests of the town; he is an industrious news gatherer and a good writer; and, for one, I am glad to know that he is prospering.

A Shocking Calamity

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve duickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for Burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. "Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.



THIS PIANO, Entirely New, With Chair and Scarf, Delivered FREE within 50 Miles of Boston,

Only $225.

EASY PAYMENTS

of $15 down and $6 a month until paid for. We believe it is the best piano ever sold for $225, and we warrant it fully, but, of course, it is not an Ivers & Pond. It would be cheap at $275, and much inferior instruments are frequently sold at from $350 to $400. Cash buying in carload lots and a narrow selling margin make our price possible. We purpose making our warerooms the natural market for pianos at all prices, as they have always been for highest grade pianos. Our list of piano bargains mailed free. Write to-day.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.,

114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

NOW IS THE TIME

To examine your wearing apparel or household furnishings. We CLEANSE or DYE such articles in the neatest manner.

Mystic Steam Dye House,

26½ Montvale Ave., WOBURN.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED. File and bind your letters, bills and papers. Quick, economical and orderly. The **Simplicity Self-Binding Letter and Bill File** beats any $1.50 file made. Sent anywhere, all charges prepaid, for 30c., stamps or cash. Agents wanted everywhere.

SIMPLICITY FILE CO., 1450 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Standard ..of.. the.. World.

Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Minneapolis, Minn.

It is quite possible to make poor bread with good flour, but it isn't possible to get the best bread without using the best flour.

Pillsbury's Best is the **Standard of the World**

... SOLD BY ...

COBB, BATES & YERXA CO.

FITZ & STANLEY, THOMAS MOORE, C. E. QUINN, PERKINS BROS. W. H. LEWIS.

AND GROCERS GENERALLY.

TOOK HIM LITERALLY.

That Was Why His Signature Was Rejected at the Bank.

"Bank clerks are so often called upon for directions that they sometimes fall into the habit of giving them in a hurried and mechanical manner, consequently they are frequently misunderstood," remarked the clerk of a savings institution to a reporter the other day. "For instance, the usual formula when a stranger is called upon to sign his name is, 'Sign here; pen and ink at your left hand.' One morning last week a stranger entered our bank and asked me for a certificate of deposit for a considerable sum of money which he handed over. I counted the money and found the amount to be as stated and hurriedly said, 'Sign there, sir; pen and ink at your left hand.'

"Well, it took the stranger a long time to sign his name, but I thought nothing more of it and issued the certificate of deposit. About a week later the same man, whose face I had forgotten, reappeared and presented the certificate. He dashed off an ornate signature, which I proceeded to compare with the first signature. The two were vastly different, as the first one was apparently the labored effort of an old man.

"'I can't pay you this money, sir,' I said.

"'Why not?' asked the astonished stranger.

"'Because it is not the signature of the man to whom I issued the certificate of deposit,' I replied.

"'Well,' said the stranger, 'when I was here a week ago you told me to write my name with my left hand, and I did so, but I can't write very well that way.'

"'Then will you oblige me by writing your name with your left hand again,' I asked as a light dawned upon me.

"'Certainly,' said the man, and after much labor he produced a facsimile of his first signature, and I apologized and paid him his money."—Washington Star.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Plants cannot live if deprived of their leaves.

Tea plants at the age of 7 years yield 700 pounds of tea to the acre.

The date palm requires a hot, dry air, but moisture about the roots and plenty of it.

Palms never live more than 250 years. Ivy has been known to live 450, chestnut 860, oak 1,600 and yew 2,880.

An oak tree of average size, with 700,000 leaves, lifts from the earth about 123 tons of water during the five months it is in leaf.

Jasmine is an Indian shrub. Its starry, wax white blossoms are indescribably sweet. All the burning pain and passion and pathos and mystery of the Hindoo race seem to rise up to you in its breath.

There is a rose tree with a trunk 2 feet 9 inches in circumference in a Ventura garden in California. It is a Lamarque, has been growing a quarter of a century and yielded over 21,000 blooms in 1895.

Brotherliness In Brockton.

Here is a story told by Professor Barrett Wendell about Dr. William Everett: The latter was going out to Brockton one night to deliver an address and ran across Mr. Wendell in the Old Park square station. "Come along, Wendell," he said. "I am going out to Brockton to speak, and I want some one respectable to sit on the platform with me." So the professor went along.

When Everett arose to speak, the hall, which was a large one, was only passably well filled, and even the comparatively small number present began to grow smaller as one by one people slipped away. Mr. Wendell began to think that Brockton must be a singularly cold hearted place when suddenly he noticed people coming in by twos and threes and silently taking seats wherever they could find them. Soon the hall was full, with standing room only, but still they came till the aisles and walls were lined with interested listeners.

The supposed deserters had simply gone out and told the people of Brockton that here was the greatest man they'd ever heard and gathered them in by the score.—Boston Herald.

The Sense of Smell.

Experts in the manufacture of perfumery say that the sense of smell can be developed just as acutely as the sense of sight, hearing, taste and touch. This would seem paradoxical, for it is a well known fact that after smelling five or six different perfumes the uneducated nose so loses its power that ability to distinguish odors is entirely lost. This to a degree is true of the educated nose, but its power lasts longer. An expert is able by putting a drop or two of perfume on a bit of cotton to tell what it is and just what extracts enter into its composition.

The Fishing Otter.

The otter used by Scottish poachers is one of the most deadly fishing instruments known. In some waters is is far more effective than a net. It may be described as a water kite, which serves to take out over the water a line bearing 50 or more flies. The otter itself is a floating piece of board leaded along one edge to keep it upright. The poacher walks along the side of loch or river, letting out the fly decorated line as he goes, the otter board gradually working out toward the center. An enormous area of water is fished at one time and numbers of fish are killed.

An Awakener.

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude son in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof the young hopeful cried out:

"You 'tend to your preaching, daddy. I'll keep 'em awake."

Explained.

Customer—Waiter, it is nearly half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup.

Waiter—Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are, sir.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

When you want a pleasant physic try the new remedy, Chambertain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Some Reasons

Why You Should Insist on Having

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Unequaled by any other.
Renders hard leather soft.
Especially prepared.
Keeps out water.
A heavy bodied oil.

HARNESS

An excellent preservative.
Reduces cost of your harness.
Never burns the leather; its
Efficiency is increased.
Secures best service.
Stitches kept from breaking.

OIL

Is sold in all
Localities

Manufactured by Standard Oil Company.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

The Jonathan Thompson Real Estate

Has been put into my hands to sell and I now offer it to purchasers at

Fair Prices and Easy Terms.

The estate consists of Houses and Land 640, 642 Main street.
3 acres in rear of above.
Store Building 658 Main street, with about 4,000 square feet of land.
4 acres of unimproved Land on Main street.
House and Land 710 Main street.
23 acres of Land, Main and Alfred streets.
3 acres of land, 31 Elm street.
House and Land, 65 Elm street.
3 Houses and Land, Tidd Avenue.
4 acres of Land, Main street and Tidd Ave.
All in Woburn

GILMAN F. JONES, Agent.

Woburn, Sept. 12, 1901.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Board of Railroad Commissioners.

BOSTON, September 9, 1901.

On the Petition of Fred. E. Cottle for the consent of the Board to the construction of a railroad track for private use across Conn street in the City of Woburn, at a level therewith, to be operated by steam power, as the same has been authorized by the City Council of Woburn and the County Commissioners of Middlesex County, the Board will give a hearing to the parties in interest at their Office, No. 20 Beacon street, Boston, on **Monday, the sixteenth day of September, instant,** at half past ten o'clock in the forenoon.

And the petitioner is required to give notice of said hearing by publication hereof once prior to said date in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in the City of Woburn, and to make return of service at the time of hearing.

Per order of the Board,
WM. A. CRAFTS, Clerk.

Mrs. S. C. PHINNEY,

Teacher of Singing,

No. 29 Warren Ave., Woburn

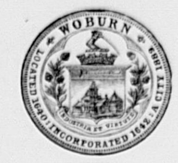
A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

CITY OF WOBURN.



THE

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on

Saturday Evening, Sept. 21, 1901,

From 7 to 10 o'clock,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sect. 37, Chap. 548, Acts of 1898.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 1, 1901.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

SUPERIOR COURT,

September 4, A. D. 1901.

Harlow H. Rogers of Brookline, in the County of Norfolk, plaintiff, vs. Edgar W. Foster of said Brookline, defendant.

This is a plea of land wherein the said Rogers demands against the said Foster three parcels or pieces of land, situated in Newton, in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, namely; a parcel of land containing about 3,200 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Boylston street, southeasterly, southwesterly, and northwesterly by lands now or late of Julia D. Foster, being lot 51, in Block one, of Section 55 of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in said City of Newton; and a certain parcel of land containing about 3,200 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Boylston street, southeasterly, southwesterly, and northwesterly by lands now or late of Julia D. Foster, being lot 52, in Block one, of Section 55 of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in the City of Newton; and a certain parcel of land containing about 4,350 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Walnut street; southerly by land now or late of Daniel O'Driscoll; southwesterly by land now or late of Julia D. Foster; northerly by Walnut Place, being lot 7 in Block 3, of Section 55, of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in said City of Newton, as set forth in the plaintiff's writ dated August 1, 1901.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff and on inspection of the officers' return on the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant had no last and usual place of abode, tenant, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or to said officer; and that no personal service of said writ has been made upon the defendant;

IT IS ORDERED BY THE COURT, here, that the plaintiff give notice to the defendant of the pendency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in Woburn once in a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before the first Monday of October next, and that this action be continued until notice shall be given to the defendant agreeably to this order.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy, attest,
RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

C. E. JENNINGS, Auctioneer,
55 Ames Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

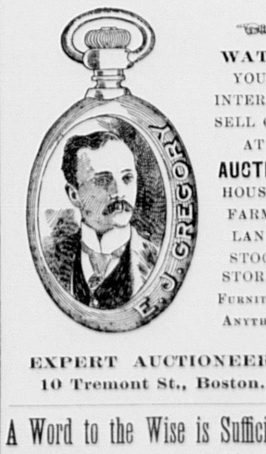
By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Charles H. Taylor of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to James A. Booth of Everett, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, dated May 29, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex N. D. Reg. of Deeds, Book 307, Page 263, for and on account of a breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the twenty-third day of September, 1901,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, namely:—A certain piece or parcel of land, with buildings thereon situated in Wilmington, in said the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz: —Beginning at land now, or late, of Boutel on the road leading to Woburn; thence running easterly by said road to the road leading to Burlington; thence southerly by said Burlington road to land now, or late, of Ebenezer Foster; thence northerly and westerly as the wall stands to the corner; thence as the wall stands by the land now, or late, of said Foster and by land, now or late, of said Boutel to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Charles H. Taylor by James A. Booth aforesaid.

Said premises are conveyed subject to a prior mortgage of $1100, and any unpaid taxes or assessments. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JAMES A. BOOTH, Mortgagee.



WATCH YOUR INTEREST SELL OUT AT AUCTION HOUSES FARMS LAND STOCK STORES FURNITURE ANYTHING

EXPERT AUCTIONEER,
10 Tremont St., Boston.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK. LIQUID CLEANLINESS

should be used by every housekeeper. Unequalled for **cleaning** painted, polished, oiled or marble surfaces, furniture, carpets, windows, etc., **disinfecting** toilet-rooms, sinks, drains, stables, kennels, &c., and for **destroying insects** on plants and animals. A little goes a long way.

In original packages at all dealers, or

THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,

No. 4 Merrimac Street, BOSTON

Boarders Wanted.

Nicely furnished rooms, good table board. Moderate prices. Convenient to electric cars and Railroad Station.

MRS. F. A. LAUSCH,
Eaton Ave., Woburn

C. M. Strout & Co

AGENT FOR THE

"Palace Regent"

Furnace

One of the best and most economical on the market today. It took a prize at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Rubber Hose at All Prices.

The "National Blue Flame" Oil Stove is the Best.

Telephone 124-7.

Brown's Charcoal

10c. Bag

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Telephone 133-2.

We Are Headquarters

—FOR—

Hampden Cream.

FRESH DAILY.

It's here for you. At

J. LINNELL,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Jessie Abbott of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, Lucy E. B. Converse, Executrix of the will of Parker L. Converse, who was guardian of said ward, has presented for allowance, his first and final account as guardian upon the estate of said ward:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

FOR SALE.

A farm of 40 acres, tillage, pasture, and woodland well watered, good frame buildings, wood-shed, barn, and carriage house; all in good condition, situated in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, two and one half miles from railroad.

Cash price $750.

For further particulars apply to
GEORGE W. NORRIS,
415 Main street, Woburn.

LOST.

A DIAMOND RING

on Elm, Ward or Pearl street. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the store of

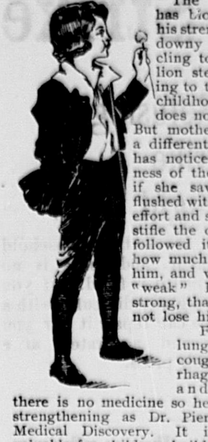
PERKINS BROS.,
North Woburn.

To Let.

A House with all modern improvements, in one of the most desirable locations in this city, at a reasonable rent. Apply at the JOURNAL office.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

"DOES MOTHER WANT ME?"



The little fellow has blown with all his strength, and the downy tufts still cling to the dandelion stem. According to the oracle of childhood mother does not want him. But mother would tell a different story. She has noticed the weakness of the lungs, and if she saw him now, flushed with his unusual effort and struggling to stifle the cough which followed it, she'd feel how much she wanted him, and wanted those "weak" lungs made strong, that she might not lose him.

For "weak" lungs, obstinate cough, hemorrhage, weakness and emaciation there is no medicine so healing and so strengthening as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is especially valuable for children, building up weak bodies with sound, healthy flesh. It is entirely free from alcohol and narcotics.

"Winter before this, my oldest boy (who is now nearly five years old), had a terrible cough; he had it the whole winter and all summer," writes J. M. Farr, Esq., of Cameron, Screven Co., Ga. "Physicians did him no good and nothing my wife and I could do did him any good. After your 'Discovery' had cured my cough so quickly, when everything else failed, I wrote my wife to bring him back from the country, she having carried him there to see if the change would do him good. We were living in Savannah, Ga., at the time. She brought him back and after giving him your great 'Golden Medical Discovery' for a time, he entirely recovered."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-bound book, or 31 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A COMPARISON.

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees,
With the singin birds and bumblebees,
A-knowin that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I really don't 'xactly understan'
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin hot bricks and usin a fan
And enjoyin himself as he says he can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way,
But an hour out here's better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As for that, just look at the flowers aroun'
A-peepin their heads up all over the groun',
And the fruit a-bendin the trees way down;
You don't find sech things as these in town,
Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, sech things as these—
The flowers, the birds and the bum'lbees
And a-livin out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease and do's you please—
Make it better'n the city.

Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a-bein rough,
And I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
And, 'tween you and me, 'tain't as tough
As livin in the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A WOMAN'S GAME

By M. Quad.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

When Captain Jabez Bebee of Marblehead launched his new brig, he named her the Jane Bebee, after his wife, who had sailed with him for many a voyage and was almost as good a sailor as he was. The first voyage of the brig was to a certain South American country ruled by a dictator, who carried things with a high hand for five or six years and got away with a lump of money just in time to avoid the revolution that his corrupt practices had evoked. The craft arrived after a fine run and was waiting to haul in to the wharf when an official came aboard and demanded a bonus of $1,000 for permission to land cargo. This was in addition to port charges and customs dues and was directly from Don Castro. It was blackmail, pure and simple, and Aunt Jane, as the captain's wife was generally called, looked at it in a proper light and said to her husband:

"Jabez Bebee, we won't pay it, and you tell him so straight from the shoulder. No, not a blessed penny. They are just trying to bluff us, and we won't submit. You just run up the American flag, set the hands to whistling 'Yankee Doodle' and let this here don know that the American eagle is roosting on the cap of the mainmast."

The captain braced up and became defiant, and Don Castro's messenger was sent away with a flea in his ear. It was the general opinion that the dictator would wilt, but the brig was held at anchor in the harbor for 48 hours on

AUNT JANE RUBBED HER HANDS AND SMILED.

one pretense or another and was forbidden to either haul into the wharf or sail for another port. Then Jabez Bebee went ashore prepared to assert and maintain that the government represented by the eagle would stand no trifling with one of its representative citizens, especially one hailing from Marblehead and in command of a new brig which had logged off seven knots an hour with her yards checked in. He had his thunder duly prepared and his lightning handy by, but he struck a snag almost at once. Don Castro was a man who would not have hesitated to bluff the combined powers of the world if there had been $500 in sight for him. The wily old rascal also thoroughly understood statecraft and the number of years that would slip by while an offended government was making an official investigation into any of his acts, official or private. He would be out of it long before the state department at Washington got a move on, and he wasn't worrying as to what might happen to his successor.

"Pay me a thousand dollars and you can discharge cargo," was his answer to Captain Bebee.

Then the captain of the Jane Bebee turned the American eagle loose and encouraged the bird to make things redhot, but when he had finished and was wiping the perspiration from his brow the dictator threw one leg over the arm of his chair and calmly replied:

"Yes, I've heard of some country or other called the United States, but it's a one horse affair and no go here. I'd agree for a small sum of ready money to wipe your country off the face of the map and not be over two weeks doing it either."

Just opposite the brig's anchorage was an old dirt fort mounting four guns and garrisoned by a dozen soldiers. The guns were old and honeycombed, and had one been charged with a pound of powder it would have blown itself out of the fort; but this fact was unknown to us as strangers. Captain Bebee came aboard with a long face, and in reply to his wife's query he explained what had taken place ashore. The matter was talked over for an hour, and it was finally decided that the captain should go ashore again and try to buy Don Castro off for a smaller sum. If he pleaded poverty and indulged in no further bluffs, it was hoped that the dictator's heart might be softened into accepting about $600. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when he was pulled ashore again, and two hours later word was sent to us by Don Castro that Captain Bebee was in jail on the very serious charge of trying to bribe the very highest official of the country. In other words, as we took it, he had got mad at being offered half his price and was forcing the main question. When Aunt Jane had got the new situation straight in her mind, she promenaded up and down with her lips puckered up. The crew knew that a row was coming and stood by for splinters. At the end of about ten minutes she walked up to the mate with her face as hard as stone and said:

"Look here, Samuel Davis Smithers, are you a man or a scarecrow?"

"I'll stand by you in any plan you've got," replied the mate.

"And about the rest of 'em?"

"They'll foller me to a man."

The crew was called aft, and Aunt Jane detailed her plan. As a result they lifted the anchor and sailed out of the harbor about an hour before sundown. There was a great to do in and about the old fort, and every minute they expected to be fired on, but to their great relief they got away without a shot being pitched aboard. The brig ran down the coast 14 miles and came to anchor in a bay resorted to by the dyewoods craft, and all that night every man of the crew was kept hard at work. While the carpenter cut gun ports in the bulwarks for four guns on a side men went ashore and brought off eight logs to represent cannon. These were stripped of their bark, painted black and rudely mounted, and, though the sailors were bunglers at the business, they gave the Jane Bebee a man-of-war look to make you thrill. Viewed from a distance of half a mile, the Quaker guns looked ready to spout flame and smoke and round shot as big as beer kegs, and Aunt Jane rubbed her hands and smiled and said:

"If we don't bring that Don Castro down on his quaking knees, then I'll never buy another blue calico dress in the town of Boston. Now for the rest of it."

One of the crew had a drum and another a fife and a third a concertina, and they were told off for the band. From the slop chest and fo'castle they got out enough garments to rig up a dozen dummies and make them fast to the bulwarks here and there, and they set sail on their return to the port. Straight up the harbor sailed the Jane Bebee an hour after sunrise, but she was barely broadside to the town and her anchor down before a boat pulled off from the mole with a flag of truce flying. In that boat sat Captain Bebee, who had been set at liberty with many apologies, and if there had been 50 other Americans in jail with him all would have been liberated.

"Jane," said Captain Bebee as the brig cleared the harbor and the wooden guns were tumbled overboard, "you are a mighty smart woman, but I can't just understand it. How in the name of Goshen did you get the idea? I talked and threatened and blustered and bluffed, but"—

"But a woman never bluffs," she interrupted as she signed to the band to knock off "Yankee Doodle" and for a hand to haul down the flapping flags of war. "No, Jabez Bebee. When a woman starts out to do anything, she does it, even if she has to walk over all the onion beds in the garden. And now I guess you'd better wash your face and comb your hair and get ready for dinner."

A Child's Bath.

A tepid bath for a child should have a temperature from 85 to 90 degrees F. and a hot bath 98 3-5 degrees F., which, as I said before, is the normal temperature of the inside of the body. This will cause relaxation in case of convulsion or sweating in case of fever. The water should be gradually heated until the hand of the mother finds it noticeably warm, care being had always to remember the extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of a child's skin.

In case of debility and for scrofulous children and those threatened with rickets a salt water bath every morning, either hot or cold, according to season, is very valuable. To prepare this bath use four ounces of sea salt to four gallons of water. Let the child play in the water a little while, then rub the body briskly with a Turkish towel till the skin is in a glow.

To make a good mustard bath use two ounces of powdered mustard to four gallons of water. This is excellent as a footbath and relieves congestion of the head and is often useful in the first stages of a cold on the chest. In cases of extreme exhaustion and threatened collapse a child can be immersed up to its neck, and the bath will act as a stimulant, but whenever one is using a hot bath for any reason the head should always be sponged with cold water.—Pilgrim.

Prohibited Coffee Houses.

So many coffee houses sprang into existence during the reign of Charles II. that he, entertaining a belief that many political intrigues had their beginning in those places, issued an edict ordering them to be closed. In this proclamation the following words occurred: "The retailing of coffee or tea might be an innocent trade, but it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies and scandalize great men; it might also be a common nuisance."

The Mean Thing.

Miss Passay—I dread to think of my fortieth birthday.

Miss Pert—Why? Did something unpleasant happen then.—Tit-Bits.

In a ton of Dead sea water there are 187 pounds of salt, Red sea 93, Mediterranean 85, Atlantic 81, English channel 72, Black sea 26, Baltic 18 and Caspian sea 11.

MRS. FRANK CARTER,
3 Merrill Street, Amesbury, Mass.

This letter should carry Faith and Conviction to the Hearts of all Sick Women.

"I suffered with inflammation and falling of the womb and other disagreeable female weaknesses. I had bad spells every two weeks that would last from eight to ten days and would have to go to bed. I also had headache and backache most of the time and such bearing down pains I could hardly walk across the room at times. I doctored nearly all the time for about two years and seemed to grow worse all the time until last September I was obliged to take my bed, and the doctors thought an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to have done.

"Then a friend advised me to try the Pinkham medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, four boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Dry Form Compound, three boxes of Liver Pills and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and I am as well now as I ever was. I am more than thankful every day for my cure."—MRS. FRANK CARTER, 3 Merrill St., Amesbury, Mass.

$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

A DREARY EXISTENCE

THE LONELINESS OF THE ENGLISH LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS.

At the Bishop Station the Sentinel That Lights the Waves Lives In Almost Utter Isolation—A Service With Few Enticing Features.

During the storms that rage intermittently around the English coast in winter the landsman's mind turns in sympathy toward those who in ship or lifeboat are fighting the waves for dear life. But how often does he give one thought to the men who immure themselves in the lighthouses that stud the coast?

"I would rather spend my life in a penal settlement than be a lighthouse keeper," declared a man to the writer after a visit to the Bishop lighthouse, off the Cornish coast. "A convict does see a little of the world he lives in, but a lighthouse keeper sees nothing but a dreary expanse of water. I am not surprised that many of them should lose their mental balance."

The visitor to the Bishop lighthouse did not overcolor the picture. It was only the other day that one read of the Longships lighthouse, also off the coast of Cornwall, having been completely isolated for many weeks in consequence of fearful storms. The keepers had been reduced to smoking coffee, hops and tea leaves, though, fortunately, they had not wanted for food.

The keepers of the famous Eddystone lighthouse not infrequently find themselves in a similar predicament. In a gale the waves that buffet themselves against this wonderful monument to the engineering skill of the country are of such stupendous magnitude that they rise to a height of 200 feet and sweep right over the lantern. To those cooped up inside the sound of these waves is like that of a battery of guns at close quarters. "At such times the house shakes like a tree with a man on the top of it," was the graphic description of one who spent many years of his life there.

The new Eddystone is the roomiest and most comfortable of all our rock lighthouses. A sectional view of it shows the various compartments, commencing at the bottom with the water tank; then the entrance, the two oil receptacles, the storeroom, the crane, the living apartment, the low light, the bedroom and the service room in the order named. Formerly only two keepers were employed in the lighthouse, but a grim incident resulted in their number being increased. One of the two men died. So fierce ran the seas that the remaining keeper could not get the body of his late comrade to the shore. For a month the tempestuous weather continued, and for a month the surviving keeper lived alone with the body as his only companion. He was afraid to cast it into the waves, for he might be accused of murder.

Keepers of rock lighthouses do not last long. The incessant pounding of the waves against the building, the loneliness, the want of fresh air and exercise reduce the men to a state of nervousness that is sometimes pitiful to behold. They require a fortnight's leave every six weeks, but this liberal allowance does little to improve their physical state. A medical man whose duty it is to pay periodical visits to one of these lighthouses confesses that there is no remedy for the ills peculiar to the keepers except retirement.

The utter isolation of the silent sentinels of our coast is well illustrated by the case of the Bishop lighthouse aforementioned, which stands right out in the Atlantic. Not once in a year is it calm enough for the superintendent to land his stores at the lighthouse steps. They have to be hauled up by means of a windlass from above. A visitor bold enough to visit the place is "admitted" in a similar way. He places one fot in a noose at the end of a rope, which is thrown down to his boat, and, gripping the rope firmly above his head, he is drawn up to the "see off," as the plinth around the lighthouse is called. Thence he climbs up a perpendicular ladder to the door of the house.

Superstition adds a terror to the life of the men in this lighthouse, for the first structure was washed away bodily, and the keepers believe that the rock is haunted. A fear of a different kind keeps the men of Muckle Flugga lighthouse, the most northern point of Scotland, on the tenterhooks of a terrible suspense. On three occasions the huge black rock on which the lighthouse stands has been shaken by an earthquake.

There is something comical, though characteristic of the stiff necked Scot, in a story which comes from a neighboring lighthouse which is the charge of two families. They live on a desert island. From year end to year end they never see a visitor except the man who brings their stores. Eighteen months ago the heads of the two families quarreled, and ever since they have ceased to speak.

At the shore lighthouse of Ushinish the keeper's family has to travel 40 miles to "kirk." It is no reflection on their piety to add that they are not regular attendants.

A lighthouse keeper receives a maximum wage of £75 a year, out of which he has to supply his own rations. These consist of such unappetizing edibles as tinned beef and hard biscuits, usually washed down with weak tea and condensed milk. No intoxicating liquors are allowed.—London Mail.

He Was No Hog.

"Well," said the doctor, peeping into the room where Wellington Frash, the great poker expert, was waiting for the returns, "I suppose you will regard this as a mere formality, but I must congratulate you nevertheless on the fact that you have a fine boy across the hall."

"Hi!" said Mr. Frash. "That's good! Come in and take something."

"Excuse me for a moment," the doctor replied. Presently he returned, put his head into Mr. Frash's den and said: "Let me congratulate you again. You have two fine boys across the hall."

Mr. Frash opened his mouth as if to respond, but before he could do so the doctor was gone again. Presently he bounded in the new father's presence, saying: "By George, you have three fine boys across the hall!"

He was starting back when Mr. Frash hurried forward, grasped him by the shoulder and in excited tones cried:

"Say, doc, hold on. Three of a kind are good enough for me. I stand pat."—Chicago Herald.

The Earthquake.

To the average resident of the temperate zones an earthquake is a rare and terrible event, creating more consternation than any other visitation of nature. In the tropics, however, particularly in Central America, it is wonderful how easily the residents become accustomed to these shocks, which do not come, however, wholly without warning.

You are sitting on a piazza on a hot afternoon chatting with your friends when suddenly the sky seems to grow hazy and the crows stop cawing. There is a general rush, and, though you may not know what is the matter, you cannot help feeling uneasy.

The old natives say, "We're going to have a little shake," and then the house begins to rock, the tumblers fall off the table, you feel deathly sick at the stomach, and the thing is all over. The sky clears, the crows begin their noisy screams, and things are soon put right again.

Cents East and West.

"There is always a scarcity of pennies in the west," says an official of the Philadelphia mint, "and a superabundance of them in the east. Every little while the banks out there set up a hoot and cry for pennies, but our banks here are ever glad to rid themselves of their surplusage in these coins. It is difficult to see why such a state of things should be. I'm sure a penny is just as dear to the easterner's heart as to the westerner's. One would no more throw a penny away than would the other, yet here we always have too many pennies. There they never seem to have enough."

Deathbed Flattery.

Almost every dying person is liable to be allured by the solemn attitude of the company and the restrained or flowing torrents of tears and emotions to an alternating conscious and unconscious comedy of conceitedness. The seriousness with which every dying person is treated has undoubtedly been the very finest enjoyment of his life to many a poor despised devil and a sort of indemnification and partial payment for much privation.—Works of Nietzsche.

Saluting With the Hat.

Before the invention of wigs the hat was rarely removed except to salute others, especially royal personages. It was worn at table when ladies or persons of rank were present. Except when saluting royalty it was the custom merely to raise the hand to the hat somewhat after the manner of a military salute. When it became the mode to wear a profusion of false hair, the hat was less needed as a protection for the head and was carried under the arm.

A Tart Retort.

The infant of a household was in its cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and fault finding. At length he became unendurable. "You have done nothing but make mistakes tonight," he growled.

"Yes," she answered meekly; "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."—Chicago Journal.

Why Housekeepers Lose Appetite.

The woman who orders a dinner has eaten it before it reaches the table. If she cooks it, too, then she has eaten it twice. Is it any wonder she has no appetite for a third course of it?—Harper's Bazar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 15.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxxii, 1-32. Memory Verses, 24-28—Golden Text, Luke xviii, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1, 2. "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." In our last lesson the Lord and the angels appeared to him as he was leaving home, and now, after 20 years (chapter xxxi, 38, 41), as he is about to return home with wives and children and servants and much cattle, the angels of God meet him. In what wondrous grace the Lord deals with this man! And He is Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever (Heb. xiii, 8) and has just the same grace for you and for me. In chapters xxix to xxxi, inclusive, between the last lesson and this one, we have an account of Jacob's 20 years with Laban, his faithful service, his marriage, his increase and the Lord's special care of him (chapter xxxi, 11-13, 24, 29); also in verses 44 to 55 the incident of the covenant between Laban and Jacob at Galeed or Mizpah as they separated.

3-8. Jacob sent messengers to Esau, his brother, and on their return, learning that Esau was coming to meet him with 400 men, he becomes filled with fear and distress and attempts to provide for the safety of at least a portion of his company. Notwithstanding all God's gracious care of him these many years, he does not seem to have learned to trust Him without fear.

9-12. In humility he looks to God and pleads His promises to him, acknowledging all His great goodness with gratitude. This is always a right attitude toward God. The assurances of God when he left his home and when he was about to return should have delivered him from all fear concerning Esau's treatment of him. But many believers are not any more trustful now, for with such assurances as John x, 27-29; Phil. i, 6; II Tim. i, 12, etc., there are those who have their fears lest they may not reach home, but be lost somewhere by the way.

13-23. He prepared a great present for Esau that he might therewith appease him—five droves of goats, sheep, camels, cows and asses—580 in all, with instructions to those in charge of the droves as to what they shall say to Esau when they meet him. It looks as if he felt that he must do somewhat to help God in this matter. He evidently believed the world's motto used by many believers, "God helps those who help themselves," but the teaching of Scripture is that God helps those who cannot help themselves, and we must come to an end of ourselves before we can know His power (Ps. lxxii, 12; cvii, 27, 28; Isa. xl, 29, and all His miracles).

24. "And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of day." The margin says until the ascending of the morning. It is not Jacob wrestling with a man that he might prevail over him, but the man wrestles with Jacob that he may conquer Jacob, and Jacob evidently stoutly resists him until the morning. God is ever seeking to break us down, to humble us, to bring us to the end of ourselves, that He may bless us indeed and show us His strength and magnify Himself in us.

25, 26. Toward morning the man who wrestled with Jacob touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh and put it out of joint, so that Jacob could no longer resist, after which Jacob clung in his helplessness, saying, I will not let thee go except thou bless me. This is the secret of prevailing with God, our helplessness clinging to His power. Consider those who came to Him when He was on earth for us and see how in every case His power was made manifest on behalf of utter helplessness: the blind, the lepers, the woman with the issue, those at the point of death and those who had died.

27, 28. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men and hast prevailed." We cannot get our new name of saint until we confess that we are and have been sinners and naught but sinners. Jacob must acknowledge himself as Jacob or supplanter (chapter xxvii, 36, margin) before he can receive his new name of Israel (margin, a prince of God). The Spirit through Hosea says, "By his strength he had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel and prevailed; he wept and made supplication unto Him; he found Him in Bethel, and there He spake with us, even the Lord God of hosts; the Lord is his memorial" (Hos. xii, 3-5). Then follows the exhortation to turn to God and wait on God continually. This is the secret of prevailing prayer, persistent clinging to God alone, pleading only our need and His great mercy. We will always have occasion to say, "Though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake" (Jer. xiv, 7). When we take the place of utter helplessness and unworthiness and, like Jacob, cry, I will not let thee go, we shall see fulfillments of John xiv 13, 14, and similar promises. This is the first mention of the great name of Israel, a name that always is used to designate Jacob or his posterity. It is never used as a name for the church, not even in Gal. vi, 16, where it evidently means the believers in Israel, who are spoken of in addition to other believers. There is no authority for the term "spiritual Israel," though it may properly be used in reference to true believers in Israel, but should never be applied to gentiles. We must not confound the church with Israel, nor the kingdom with either, though both will be very prominent in the kingdom.

29-32. "He blessed him there." So Jacob called the name of the place Peniel (margin, the face of God), for he said, I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. This and Ex. xxiv, 11; xxxiii, 20, in the light of John i, 18, teach that every manifestation of God is through His Son. In Eden as well as here and in all the other appearances of God we must recognize Him whom we know as the Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of hosts, the Lord God of Israel, Jehovah of the Old Testament, who by His precious blood shed for us has provided eternal redemption and a joint heirship with Himself for all who receive Him. It would seem that Jacob carried with him from that time the evidence of that night's conflict, and we must never forget that we have been rebels against God, children of disobedience, and by His grace have been redeemed. We must learn to know that in us—that is, in our flesh—there dwelleth no good thing (Rom. vii, 18) and glory in the Lord alone, seeing no man but Jesus only and coveting above all things His blessing, which maketh rich (Mark ix, 8; Prov. x, 22, R. V., margin).

Not Overelated.

"I suppose," said the effusive lady who was visiting the Meektons, "that your wife is sure that she has the best husband that ever lived."

"Yes," answered Meekton, with something like a sigh. "But at the same time I don't believe she thinks that is saying much for me."—Washington Star.

Advice From Way Up.

"Understand me," said the balloon to the parachute, "I wouldn't for the world encourage drinking habits in the young and innocent, but at the same time I don't think a drop would hurt you in the least."

Whereupon the parachute dropped.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How the Fuss Started.

"That hand me down suit you're wearing," remarked Rivers, "reminds me of an unripe watermelon."

"Why?" asked Brooks.

"Because it's so different. One isn't cut to fit, and the other isn't fit to cut."

It was then that Brooks blazed away at him.—Pick-Me-Up.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

Ah, hear the moaning over there,
The sudden, bitter cry of pain!
The smell of drugs is in the air,
Death's shadow on the wall is plain,
And by the window, stooping down,
A nurse with fluffy locks and brown
Looks in the eyes of one who lies
Half propped in many a snowy fold
And, blushing, holds a willing ear
Close to his eager lips to hear
A story that is ages old.

The doctor gravely shakes his head
And bends above an ashen face;
A widow, wailing for her dead,
Is led half fainting from the place,
And over there a jeweled hand
Is weakly raised to give command
And weakly falls, and through the halls
Death paces slowly, loath to leave,
While still the nurse beside the cot
Bends lower, listening to what
Exultant Adam told to Eve.

Death stooped last night behind that screen
And smoothed a martyr's weary brow
Where one with new hope looks between
Soft pillows at her baby now,
And over there beside the door
Lies one whom pain shall reach no more,
Whose work is done, who ere the sun
Goes down shall soar or dumbly rest,
And she that blushing bent above
Yon cot goes dreaming dreams of love
To cross two hands upon a breast.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Why Tom Crowder Re-enlisted

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Six months of soldiering in the Philippines had taken all the edge off Tom Crowder's military ardor. In a year the sight of a khaki uniform hurt his eyes, and he began to realize that in all the world no village was so fair to look upon as Sugar Creek, Ills., the home town where Crowder & Sons kept store and where the event of each droning day was "traintime." When two years had almost passed, he began to dream of swinging under the elms in the old front yard at home and wondered as he nibbled at the everlasting hardtack how many pitted cherry pies he could eat at one sitting in the dining room at home.

When a young soldier's mind begins to dwell on the pies that mother used to make, he cannot flourish on sow belly. But when he begins to decorate his tent wall with the photographs of Tillie and Sue and "the folks" he's fit for nothing but furloughs and sick leave, and if there's anything of the quitter about him he's in imminent danger of forgetting to answer roll call some dark evening when the music of the sea beyond the jungle lures him with false songs of home. Tom heard the siren voice all right, but he didn't lure a little bit. His term of enlistment was almost at an end, and he satisfied himself with blotting each dull day off the calendar, writing doggerel verse about Tillie and making himself a nuisance generally to his bunkie.

He used to swear roundly that he meant to "hike back" to Sugar Creek as fast as ship and train could carry him, and hoped by all that was holy that once he was mustered out he'd never see a soldier again. He got to be the worst "knocker" in the company, and he wrote so many letters that his comrades began to ask him why he didn't write a few to himself.

"If you got such a good home and swell people, why don't some of 'em write to you?" sneered his tent mate one night. "You can't be very strong with Tillie, or she'd write you at least once a year."

Now the latter question was a sore one with Tom, because nobody wrote to him except his mother, and her letters seldom reached him during the final months of his campaigning in the interior. He had quarreled with his brother so many times that no love was lost between them, and his father didn't write for the good reason that he didn't know how. As for Tillie, the young soldier had no reason to expect letters from her. When he left home, she was only 16, and his "affair" with her was of the long distance, mooning, mental sort peculiar to boys and girls just out of high school. If Tom had been perfectly fair in his introspection, he must have admitted that there was nothing very tangible in his hopes with regard to Tillie. He told himself a thousand times that she was "the one girl," and coddled himself with the belief that his fealty to her was little short of heroic, and that by some mysterious telepathic sympathy she must by this time be pining away for his return.

He wasn't "in love" when he enlisted, but he had her picture and his mother's, and by a natural process of longing for home he developed quite a fierce and yearning passion for Tillie. A hundred times he began a letter to her, but he never had the nerve to send it. He cut her initials on trees, fences and tent poles and wrote her name a dozen times on every scrap of paper that he could find. He sang it, spelled it and whistled it till his soul was in a fine frenzy, and he knew by heart the long speech of proposal that he meant to whisper into her little pink ear the first time he could get her alone in the swing or on the narrow seat of dad's spring wagon.

So when Tom got back to Manila and "regular mails" he was stirred by an unreasonable hope that there would be at least one letter from Tillie. He was disappointed, but not disheartened, to find nothing but three old missives from his mother, in which there was not a word of his heart's delight and a volume of motherly advice about the care he should take of himself, the things he should eat and drink, the comrades he should avoid and the prayers he should say. Her latest letter was full of the "time they would give him" when he got home, and it concluded with the hint of a "great surprise" that was in store for him. Of course that put new zest into his "honing for home" and his hatred for the army rose in proportion.

The whole town was at the station when Tom swung off the train steps at Sugar Creek. The Silver Cornet band, with old Bill Tomlinson, shako and all, at its head, was standing on the platform playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Great flags waved above the depot, and yards of bunting stretched clear across the street from Crowder's grocery store to the town hall. Tom almost fell into the arms of his mother. Even his brother Jim seemed to have forgotten all differences and hugged him. But, best of all, there was Tillie, quite a woman now, prettier than ever, blushing furiously and holding his hand as she had never held it before and holding up her radiant face to be kissed as often as he liked. The small boys yelled "Hooray for Tom Crowder!" old man Crowder shed tears of joy, prominent citizens wearing badges marked "Reception" ushered the hero into a carriage, and as Tom was whisked away to the mayor's residence for a brief carnival of speechmaking and handshaking the band played "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight."

But it all seemed too long to the returned hero. He felt very proud and happy of course. He bowed to the judge and shook hands with everybody and tried to make a speech, but all the time his eyes were seeking Tillie, and his heart was aching for another chance to greet her. At last the guests withdrew, and Tom and Jim and Mr. and Mrs. Crowder and—wondrous luck—Tillie all piled into the big carriage and were driven up to the Crowder home.

"And now, my son," said the proud old father, "now comes the greatest surprise of all. Tillie, bring him out."

And Tillie, all blushes, ran into the bedroom only to reappear in a moment with a bundle of muslin and lace that looked like a small bolster.

"Allow me, Tom, to introduce you to your nephew, Tom Crowder, the second."

Then they all laughed and clapped their hands, except poor Tom and the baby.

"Whose kid is it?" asked Tom faintly as his white face turned from the child's to Tillie's.

"Why, it's Tillie's," laughed the mother, "Tillie's and Jim's. They were married a year ago, but we thought we'd keep the secret awhile."

"We thought it'd make you homesick, mebbe," said Jim.

"Do you want to hold him, Tom?" whispered Tillie, holding out the baby. "You're his godfather, you know."

Tom held his little namesake for awhile, but he didn't seem to know just what to say. They laughed at him, teased him and praised him till his mother suggested that he looked worn out and should go to bed.

Tom re-enlisted last week in spite of the combined objections of Jim, Tillie and the old folks.

"No use kickin about it, dad," he said. "I got the fever, and I can't shake it. You don't need me in the store, an I guess they ain't more than enough to split 'tween two families. I'll get along all right; but honest, dad, I just couldn't live here in Sugar Creek another week. Tell Tillie to write to me about the kid."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Story of Lincoln.

During Mr. Lincoln's practice of his profession of the law, long before he was thought of for president, he was attending the circuit court, which met at Bloomington, Ills. The prosecuting attorney, a lawyer by the name of Lamon, was a man of great physical strength, and took particular pleasure in athletic sports, and was so fond of wrestling that his power and experience rendered him a formidable and generally successful opponent.

One pleasant day in the fall Lamon was wrestling near the courthouse with some one who had challenged him to a trial, and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of his unmentionables. Before he had time to make any change he was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished, and Lamon got up to address the jury, and, having on a somewhat short coat, his misfortune was rather apparent.

One of the lawyers, for a joke, started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of trousers for Lamon, "he being," the paper said, "a poor but worthy young man." Several put down their names with some ludicrous subscription, and finally the paper was laid by some one in front of Mr. Lincoln on a plea that he was engaged in writing at the time. He quietly glanced over the paper and immediately took up his pen and wrote after his name, "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

A scientist who has made a study of the planet declares that there is snow on the moon.

There are 28 pounds of blood in the body of an average grown up person, and at each pulsation the heart moves 10 pounds.

While cyclones and tornadoes are different phenomena, the former appear to give rise to the latter. Tornadoes almost always break out, if at all, on the southeasterly outskirts of a cyclone.

A period of 5 seconds between a flash of lightning and thunder means that the flash is a mile distant from the observer. Thunder has never been heard over 15 miles from the flash, though artillery has been heard 120 miles.

Sir Robert Ball asserted that every 100 years the sun loses 5 miles of its diameter. To allay anxiety, however, he mentioned that the diameter of the sun is 860,000 miles and that 40,000 years hence the diameter would still be 858,000 miles.

When a Man Can See 200 Miles.

About 200 miles in every direction is the distance a man can see when standing, on a clear day, on the peak of the highest mountain—say, at a height of 26,668 feet, or a little over five miles above the level of the sea. An observer must be at a height of 6,667 feet above sea level to see objects at a distance of 100 miles. The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one and a half times the height of the observer in feet above the sea level.

Some allowance has to be made for the effect of atmospheric refraction, but as the refraction varies at different heights and is affected by the various states of the weather no precisely accurate figures for general purposes can be given. Probably one-fourteenth to one-tenth of the distance given by the formula would have to be deducted, owing to the refraction of the atmosphere.

General Lee's Answer.

After the surrender of Appomattox, General Wise came riding down the road furiously to where General Lee and his staff were grouped. He was splashed with mud from head to heels, and there were great splotches of mud dried and caked upon his face. Addressing General Lee, he asked in a theatrical voice, "Is it true, General Lee, that you have surrendered?"

"Yes, General Wise, it is true."

"I wish, then, to ask you one question. What is going to become of my brigade, General Lee, and what is going to become of me?"

General Lee looked at the splashed warrior for a full minute and then said calmly and in a low tone, "General Wise, go and wash your face."

Domestic Difference.

Mrs. Enpeck—James, you are good on language. What is the difference between exported and transported?

Mr. Enpeck—Why, my dear, if you should go to England, you would be exported, and I—well, I would be transported.—Sunny South.

The Kongo is one of the widest waterways on the globe, if not the finest. In some parts it is so wide that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight.

SOME LOST SECRETS.

FAMOUS PROCESSES THAT WERE KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS.

Things That Our Forefathers Were Able to Do That We Now Find Well Nigh Impossible—Cement of the Greeks and Romans.

Taking into consideration the marvelous strides we have made in almost every branch of knowledge during the last 200 or 300 years, it seems exceedingly strange that our forefathers should have been able to do things which we find impossible and that we cannot discover secrets which were almost common knowledge hundreds of years ago. But despite the fact that the average modern man knows more than did the learned men of long ago, there are mysteries of knowledge and science which our most advanced scientists cannot solve.

Thousands of years ago, for instance, the Egyptians used to embalm the bodies of their dead kings and nobility so perfectly that the bodies are in wonderful preservation today, as may be seen at the British museum. Clever as we are in this age, we cannot do the same. The valuable secret is lost and modern science cannot recover the lost knowledge. We can, of course, and we do embalm bodies, but only for temporary preservation and, comparatively speaking, in a most unsatisfactory manner. Bodies which are embalmed nowadays will not be preserved for more than a few days at most. Very many of the bodies the Egyptians embalmed before the birth of Christ are still so perfect that the lines of their faces are still as clearly marked as when they were first embalmed.

Sheffield turns out the finest, hardest and most perfect steel the world produces, but even Sheffield cannot produce a sword blade to compare with those the Saracens made and used hundreds of years ago, and the Saracens never possessed the machinery we have or had the advantage of knowing so much about metals as we are supposed to know. A huge fortune awaits the man who discovers the secret which enabled the Saracens to make sword blades so keen and hard that they could cut in two most of the swords used today.

There are a dozen different methods of making artificial diamonds, but none of the stones produced by these methods can compare with those made of old French paste, the secret of which is lost. So perfect were paste diamonds that it was difficult for even a person with expert knowledge of diamonds to tell that they were artificially produced, whereas most of the modern artificial diamonds can easily be detected, and their durability is nothing like so great as the old paste diamonds.

Probably not one out of every ten thousand buildings standing in all parts of the world, and built by modern masons, will still be standing 500 years hence. We do not know how to put stones and bricks together as the ancients did, and consequently the buildings we raise nowadays are really mere temporary structures and will be in ruins when the ancient buildings of Greece and Italy, which were built thousands of years ago, are in as good condition as they are now. The secret is not in the bricks or the stone, but in the cement and mortar, neither of which essentials can we make as the ancients made them.

In modern buildings the cement and mortar are the weakest points; in buildings which the Romans and Greeks raised thousands of years ago the cement and mortar are the strongest points and hold good while the very stones they bind together crumble away with age. We cannot, with all our science, make such cement and mortar, and therefore we cannot build such buildings as the ancients raised.

Chemistry, one might imagine, is the science which has, perhaps, made the greatest strides. Yet modern chemists cannot compound such dyes as were commonly used when the great nations of today were still unborn. Now and again it happens that searchers after antiquities come across fragments of fabrics which were dyed thousands of years ago, and they are astonished by the wonderful richness of the colors of the cloths, which, despite their age, are brighter and purer than anything we can produce.

Modern artists buy their colors ready made and spend large sums on pigments with which to color their canvases. The pictures of modern artists will be colorless when many of the works of ancient masters are as bright as they are today. Just as the secret of dyeing has been lost, so has the secret of preserving the colors of artists' paints. Yet the secret was known to every ancient artist, for they all mixed their own colors.

How to make durable ink is another great secret we have lost. Look at any letter five or ten years old and you will probably notice that the writing has faded to a brown color and is very indistinct. Go to any big museum and you will find ancient MSS., the writing of which is as black and distinct as if the MSS. were written the day before yesterday.

The secret of glass blowing and tinting is not yet entirely lost. There are still a few men who can produce glass work equal to the things of this kind which the ancients turned out hundreds of years ago. But the average glass manufacturer cannot produce anything that could at all compare with some of the commoner articles the Egyptians, and later, the founders of Venice, manufactured, and those who still hold the ancient secret guard it so closely that it will probably die with them and be added to the long list of things in which our ancestors beat us hollow.—Exchange.

Most Satisfying.

They were speaking of the billionaire's insufferable pretensions.

"Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed that he has grown so great?" exclaimed Mordaunt bitterly.

"Mint's meat, possibly?" observed Meltravers, trying to be cheaply witty while yet preserving the easy grace of a man of the world.—Detroit Free Press.

Tactful.

Mrs. Nosepoke—John, don't you think it's about time for us to call on our new neighbors?

Husband—Why, they only moved in this morning.

Mrs. Nosepoke—Oh, I know, but all their stuff will be downstairs and I can see it better.—Ohio State Journal.

Requiescat In Pace.

"I'e thought the gun wasn't loaded."

"But it really was loaded?"

"After he found it out it wasn't."—Philadelphia Press.

The Tartars owe their alphabet to the Christian missionaries known as the Nestorians.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00 A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.58, 11.58 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars betwee Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and, every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Boston & Northern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 7.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 7.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

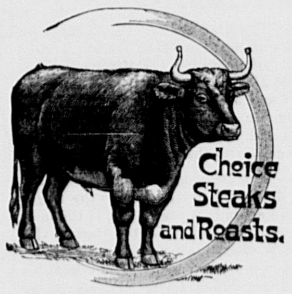
—SUNDAYS:—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



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Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

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(Successor to L. Thompson
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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

DR. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

PUSHING FORWARD.

There is always a way to rise, my boy,
Always a way to advance;
Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
But goes through the stations of Work and Strive,
Through the valley of Persevere,
And the man that succeeds, while others fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fall, my boy,
Always a way to slide,
And the men you find at the foot of the hill
All sought for an easy ride.
So on and up, though the road be rough
And the storms come thick and fast;
There is room at the top for the man who tries,
And victory comes at last.

—Success.

BETRAYED BY A MOLE

A Story of a Masquerade Ball and a Dinner Party.

Carroll Frere had gone to the French bal masque. It was all very wearisome to him. He had been to dozens of such balls before, and he wondered now what he had come for. It was not as it had been when he was a boy. It was nothing but a nuisance, and yet he staid, wearied and disgusted, yawning until the tears came in his eyes, wishing himself elsewhere and lingering about in dreary isolation.

There came of a sudden a sigh, a long, quivering sigh, almost a sob. Carroll was startled, but he made no sign. There was some one in the box, after all. Without moving his head he flashed a glance through the grating out of the corners of his eyes. There was a woman sitting there, quite close to him. She must have moved from the back of the box since he had come, for he was certain that she was not there when he took his seat.

She evidently had not noticed him and believed herself unobserved. In his brief glance Carroll had seen that she wore a black domino and mask of the plainest kind; that her hands were clasped in her lap, and that she appeared to be looking at the dancers. They could not see her, he thought.

He stole another look at her, and as he did so she sighed again—a sigh of weariness and pain. Then she moved and, taking up a fan in her lap, began to noiselessly fan herself. The flap of her mask moved in the faint winnowing air made by the fan, rose a little, then fell. Suddenly, at a wider sweep of the fan, the flap curved upward in a deep wave, and Carroll saw a portion of a smooth, pale cheek, the corner of her mouth, and near it, toward the chin, a small brown mole.

Almost simultaneously she raised her eyes and saw him looking at her through the grating. She dropped the fan and made a grasp at the edge of the mask. Through the two slits for the eyes Carroll saw hers, and, though he could not tell whether they were light or dark, he saw that they were full of terror. The thought flashed through his mind, "I will know her again," and he knew that she had thought the same of him. The next instant she had withdrawn into the back of the box. Carroll went home wondering about her.

A few evenings later he went to a dinner at the house of a fashionable lady who was a relation of his. Just before dinner she came to him and said:

"Carroll, I have a favor to ask of you. My niece, Helen, a little country lass, is in town for the winter, to stay with her brother, who is going to college. She is under my wing and is very young and bashful. I am going to ask you to take her in to dinner and be kind to her. She has seen so little of society. She was here a moment ago, but has run away again for something or other. I will introduce you to her when she comes back."

Carroll assured her that he would be delighted, which had more truth in it than such remarks usually have. It would be less trouble to talk to a young miss like this than to a more tried veteran, and if she couldn't talk he could eat his dinner in peace and let her preserve the silence so dear to the debutante.

Presently, in the movement and well bred shuffling of a dinner cortege getting under way, a young girl was given him to take as his partner and with whom he brought up the rear of the long procession. He hardly noticed her. Bread and butter was not in his line. He felt her small hand put limply on his arm, and he was dimly aware that her dress was pink. She said nothing. In answer to his remark about the oak panels in the hall she assented faintly.

She was evidently extremely raw. Seated at table, Carroll, unfolding his napkin, said he liked pink candle shades and then began to take his soup. When he had finished it, he looked about the table, smiled at a lady opposite, said something to a man farther down. Finally, absently brushing his long mustache with his napkin, he looked at his companion. She was sitting with her hands in her lap, her head drooped, her eyes staring at the centerpiece. Her cheeks and chin were smooth and pale, and near the corner of her mouth toward the chin was a square piece of black court plaster.

Still smoothing back his mustache with the napkin, Carroll looked at the small black square. He would have given a year's income if it would have fallen off. He looked at the shape and set of her head, at the pose of her folded hands. It was the same, yet how could it be? He looked at her cheek and chin and then, lowering his eyes, tried to recall the exact appearance of the cheek and chin he had seen under the mask's undulating flap. Then he glanced up. It was the same, there could be no doubt. And still it seemed incredible. She was not more than eighteen years old, and she looked so pensive and wistful. She seemed to have forgotten his presence and to be absorbed in her own melancholy ponderings, staring at the centerpiece with thoughtful dark eyes.

"Mrs. Lafarge tells me," he said suddenly, leaning toward her, "that you have only just come to town."

She started and looked up at him He even seemed to recognize the eyes with their look of scared surprise. For a moment she seemed confused, then she said:

"Yes, but I am going to stay for the winter. My brother is here at college I have come to look after him. We are orphans."

Having given her explanation she looked away and seemed to be about to once more relapse into silence.

"You will be able to have a gay winter," he said, determined to make her talk. "You are fond of society, I suppose?"

She was silent for a brief space and then answered as if reluctantly:

"No; I don't care for going out."

"I thought all young girls loved dancing, parties, balls," he continued, intently watching her.

"Others may; I don't."

"You like the country life best?"

She turned her eyes on him and said with a deep sigh:

"Oh, yes!"

If there was anything needed to confirm him in his belief that this young girl was one and the same as the woman he had seen at the ball the sigh was all that was necessary. As it fell upon his ear, plaintively soft and melancholy, he seemed once more to be looking through the gilded grating at the masked figure and the fluttering fan.

Full of conflicting doubts, he leaned back in his chair to think. At the same moment the lady on his other side turned toward him with some laughing remark which required a quick answer Then came challenge and retort from farther up the table, and for some moments the conversation ran on brilliantly. Dinner was nearly at a close when his opportunity came. Every one about them was talking or laughing The girl beside him alone was silent, sunk in her brooding thoughts. Without a word of warning he suddenly leaned toward her and said, almost in a whisper:

"What were you doing at the masked ball on Thursday evening?"

She turned pale, but sat silent without moving. He was silent, too, waiting for an answer. After a few seconds she said:

"I had to go."

"You had to go?" he repeated in surprise.

"Yes. I didn't know what else to do. I found out that Charlie—that's my brother—had gone. It was too late to find him, and anyway he would have only got angry with me. He says I am always interfering. But it isn't that. There are only us two, and we have to take care of each other. I must take care of him and he of me. I knew it was a wrong place for him to go, but he was already gone. So I had to go after him. It would be different if he was not so young, and he's lived in the country all his life. And then to suddenly come to the city, and he forgets about the money—that we've only just got enough. Perhaps—I'm afraid that he doesn't seem to know very well how to take care of himself like the others. But they've lived in the city all their lives, and so it is different."

She paused and looked at him with a sort of pleading apology for the weak boy. Then she went on:

"I've come from our home to take care of him. The others have mothers and brothers, but he has only me. It's hard to keep from making him angry and yet to look after him, and so I went with my old nurse. I knew if I could find him I could bring him back with me. We got the masks and dominos from a man near the door who had them to hire. Then I went into that empty box and waited till he came by, because there was such a crowd, and the people couldn't see me. Soon after you had gone he passed, and then I called to him, and he came and we went home."

She hesitated and stopped, then said hurriedly:

"When I saw you tonight, I knew you again, and I thought you would know me. I ran up stairs and put this piece of courtplaster on the mole. I was afraid of your knowing me. I was afraid you would think badly of me for being there."

She was interrupted by the rising of the ladies. As she turned to go she paused and, looking at him with wistful inquiry, said:

"Do you?"

He looked at her without speaking, but shook his head.

As the men settled back into their chairs one of them, noticing Carroll still standing gazing vacantly at a window opposite, cried laughingly:

"Look at the sentimentalist lost in contemplation of the stars!"

Carroll started and, taking his seat, answered quietly:

"Yes, I've been looking at a star."

Priceless Letters Destroyed.

Sir Walter Scott once made an itinerary of the borders, in the course of which he wrote a lawyer friend in Edinburgh a close and realistic account of everything he heard and observed, every quaint location and droll custom. But the stupid heirs of the recipient of these priceless epistles consigned them to the flames and thus rendered what would have been a charming book impossible. It is curious how really interesting letters get destroyed, while those containing private and personal matters are most sedulously treasured.—London Globe.

Hyde park, the Green park and St. James' park cost London between them £32,976 a year to keep up.

More than four-fifths of the population of Mexico are of mixed or Indian blood.

WILLS WOMEN MAKE.

PECULIARITIES WHICH A LAWYER SAYS ARE COMMON.

As a Rule, the Feminine Sex Is Fond of Bizarre Effects In Bestowing Riches—Women's Wills Are Seldom Contested In Court.

"I saw a statement somewhere the other day to the effect that the shortest will ever recorded at the surrogate's office was made by a woman," said the old lawyer. "This is probably the case, but it is the exceptional brevity that goes to prove the usual prolixity of the wills of women.

"As a rule, when I am summoned to record the testamentary directions of a woman I go prepared for a long siege of writing and advising. To start with, a woman has a greater variety of belongings to bequeath than a man, or, if the chattels are not really more varied, she, herself, establishes a line of distinction and divides them into more classes. A man, when making his will, is given to generalizing. A woman, on the other hand, particularizes, and where the masculine devisor will take a set of objects, or a group of sets, for that matter, and lump them all off to one legatee, she will scatter the same things around among a score of friends or relations.

"The strangest part of this writing of feminine wills is that no matter how positive and concise of thought the testatrix may be on ordinary occasions, the minute she sets out to make preparations for the postmortem distribution of her property, she becomes uncertain of herself. The mainstays of her wealth, such as real estate and a bank account, she will probably be sure about, but the minor bequests cause her endless trouble, and she is bound to take up each item separately and argue its appropriateness as a gift to this person and that and explain with minuteness what each, in turn, has done to merit remembrance. If all these considerations could be thrashed over and settled privately before my interview begins, I wouldn't mind the tortuousness of the channels through which she arrives at her conclusions, but when the pros and cons are reserved for my own judgment and I am expected to decide upon each provision the prospect certainly does not make a lawyer tingle with thrills of pure delight.

"Then, too, women are faddy about their wills. Every little while somebody with a bump for statistics forages around through legal literature and brings to light a number of testamentary curiosities. In all these resurrections it is found that the majority of freak bequests were devised by women. Personally I have drawn up but few of these outlandish wills where the money was hidden away under Robin Hood's born, or the legatee was to come into his own only by the accomplishment of some unreasonable, crazy task imposed upon him, but my experience has been sufficiently varied to show me that women are fond of bizarre effects in the matter of bestowing their riches.

"Another peculiarity of women's wills is the rarity and meagerness of their bequests to charitable enterprises. This statement is, of course, made in a broad sense. There have been some notable gifts to public institutions by wealthy women, but it is a fact that when the average woman of means comes to die she loses sight of the stranger at her gates and enriches those endeared to her by ties of blood and friendship to the exclusion of homes and reformatories that stand by waiting for a contribution. The cause of this apparent lack of generosity is undoubtedly due to the fact that the charity of many a woman is personally conducted and that all arrangements for providing for her beneficiaries have been completed privately and on a cash basis prior to the writing of the will. But however often this explanation may hold good, certain it is that when ten men and ten women equally endowed with the good things of the world come to attend to their wills five of the men will bequeath some small sum to charity, while one of the women will be inclined to a similar benefaction.

"And this brings me to another feature of women's wills. All things considered, I must confess that women are disposed to be unjust in their wills. In the past twenty years I have drawn up hundreds of wills whose terms were so obviously unjust in certain particulars that I actually felt ashamed of myself for writing them, which is a pretty strong assertion, coming from a lawyer. This injustice is particularly manifest in the case of stepchildren.

"There is one class of dependents, however, upon which women who make wills lavish money without stint, and that is pet animals. There was a time when a will which contained a clause authorizing the trustees to invest several thousand dollars for the support of a cat or dog was a matter for newspaper comment, but nowadays unless the bequest is excessive such items are not considered worthy of mention. There are animals in this town that are living off the fat of the land in private homes and dogs' boarding houses, and all their expenses, which are never light, are paid through the kindness of a mistress whose last thought was for them.

"But manifestly absurd and unjust though the wills of many women are it is seldom that one of them is contested. The same document dictated by man would probably be hauled about in the courts for years, but somehow the general opinion is that it is better to take the will of a woman at its face value, and all concerned usually resign themselves to a peaceable acceptance of its provisions."—New York Sun.

Arundel Castle.

The most singlar circumstance about Arundel castle is that its owner, by mere right of ownership, is Earl of Arundel in the peerage of England. It is believed that there is no similar example of a peerage held on such conditions. Apparently there would be no legal obstacle, were the house of Howard to fall upon evil days and the castle be sold to some millionaire, to prevent the millionaire taking his seat in the house of lords as Earl of Arundel.

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CAPITAL TEN PERCENTERS.

Government Clerks Who Lend to Their Fellow Workers.

"I reckon I'll sell my salary this month," remarked the young census clerk.

"To whom?" asked his friend.

"Why, to one of the ten percenters, of course," was the reply.

Dialogues, such as this are of frequent occurrence between government clerks in Washington toward the end of the month. When a clerk sells his salary to a ten percenter, he gives the latter an I O U for the entire salary due him on the following pay day and receives in exchange 90 per cent of the amount. The man who makes the loan retains the remaining 10 per cent, whence his name of ten percenter.

The ten percenter is said to exist under one name or another in all of the great federal department buildings in Washington. He is invariably a shrewd government clerk who has a bit of money of his own or has saved his salary until its accumulation represents a tidy little sum. This capital he is ever ready to lend in sums of from $10 to $100.

In a majority of the Washington offices the laws against usurers are so rigorously enforced that the ten percenter is unable to transact business in safety as an individual; he exists nevertheless under the protecting title of a beneficial society. These fake societies should not be confused with the mutual beneficiary organizations which have been established for a number of years in many of the departments, notably the government printing office, for the purpose of aiding sick or disabled members and their families and of burying the dead. The ten percenters' society never includes more than five or six members. They have their charter and a carefully drawn constitution and bylaws.

Each member contributes a certain amount of money to the funds of the concern, and the other employees of the office are quietly informed how they can be accommodated with a loan for a small bonus. On the first of every month the pool divides its profits. These organizations are usually short lived, as they become unpopular when the business begins to grow large. The death of one fake association is rapidly followed by the birth of a successor, differing from its predecessor in name only, so that the ten percenters are enabled to ply their trade without much interruption.—New York Sun.

Unfortunate Deduction.

Sergeant Kelly of the Irish bar in the early years of the nineteenth century used to indulge in a picturesque eloquence, racy of the soil, but unfortunately he would sometimes forget the line of argument and would always fall back on the word "therefore," which generally led his mind back to what he had intended saying. Sometimes, however, the effort was almost disastrous.

One time he had been complimenting the jury, assuring them that they were men of extraordinary intelligence and then branched off into a statement of his case. With a wave of his hand and a smile on his face he proceeded:

"This is so clear a case, gentlemen, that I am convinced you felt it so the very moment I stated it. I should pay men of intelligence a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute, therefore I shall proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible."—Green Bag.

Cleaning Furniture.

Where a piece of furniture is very much soiled and requires to be cleaned and polished, first wash it thoroughly with warm soapy water, washing only a small surface at a time and drying it quickly by rubbing it hard with a flannel. Mix together one pint of linseed oil and a half pint of kerosene, wet a flannel with the oil mixture and rub the cleaned furniture. Rest half an hour before taking a fresh piece of flannel and then by vigorous rubbing polish the wood until it shines like glass. This will not injure the nicest wood and is an easy method of keeping furniture bright. The odor soon disappears if the windows are left open.

Where He Drew the Line.

"You don't like walking very much, do you?" inquired the farmer's horse, who was grazing near the canal.

"Oh, I don't mind it under certain conditions," replied the canalboat mule.

"You don't appear to like your exercise on the towpath."

"No. That's where I draw the line."—Philadelphia Press.

Handy With His Tongue Too.

The following was a speech by a successful competitor for the prize of a foot race: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs. I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."—Evening Wisconsin.

Silken raiment has a standing among the oldest garments in the world. Robes of that material were worn by men and women alike 2,500 years before the birth of Christ.

GREAT ON POINTS.

Bird Dog Whose Natural Traits Amounted to a Mania.

"Talking about bird dogs," said the man with the shifty eye in the rear seat of the trolley car—and nobody had said a word about bird dogs or any other kind of dogs—"I had the most remarkable bird dog that ever happened, I guess, when I was living out in Santa Barbara, Cal., in 1895. I don't s'pose there will ever be the likes of that dog on this earth again. I raised him from a pup. He was a pointer from away back. It was just as natural for that dog to flop on his haunches and point at a bird as it is for us humans to eat things that don't agree with us.

"He began to point before he had shed his milk teeth. I took him out for a walk one day when he was only about 2 months old, and it took us about four hours to get over two miles of ground, for that dog would sit down and point at a bird about every ten feet of our progress. It didn't make any sort of difference what kind of a bird it was that he pointed at. He'd point at any old kind of a bird. If a little bunch of English sparrows would settle down in the middle of the street, he'd just sit down and point at them, and it was all I could do to get him to come along with me. He'd point at a robin sitting on top of a cottonwood tree, and he'd point at a Brahman rooster clawing up a flower bed in a front yard. Any old thing that had feathers on it that dog of mine would point at. Had him out one afternoon when a bald headed eagle began to soar around above Santa Barbara about three miles up in the air, and blamed if that dog didn't catch sight of the noble bird and squat down and point at it until I had to bat him with a club to induce him to come along with me.

"One day I had an aching tooth, and I decided to go to a dentist and have the miserable molar yanked out. I felt so bad that I took that pointer pup along with me for company on my way to the dentist's office, and when he got to the door he slipped into the office with me. Next thing I knew that pointer pup of mine was sitting back on his quarters a-pointing at a picture of some ruffled grouse that the dentist had on the wall of his reception room.

"In the course of time pointing got to be a regular mania of that dog, and I couldn't take him out for exercise very often on account of his habit of lagging behind to point at feathered things. Took him out one afternoon when he was about a year old, and a furniture van with a lot of pillows piled on top of some beds came along. One of the pillows was broken at the side, and a lot of feathers escaped. That dog of mine saw the flying feathers, and blame me if he didn't sit down and point at that furniture van! Fact.

"But that wasn't the cutest thing he ever did. The cutest thing he ever did was one afternoon when I took him down to the Santa Barbara beach for a walk on the sand. I hadn't any sooner got him down to the beach than he sat down and began to point out to sea. I couldn't for the life of me make out what he was pointing at. There wasn't ary a bird, not even a sea gull, in sight, but he kept right on squatting there at the verge of the sea and pointing out over the water, and if ever a man was puzzled, then I was. At first I calculated that he might be mistaking the crests of the waves for feathers; but, no—a little reflection convinced me that he wasn't any such a fool dog as to do a thing like that. Then I noticed that he was pointing directly at a white ship that lay out in the harbor. I pulled out my fieldglasses and took a look at the ship, and then the mystery was made clear. The ship he was pointing at was the United States man-o'-war Petrel." And then the man with the shifty eye executed a sudden leap and escaped from the car before his wrathful listeners could hop on him and macerate him.—Washington Star.

A Revolution In Buttons.

One of the last surviving of the old sumptuary laws, now almost forgotten, but considered of great importance in maintaining one branch of Sheffield trade, was that directed against covered buttons. The town dealt largely in horn buttons of different kinds for common wear, as well as in metal and plated buttons for the better class of coats, waistcoats and gaiters. From 1720 to the end of the century the town annals show that there was considerable though fitful zeal under the statute of 8 Anne against the venders and users of covered buttons. In 1791 a tailor was convicted in a penalty of 40 shillings a dozen for setting covered buttons on a gentleman's waistcoat and the wearer in a like penalty for appearing in a garment thus adorned. General action was taken against offenders by the master and journeymen button makers of Sheffield as late as 1802, but the magistrates gave so little encouragement to these prosecutions that the law, though it long remained unrepealed, fell from that time into desuetude.

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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 20, 1901.

"IN THIS HOUR OF DEEP AND TERRIBLE NATIONAL BEREAVEMENT I WISH TO STATE THAT IT SHALL BE MY AIM TO CONTINUE ABSOLUTELY UNBROKEN THE POLICY OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY FOR THE PEACE AND PROSPERITY AND HONOR OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

At 2.15 o'clock Saturday morning, September 14, 1901, William McKinley died in Buffalo, N. Y., from wounds inflicted by an assassin's revolver on September 6, 1901. He was born at Niles, Ohio, on January 29, 1843.

On July 2, 1881, James A. Garfield, President of the United States, was shot at Washington, D. C., by Giteau, the Nihilist, and died on September 19, 1881, after 77 days of intense suffering. The National funeral was held on September 26, 1881, and observed as a day of mourning throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In the last issue of the JOURNAL, Sept. 13, were given the chief points of the shooting of President McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, written with a full belief that the wounds were not mortal, and that his recovery was a question of a few weeks at the longest.

The eminent physicians and surgeons who were in attendance gave out almost hourly the most encouraging reports of the favorable condition of the President and high hopes were entertained of his speedy recovery. It was said by some of them that he would be able to return to Washington in a month at most. So confident was he of this that Vice-President Roosevelt went back to his camp in the Adirondacks where he was when the sad news of the President's relapse and critical condition reached him on Thursday night. Senator Hanna and other distinguished statesmen, close personal friends, were so fully assured by the Doctors of the danger point having been safely passed, and the improvement of the President so entirely satisfactory, left for their several homes happy in the belief that everything was going on right at the Milburn house where the patient lay.

But on Thursday night, Sept. 12, there was an unexpected and alarming turn for the worse, and on Friday the bulletins of the Doctors filled the hearts of the Nation with fear. Friday was an anxious day for the people of this country. While the Doctors gave out from time to time that the President was holding his own and insisted that his sinking spells were nothing more than a case of indigestion brought on by the use of a little solid food, there was a feeling of alarm all over the land. When the JOURNAL went to press early Friday morning it contained an announcement that the President was worse, but all the facts were not given because unknown at that hour. Bulletin boards were anxiously watched everywhere, but they afforded little or no comfort from the bedside of the stricken man in Buffalo. Until a late hour Friday night every source of information was eagerly scanned for news and when at last the crowds in this city repaired to their homes they went away with the feeling in nearly every heart that the mortal career of William McKinley was rapidly drawing to a close; that at any moment the announcement of his death was liable to reach them.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock Saturday morning the people of this city were aroused from sleep by the solemn tolling of the church bells and in a moment everyone knew what it meant—McKinley was dead! Arrangements were made the night before for this service, and there was no mistaking by anybody the meaning of the tolling bells. The early morning papers from Boston, and telegraphs and telephones here, confirmed the sad and startling news of the President's death. It was appalling and this community, as was the whole Nation, was filled with sorrow and grief.

Had President McKinley been instantly killed in the Temple of Music we do not believe that the shock would have been felt so keenly and bitterly as it was. After the first 48 hours strong hopes of his recovery had been universally entertained. The surgeons assured the public that there would be no farther trouble, and the people gladly took their word and relied on their promises. These hopes were dampened by the reports on Friday morning, and nearly blasted by later ones. It was a terrible letdown, an awful shock. The surgeons had misjudged the case, as subsequent investigation proved, and all day Friday and the night following the strain on the people's hearts was intense. They had been suddenly cast down from the pinacle of hope and confidence to a condition of doubt and despair, and it was almost too much for the community to bear. Then came the solemn tolling of the bells before daylight Saturday morning and the newspaper reports that came later on which confirmed the telegraphic dispatches and told of the worst. The President passed away at 2.15 that morning, and that was the end.

The President's body lay in state at Buffalo Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday was taken to Washington, accompanied by Mrs. McKinley, for the funeral which was held on Tuesday. In the progress of the train from Buffalo to the National Capital at every station where it stopped thousands and thousands of people gathered to get a sight of the funeral car, and at the termination in Washington an immense crowd gathered to meet it, and if possible obtain a last view of the face of the murdered Chief Executive of the Nation, so universally and deeply beloved and respected.

On Tuesday the remains of the distinguished citizen were taken to Canton, Ohio, for burial. The seeming haste of the ceremonies was due to the delicate health of the bereaved widow, who, her physicians said, should be relieved of the terrible strain as speedily as possible, which could be done only by a return to her home in Canton. The escort was composed of the most distinguished Members of Congress, of the Cabinet, Soldiers, and others. The train left Washington on Tuesday evening, immediately after the close of the services in the Rotunda of the Capitol, and in due season arrived at Canton, where the burial was witnessed, with every mark of grief and sorrow, by thousands of the President's old neighbors, townspeople, and friends. And then the curtain fell.

In this city no token of love and respect for President McKinley was omitted. Saturday was a day of gloom and sorrow. Our people of all parties, sects, creeds and color appeared to be paralyzed by the awful event. The news of the President's death was more than they could willingly believe. The feeling of surprise and sorrow seemed to close their lips, and but little was said or done.

President William E. Blodgett of the City Council had a consultation with the clergymen of the city and left the execution of the President's and Governor's Proclamation for the funeral services in their hands.

On Sunday funeral sermons were preached and eulogies on the dead President delivered in all the churches. Each minister paid a fitting tribute to his virtues as a man, a Christian, a citizen, and Ruler of the Nation. Words of praise, of commendation, and high respect, were uttered in every pulpit. Unusual solemnity pervaded the pews. They were real funeral services, and felt to be such by the people. They were deemed by the clergymen as a substantial compliance with the Proclamations of the heads of the National and State Governments, in which it was recommended that such services be held on the day of the National funeral, Sept. 19, and so it was. The essence of the Proclamations was observed; time was an immaterial question.

On Saturday the Flags of the city public and private, were half-masted, and on Sunday considerable draping was done. This was continued on Monday and Tuesday until all the public buildings, business blocks, and many residences, were enshrouded in the hues of death.

On Monday morning the Committee, consisting of the several clergymen, on the suggestion of Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, resolved on holding a mass meeting on Monday evening, and, if possible procure an enlargement of the Committee and have more secular material put into it. It was thought best to have the City Council take the matter in hand and make and carry out a programme for the funeral on Thursday.

The Committee met at City Hall and after due deliberation and exchange of ideas with others, it was voted that the exercises should be held in the Auditorium, that they should be of a religious character, and that the arrangements should be placed in the hands of the City Council, then in session, and the business was so settled. President Blodgett thus became the Chairman of the Committee, and did excellent service as such.

As a skeleton programme the Council Committee announced on Tuesday morning that the funeral exercises should be held in the Auditorium at 3 o'clock, Thursday afternoon, Sept. 19, that they should be religious in character, and that they should be arranged and managed, as to speaking and music, by the pastors of the several city churches. The church bells were to toll for the meeting, the school children would occupy the stage and sing, a Quartet would furnish special music, and a more complete program issued later.

External and internal draperies were of course in black and white and hardly without an exception were put up in excellent taste. In a few instances there was an over abundance of it, and in a few more black was entirely unrelieved by white. Much of the work was done by amateurs, but it compared favorably with that of the professionals, and in some cases excelled it. As was fitting the American Flag was everywhere in sight, and portraits of President McKinley, tastefully draped, were numerous. Black and white streamers, rosettes, and shields, decorated many buildings, and there was not a store, office or shop on the main streets that failed to exhibit mourning emblems. Out of so many and such excellent draperies it would be difficult to select any for particular praise, and we will not attempt to do so. Suffice it to say that the work of our people in this respect was well done, appropriate, and as exhibitions of love and respect for the dead President, was praiseworthy in the highest degree.

The memorial services were held in the Auditorium at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and going to press at an early hour Friday morning, as the JOURNAL does, it is impossible for us to give a story of the proceedings in this issue. It is safe to say, however, that the programme was carried out. The plan was for the ministers to make the principal addresses, the school children to sing, and remarks by those who wished to make them, the whole to be of a religious tone.

In cheerful compliance with the request of Chairman Blodgett of the Committee, business was suspended all day and business houses closed. A funeral atmosphere pervaded the city, and people looked as though they felt and keenly realized the solemnity of the occasion, which was of no political party or religious sect. Signs of grief profound and sincere were apparent everywhere, and Thursday was indeed a season of real mourning in this city, as it was in every part of the American Union.

McKinley was the third President of the United States, and one of the best and worthiest, to die at the hand of an assassin within the last 36 years. It may well be asked: What are we coming to? But the life of the Nation does not depend on that of any one of its Rulers.

☞ Read carefully the Republican Ward and City Committee's advertisement of the time and places for holding the Republican caucuses next week.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,

BY FRANK A. LOCKE.

24 YEARS EXPERIENCE. Telephone 17-3 Jamaica.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Free use of any Telephone, to send an order, night or day. Pianos sold for cash or easy payments.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

ELEGANT LINE

FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

Cures Coughs and Colds,

Relieves Sore Throat and Hoarseness.

Huntley's Tar, White Pine and Wild Cherry

25c. PREPARED ONLY AT

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"

417 MAIN STREET.

IN 1899 AND 1901.

In selecting a Republican candidate in 1899 for the lower branch of the Legislature there were good reasons for suspending the two-term rule in favor of Representative A. S. Wood. They were readily accepted and he received a unanimous nomination.

Mr. Wetherell, also a candidate, opposed the suspension, but, seeking at the present time a third nomination for the House, he has changed his views and now has little or no respect for the time honored two-term rule. On August 20, 1899, Mr. Wetherell wrote and published in the Editorial columns of the *News* these lines:

"An unwritten law has fixed the Representative candidacy at two years."

This was true then, and it is true now, and the Republicans of this city have no idea of repealing that law. On September 7 of the same year, treating of the subject, he said, through the Boston *Transcript*:

"Two years is the limit fixed by long time custom in that District and the office has been filled for that time by the present Representative." Again, on Sept. 21, discussing the same question, Mr. Wetherell said in the *News*:

"Two years is the period fixed by long custom."

Just how Mr. Wetherell can reconcile his present efforts to secure a third term with the above utterances, and others, written and oral, that might be reproduced, is not clear to the comprehension of the mind of the average man. We should be slow to believe that he would attempt to base his claims to a third term, in violation of a long established and wholesome rule, to which former Representatives of recognized ability and integrity have been forced to yield, on any distinguished services rendered by him in the House. He probably would not go to that length even to secure the prize he now seeks.

If Mr. Wetherell was sincere and honest in opposing Mr. Wood in 1899 on the grounds that a third term would be a violation of the unwritten law, what ought to be thought of his course in 1901? Two years ago he was law abiding; now it is the other way.

It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored.

THE CAUCUSES.

Next Wednesday evening, Sept. 25, the Republicans of this city are to hold their caucuses to elect delegates to the State and other conventions.

The importance of a full attendance in each Ward must be clearly apparent to every Republican who wishes to have our city properly represented in the Legislature next year. Apathy, indifference, or laziness, may possibly turn the caucuses in the wrong direction, and lead to the choice of a Democratic Representative at the polls.

It is earnestly hoped that every Republican who really believes in the principles he professes to cherish and would see a good man elected to the Legislature, will be promptly on hand at the primaries next Wednesday evening. Full caucuses will be sure to do the business as it ought to be, and 3 to 1 of the Republican Party would have it, done.

☞ The great steel strike has come to a disastrous end for the strikers. They have lost on every point, and the manufacturers have gained more than they at first hoped for. It was the biggest labor revolt that ever took place in this country and none have ever ended in a more humiliating failure by the strikers.

☞ Shake, Lieutenant Linwood E. Hanson! Wednesday morning last we were privileged to read the Government Army papers which contained the appointment of Linwood E. Hanson of this city, dated Sept. 11, to the position of First Lieutenant of Infantry in the Regular Army of the United States, with that rank from Feb. 2, 1901, an office he applied for, and for which he was highly recommended by the Colonel of the 43d Regiment, U. S. V., in the Philippines, in which he was Captain of Company B. We heartily congratulate Capt. Hanson on the success of his application, and the service on securing an officer in every respect well qualified and worthy of it. He passed a successful examination at San Francisco on his return from the Philippines and discharge, and the appointment came promptly, and was gratefully received. It is probable that, within a few days, Lieut. Hanson will receive an assignment for duty. He has hosts of friends in this city and in Maine and New Hampshire who will be glad that his desire to enter the Regular Army has been gratified, even at the expense of losing him from social and business circles. Capt. Hanson is a man and a gentleman all up and down, and again we congratulate him on the good fortune to which firstrate military service and personal merit entitled him.

☞ Mr. Riley's friends express entire confidence in their ability to carry every Ward caucus in the city for him. Why not? He is the only legitimate Republican candidate in the field and is entitled by every consideration of right and justice to the nomination. Republicans believe in fair play.

☞ We thank Senator Wood heartily for a Map of Massachuetts showing the population of the State as per Census of 1900, and also the new Congressional Districts plainly marked thereon.

☞ President Garfield died on Sept. 19, 1881, and President McKinley was buried on Sept. 19, 1901.

☞ The Republicen County convention is to be held at East Cambridge, 10.30 A. M., Oct. 3.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. B. Ela—Dahleas.
John Maxwell—To Let.
Thomas Salmon—Steamships.
Rep. W. & C. Com.—Caucuses.
Woburn Clothing Co.—House and Shoes.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Don't fail to read Mr. Ela's dahlia ad in this paper.

— Possible that the "Boulevard" issue has petered out? What a pity!

— Mr. John Maxwell advertises a good tenement on Academy Hill for rent.

— The Woburn Clothing Co. have added a fine stock of shoes to the contents of their store.

— Mr. Joseph C. Larock, the painter, has returned from a fine visit to Northern Vermont.

— The Woburn Clothing Company have from 25 to 30 houses and tenements for sale and lease.

— Company G had been preparing for the Fifth Regiment shoot to take place here last Wednesday, but it was indefinitely postponed by Adjutant General Kincaide.

— Capt. L. E. Hanson went down to his old home at Somersworth, N. H., last Friday and returned on Saturday.

— Mr. Willis Varney, of the jewelry firm of L. E. Hanson & Co., has spent the most of this week at South Berwick, Maine.

— We must say that there are no funeral draperies in the city that surpass in neatness and good taste those of Huntley & Co.

— Much credit was due to President Blodgett of the City Council for admirable planning and execution of the funeral services yesterday.

— A considerable thunder storm and quite a fall of rain in the evening followed a peculiar variety of weather during the day last Sunday.

— Mr. John R. Carter has been chosen a State delegate to the Congregational National Council to be held at Portland, Maine, on Oct. 14

— Supt. Brackett put on 15-minute trips last Saturday to see how they would work. He will find out that the more cars the more people to fill them.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— It cost $100 to decorate City Hall and the Soldier's Monument, and the latter was not the best kind of a job, at least, it was severely criticised by the public.

— Genuine artistic taste was displayed in draping the National Bank building. It was easily the finest piece of work in the city, one the best ever seen here.

— Let every Republican in this city attend the caucuses next Wednesday evening. A full caucus means the right man for Representtaive candidate. A full attendence is of paramount importance.

— Our city has worn a sombre hue this week. In every direction the eye fell on flags at half-mast and mourning draperies. Many of the latter were elaborate, and all in good taste and appropriate.

— Not an objectionable word, not a sneer, or a snarl, was heard in this city when the news of the President's death came to hand. Nothing could speak more plainly for the loyalty and good sense of our people.

— It is fine to see the white butterfly lightly floating through the clear autumn sunshine, isn't it? Well, the white butterfly is ever regarded as the emblem of the Resurrection. Do you think of that when you see them?

— Miss Jennie E. Skinner returned from Nova Scotia at noon Friday, Sept. 6, only 4 hours before President McKinley was shot by the Anarchist Czolgosz. She had a fine visit among the scenes of her childhood.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond is expected to reach his home here from England this morning. If expections are realized he will have been away just four weeks, and we hope the the trip did him a world of good.

— Although lame, Mr. George S. Hudson's leg is not so badly off as to prevent him from hustling for local news for the columns of the Boston *Herald*. The trouble is in the knee, and may necessitate an operation.

— The regular Line Gale is due here tomorrow, but a mild forerunner of it was felt on Tuesday. The rain was quite heavy, wind fresh and strong, the atmosphere fall-y and dropping leaves gave things an autumnal look.

— Woburn clergymen of all denominations have manifested a spirit during this funeral week of President McKinley that is worthy of emulation. Our ministers can always be relied on to say and do the right thing at the right time.

— After an extensive Western journey and visit Mr. Waldo Thompson is again bossing business at the old stand, and doing it in good shape. Some people are missed when they go away daily for a short time, and others quite the reverse.

— "Angy" Crovo, at the old stand, presides over a fruit store equal to the best in Boston. He is enjoying a fine trade, for "Angy" is square, fair and upright. He is as sincere a mourner over the death of the President as there is in this city.

— We affirm, with entire honesty, with no attempt at flattery, no thought of mental reservations, that the bouquet which Mrs. George H. Newcomb gave the Business End of the JOURNAL combine last Tuesday, was the handsomest we ever saw in Woburn.

— Gage & Co. make their fall announcement in the JOURNAL this week. Mr. Flint tells us that the store has never been able to show a better stock of clothes for gentlemen's suits than at present, and prices were never more favorable to the purchaser.

— Funeral services were held over the remains of Mr. John McCarthy who died at the Togus Soldiers Home, Maine, a few days ago. He served in the Civil War as a member of Company K, 39th, M. V. I., of which several survivors still reside here.

— Company G had been preparing for the Regimental shoot of the 5th which was to have taken place at the Walnut Hill Rifle Range last Wednesday, but was postponed by Adjt. Gen. Kincaide. The State shoot will come off at that Range next Wednesday.

— The Executive Committee chosen at the mass meeting held on Sept. 21, 1881, to carry out the Garfield funeral services were: G. R. Gage, J. G. Polard, John Johnson, Lawrence Reade, John Burke, Samuel Cook, James Folsom, and Dexter Carter.

— Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Dolliver will leave here early next week for their home in San Francisco, California. They have passed a pleasant summer here and in New Hampshire. Last Tuesday they took a little trip to Marblehead, and Wednesday to Middleton.

— Mayor Davis signed the Council's order appropriating funds for a Soldiers and Sailors Memorial to be erected in Woodbrook cemetery, on Aug. 26. This statement is made to head off the story that he had refused to sign such order. Mayor Davis isn't that kind of a man.

Cough Lozenge.

Linseed, Liquorice, Chlorodyne.

VERY PALATABLE EFFECTUAL 5 AN OUNCE

You will always carry one in your pocket afterwards.

THE PILL BOX. Woburn's Dispenser, Whitcher's

The Store where you get the most change back.

You can't feel poor when you see our goods and prices, though your dollars may be fewer, we will make them go farther. Values were never so marvelously low as right now.
The completeness of our stock guarantees everybody satisfaction. Come and see this choice selection of honest made shoes. Our prices will give your dollar a new dignity.

BOYS' BOX CALF

Solid leather Inner and Out Sole.

$1.00—$1.25—$1.50

Do you want the best? We lay special stress on the excellence of our Boys' and Misses' School Shoes. Quality up to the highest point, and while maintaining our reputation in this respect we go to the other extreme in keeping prices down to the lowest point.

REPAIRING.

Ladies who wear welt shoes, we wish to call your attention to our repair department. We sew on taps and guarantee them to wear longer than when first purchased.

J. LEATHE,

425 Main St., WOBURN

— The Towanda Club bowling season opened last Wednesday.

— The drapings in the front windows of the Postoffice attract a good deal of attention. Portraits of the three Martyr Presidents, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, with the American Flag for a background, represent an idea and suggest history, which is not the case with the most of them.

— The Democrats talk of nominating Joseph Henry Parker for the Legislature again this year. He is the most popular Democrat in the Party. He beat Wetherell last year in the city vote by 206 plurality, while Wood beat his opponent 296. Those are significant figures. But for Reading Parker would have been elected high and dry.

— Mr. J. J. Grothe, late Pollard & Grothe, carriagemaker, Everett street, is doing a good business this fall, as he deserves to do, for there is no better carriage builder in this part of the country than he is. He is a thorough mechanic, gives his personal attention to the work of the establishment, and satisfies his customers in every respect.

— We are indebted to Mr. Edgar B. Ela for a magnificent bouquet of dahlias, brought in Wednesday afternoon, for which we return thanks. Mr. Ela has for sale the largest and best variety of dahlias in this city, the result of 5 years careful selection and cultivation, and we advise our readers, who love the flower, to call and see them.

— It would be a pity if 15-minute trips on the North Woburn Division of the B. & N. electric road have to be given up for want of power. One would think the Woburn L. H. & P. Co. would see to it that electric cars had pull enough for all practical purposes. The building of a plant by the B. & N. Co. has been talked of, but whether seriously or not we cannot say.

— Miss Clara N. Fogg of Bowdoinham, Maine, is visiting relatives in this city. She went to Buffalo, Sept. 6, on a Nason & Russell excursion, from thence to Niagara Falls, down the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, to Montreal, and from that fair Canadian city to Boston. J. H. Nason was the conductor, of whom, in that capacity, the young lady speaks in terms of warm praise.

— Particular attention is asked for the steamship advertisement of Mr. Thomas Salmon in this paper. Mr. Salmon has been a New England Agent for some of the largest steamship line between America and Europe for many years and has always given complete satisfaction to owners and public. He also sells drafts, exchange, etc, on European banks. Prospective visitors of the Old Country should call on him.

— Without question the article which in time is going to supplant soaps and powders in homes, as it largely has in hospitals, schools and other public buildings, for all cleaning and disinfecting, is Cabot's Sulpho-Naphol. Its sale is increasing rapidly and wholly on its merits. Its comparative cheapness in solution places it within the reach of all who desire sweet, clean and sanitary homes. All the dealers carry it in orignal packages, or it can be obtained from the Sulpho-Naphol Co., 4 Merrimac St., Boston.

— If you are thinking of buying a piano, new or second hand, for cash or easy payments, you would do well, and save a lot of money, by first having Frank A. Locke, the well known piano tuner, and special salesman, call on you and talk the matter over. Send your name and address and he will send you (free) a beautiful illustrated catalogue. Look at his new ad in paper. Free use of any telephone to telephone to him night or day.—tf.

— The Committee of the City Council to carry out the arrangements for the funeral of President McKinley were: William E. Blodgett, Chairman; E. Q. Brackett, Secretary; Aldermen Golden, DeLoriea and Aylward. The Committee of Arrangements and Resolutions for the Garfield funeral, chosen at a meeting held on Sept. 21, 1881, at which Charles Choate presided, were: W. T. Grammer, James Skinner, Nathan Wyman, John I. Munroe, E. W. Hudson, G. R. Gage, J. G. Maguire, J. G. Pollard, A. G. Ham, Thomas Salmon, John Cummings, S. F. Trull, John Johnson, Lawrence Reade, B. F. Whittemore.

— Building of the Winn street and Harrison Ave. branch of the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad at the present time is with a view, Mr. Frank E. Cotton, a Director, says, of ultimately securing a through line from Lowell to Medford. Furthermore, he thinks, the southern terminus of this road, with nearly all others in the Northern suburbs of Boston, will, within a year or two, be Sullivan Square in Charlestown, the Northern end of the Boston Elevated. Within a short time the Boston & Northern will own and run these lines, nearly all of which they have within a year or two bought. It is not certain that the Lowell & Boston Company will immediately use the Winn street section for passenger traffic, but that is what it is coming to sooner or later. Such use, especially if connected with the North Woburn Division of the B. & N., would doubtless prove profitable to the Company.

— On the petition of the Lexington & Boston Street Railroad Company for power to lease, or consolidate with, the Woburn & Boston (Col. C. F. Woodward's) Street Railway, the Railroad Commissioners have ordered a five-cent fare from Woburn to Arlington Heights. At the hearing Solicitor Frank P. Curran appeared for the City of Woburn and objected to granting the petition of the L. & B. Co. unless a five-cent fare to Arlington Heights should be included in the order. He prevailed and so also did Woburn's contention. Col. Woodward promised this fare when our City Council granted him a franchise for the W. & B. line, but circumstances afterwards arose which prevented his carrying out the agreement. We know, however, that he has made honest endeavors to induce the L. & B. Company to do what he intended and tried to do, but in vain. Now the Railroad Commissioners have stepped in and Woburn gets a five-cent fare to Arlington Heights, and another 10-cent fare to Boston.

— Seems kind o' queer to have a stranger ask when the next car goes to Tewksbury. But that is the way it is.

— A note from W. W. Crosby says he and Winthrop Hammond had had a fine visit to Woburn, England.

MISS BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

Tuesday, October first.

Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from September 23d to October 1st.

Miss Bancroft teaches in Woburn Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., WOBURN.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after October 1st, 1901.

MRS. LEWIS,

Teacher of Pianoforte.

Private or class lessons may be arranged for, on or after

Monday, Sept. 9, 1901,

2 Bennett St.

Mrs. S. C. PHINNEY,

Teacher of Singing,

No. 29 Warren Ave., Woburn

DAHLIAS.

I have one of the best collections and the best cultivated half acre of Dahlias in Middlesex Co., including cactus, decorative, show, fancy and pompon varieties.

This collection has been made with great care and is the result of five years slow but careful selection and I now have the the cream of all the best varieties in cultivation in a great variety of colors and tints.

Now is the best time for you to make your selections for next year, while you can see what you order, in full bloom.

In cut flowers, suitable for decorations for all occasions, I can give you more value for your money than any one else in town.

I extend to you and your friends a cordial invitation to call and inspect my collection. The grounds are open all the time and free to all, who come without dogs.

EDGAR W. ELA, 20 Fairview Road.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "What Would Jesus Do?" Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Midweek Service.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building. Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—16th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Friday evening Litany at 5.
Rev. E. J. Burlingham, Rector.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—16th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Widow's Son."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Love of Christ Which Passeth Knowledge."
Thursday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer and Congregational Meeting.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Young People's Meeting at 6 P. M.,
Preaching at 7 P. M.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 8, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Coleman Flaherty and Delia Nohelty, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 14, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, Timothy Brooks and Luthera H. Meacham, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 15, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Arthur J. O'Leary of Wakefield and Mary Flaherty of Woburn.

In Winchester, Sept. 14, by Rev. Mr. Hodge, James E. Kean and Cora M. Simonds, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, Sept. 15, by Rev. J. F. Keleher, Thomas C. Quinn of New York City and Margaret F. Quinn of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 13, Catherine, daughter of John and Mary Lester, aged 2 months.

In this city, Sept. 16, Mary E. Muse, aged 24 years, 9 months.

In this city, Sept. 16, Hughie, son of Hamilton and Lottie Spencer, aged 4 months, 7 days.

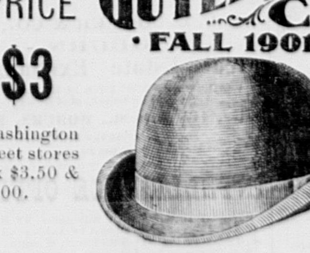
In New Martinsville, W. Virginia, Sept. 8, Elizabeth Carney, aged 71 years.

In Togus, Me., at Soldiers' Home, Sept. 16, John McCarthy, aged 74 years, formerly a member of Co. K, 39th Regt.

THE GUYER HAT CO. FALL 1901

PRICE $3

Washington street stores ask $3.50 & $4.00.



THE "Franklin" AT $2

Have You Seen the New Fall Hats?

We have them—the crowns are somewhat higher than heretofore, giving a very graceful effect. Soft Flanges are quite correct in Blacks, Steels and Pearls, $1 to $3. Sizes to fit everyone.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Established 1851.

Shorter Hours.

We believe it is for the interest of all concerned. Therefore after the first of September we shall close our store at

6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Mondays and Wednesdays.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria !

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Important Notice !

Frank A. Locke the well-known piano tuner, who has spent 30 years of his life on tuning and construction of pianos, and who has been much sought after, on account of his knowledge of pianos, to select pianos for persons about to buy, wishes to notify the people that in connection with his tuning, he has been appointed a special salesman for pianos in Woburn and vicinity. This means that if you are thinking of buying a piano, by consulting Mr. Locke you can have his advice, the benefit of his knowledge and a large reduction from the regular prices of pianos, either by cash or easy payment system saving from **$25 to $75.**

Old Pianos or Organs taken in exchange.

Write at once and he will call and talk over the matter. This will not obligate you to buy through him. Get some points on how to buy a piano; it will cost you nothing to have him call. Send your name and he will send you a beautiful illustrated catalogue free of cost.

Free use of any telephone, to call him up, or to send your name, night or day; or you can address, Frank A. Locke, Woburn, Mass., or you can call and leave your name at his Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's Periodical Store.

Boston Office only by appointment. His Telephone number is 17-3 Jamaica.

Piano Tuning and Repairing promptly and thoroughly attended to.

[Original.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT SLEEPS.

Half-staff we hung out our beautiful flag,
As the dawn came up from the Eastern sky,
The birds' song seemed only one sad low moan,
As death's news sped on 'neath the stars on high.

Tolling of bells, like the cries of the slain,
Came in the darkness o'er mountain and vale;
"Nearer My God to Thee;" "Good bye, good bye"—
This the last message from our hero, slain.

"God's will, not ours be done," oh hero soul!
The people's chosen one the Christian Chief!
Whose manly tenderness and love of home
Exalt the Nation's glory, 'midst our grief.

Out on the prairie, in the city streets,
The waiting crowds sang in the sad night hour,
"Nearer My God to Thee;" and strong men wept,
As they sang for help to a God of power.

A trio of great names history claims,
Our Washington, father and founder, too,
Our Lincoln emancipation made sure,
McKinley expander, friendly and true.

Ever his hand was extended to greet
The lowliest one, with a welcome full,
Nor dreamed he that murderous hatred lurked
In the hearts of the Godless anarchic soul.

Nothing but blessing our Republic gives,
Nothing but friendship could our Chieftain bring;
Oh land of charity! land of free homes!
How much thou hast borne from the serpent's sting!

Crush out the monster that aims to destroy
A government founded on God's own Word!
Who would stab all law and foundation walls
By Godless treachery,—falsehood's sword.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Sleep noble and pure one, we loved thee well!
Rest now, for thy great heart can know no pain!
A Nation protects thy frail one beloved,
Hist'ry thy worth will forever retain.

JENNIE ELIZABETH SKINNER.

Woburn, Massachusetts,
September 16, 1901.

City Council.

A meeting was held on Monday evening, Sept. 16, at which President Blodgett presided.

Mayor Davis vetoed orders granting pool table and common victuallers' license to D. J. Reddy, 156 Main street. The latter order was passed over the veto, and the former returned to the Committee on Police and licenses.

The Mayor vetoed the order providing a stand for job wagons on Main street, near the Common.

Alderman Wood offered an order asking for $10,000 to be expended in repairing certain streets. Alderman Holland and others wished other streets that needed repairs introduced in the order. Probable expense was estimated, the total figure reaching $27,800. The order passed its first reading.

The Board of Public Works stated that $1,000 will be needed to properly care for drainage in the Central Square district.

The Finance Committee recommended the expenditure of $5,000 to improve the drainage of the Town Meadow by extending pipes toward Horn Pond.

A Certain Cure for Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford County, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when editor Ward, of the Laceyville *Messenger*, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy and this time one dose cured me." Sold by all druggists.

The social liberties of the American child are one of the evils of this country. Children's dances and children's parties, once given in the afternoon, have intruded into the evening, and are sending thousands of our children to their beds in a state of excitement which means no good for their future. It stands to reason that no child can, with his or her unformed strength, burn the candle at both ends.—*September Ladies' Home Journal.*

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c. per box. Sold by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

Rev. Dr. Crane.

The following is a synopsis of the remarks of Rev. Dr. Crane at the First Baptist Church last week Sunday evening on the shooting of President McKinley:

It was by an acknowledged Anarchist. This was not the case in the assassination of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield. The history and principles of the Anarchists were briefly expounded. They so misconcieved democracy and the doctrine the equality of man as to deny all authority and government. If the ruler will not abdicate, he must be killed. This hostility to the government which is not infrequently directed against men of wealth, has been intensified by the long conflict between capital and labor. With many the authority and even the existence of God is denied. The trend of Anarchism is atheistic. It is an interesting fact that men have reached Anarchism through socialism. Yet socialism is not necessarily Anarchistic. Socialism is an essence economic. Society, not the indivual, must control the production and the distribution of what we call wealth. The economic principle of socialism is a degree recognized in the administration of national and municiple affairs. But many so called socialists keeping the name while no longer entitled to it, advance to Anarchism.

The Anarchist is a menace to civilization. If he cannot be surpressed, he must be destroyed. Meanwhile, through the preaching and practice of the gospel of Jesus Christ, in which are the sources of inspiration for wise and discreet legislation, the true brotherhood of man will at last be established on the earth, and the vexed social problem of our time will have happy solution. In the address and the prayers, there was tender raference to the President and Mrs. McKinley.

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Rev. Mr. Akeson.

There are no more loyal citizens in the great American Republic than the Scandinavians. They are true to its principles of self-government and staunch supporters of its institutions. Almost always they work and vote with the Republican Party. They hate Anarchism and would squelch Anarchists.

On Sunday, Sept. 8, Rev. Mr. Akeson, pastor of the Swede Evangelical Free Church of this city, paid the following warm tribute to the worth of the stricken President:

God, our Father, bless the President of our Country in his suffering and if it be Thy will restore him to health and service; bless his wife and relatives in their sorrow, bless the Nation that righteousness, peace and safety may prevail.

The obnoxious deed committed upon the Chief Executive is an outbreak of civil forces working secretly in the community which by all means should be subdued. Anyone opposed to social order and advocating lawlessness ought to be isolated like a leper if not exterminated.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

"Stop-ache"

For all kinds of Headaches. A sure

Remedy.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., DRUGGIST, 361 Main St.

The following firms believe in shorter hours as indicated by the annexed agreement.

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m. on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week, provided all others do the same. This arrangement to begin only after the public have been notified at least two weeks in advance."

Hammond & Son	L. E. Hanson & Co.
C. M. Munroe	Osborne Gillette
McDonald Bros.	E. S. Parker
J. Ginsburg	F. A. Hartwell
G. R. Gage & Co.	H. S. Dickinson
A. Grant	W. R. Bartlett
J. R. McMillan	Aiken & Dunton
Copeland & Bowser	J. Linnell
Alvah Buckman	Geo. Durward
T. F. McCormick	S. A. Potter
J. G. Connolly & Co.	E. Caldwell
E. Prior	M. A. Burns
Josiah Leathe	Cummings & Snow
P. Carlson	A. W. Cobb & Co.
W. J. Buckman	J. R. Carter & Co.
Fitz & Stanley	Eames & Carter
W. H. Lewis	Ham & Co.
S. K. Ames	Jacquith & Co.
E. P. Kennedy & Co.	Cummings, Chute & Co.
T. W. Stowers	C. Cummings & Co.
Thomas Moore	J. C. Finnegan
L. W. Thompson	G. N. Othote
C. M. Strout & Co.	Wm. Haber
A. L. Holdridge	A. V. Haynes
F. P. Brooks	H. F. McKensie
J. W. Huntley & Co.	Wallace & Andrews
Edw. H. Callahan	J. D. Haggerty
J. A. Yates & Co.	E. J. Callahan
Mrs. Jennings	Mystic Dye House
E. F. Hovey & Co.	Shaw & Campbell
Wm. G. Stretton	W. E. Rawson.

Additional names will be welcomed and fully appreciated, especially by the clerks.

A Communication.

MR. EDITOR—Allow me to speak a few words in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I suffered for three years with the bronchitis and could not sleep at nights. I tried several doctors and various patent medicines, but could get nothing to give me any relief until my wife got a bottle of this valuable medicine, which has completely relieved me.—W. S. BROCKMAN, Bagnell, Mo. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Rev. H. C. Parker's Tribute.

At the Unitarian church Sunday morning, Sept. 8, Rev. Mr. Parker, the pastor, made a stirring address on the dastardly shooting of President McKinley by the Buffalo Anarchist, of which the following is a skeleton condensation:

When as the culminating tragedy of the Civil War Abraham Lincoln was cut down, to stay an enraged multitude from giving vent to its wrathful indignation in acts of violence General Garfield mounted a stand and cried, "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." The words were as oil on troubled waters.

In a later time, when President Garfield was himself cut down by the hand of an assassin this act of his was recalled by a sorrowing nation, and upon multitudes of lips were the ancient words that he used to still the surging emotions of a sorrowing and indignant people.

For a third time in the memory of some of us there has been an attempt on the life of the President of the United States. Again our hearts are filled with sorrow and indignation; and again we take the words of the psalmist upon our lips, "Clouds and darkness are round about him righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne." With the worshipping multitudes this day assembled, we send up our prayers for the President, voicing our hope that he may be spared to the nation, and may have part in fulfilling the gracious words that he spoke the day before the murderous hand was outstretched to him.

More glad are we than our words can say that the dastardly act did not achieve its full intent, and that there is reason to hope for his recovery. We rejoice in the stability of our free institutions, that our national government is so strong and secure that it cannot be imperilled by the act of any single individual, that though calamity befall its chief magistrate it still lives, and the blessings of liberty and righteousness are the possession of the people. It is our comfort to feel in every time of distress and trouble that God reigns and the everlasting arms are underneath. This is the high privilege of manly faith.

Washington Gladden said recently that there is nothing that all classes of society need more today than a positive faith in God, a strong conviction of the reign of righteousness, and to know that they must conform to the divine order if human society is to realize its ideals. The trouble with those to whom the President's would-be-assassin belongs is that they do not believe in any order human or divine. They look upon all government as an infringement upon their rights and liberties. Their ideals cannot be realized inside of civilization. The place for them is beyond its borders. Let them go by themselves and try the experiment of having human society without law. If they insist on trying the experiment inside of civilization, then it becomes the duty of society to protect itself against them. The best place for them is behind prison bars.

A Shocking Calamity

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve duickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for Burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. "Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

Have you a sense of fullness in the region ef your stomach after eating? If so you will be benefited by using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They also cure belching and sour stomach. They regulate the bowels too. Price, 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

From present indications the vaudeville show at Boston Music Hall next week will be one of exceptional all round strength. The bookings to date, and there are a number of important ones to come, include George Thatcher, the veteran minstrel, whose blackface monologue is always bright and humorous, and who can tell a funny story with all the finish of an experienced raconteur; the Three Barretts whose club juggling is said to be original and very interesting; the Musical Bells, in a very pretty instrumental act; Dooley and Fowley, a pair of blackface comedians who are exceedingly comical and who can raise laughs with little effort.

DON'T BUY HAP-HAZARD and take your chances. Get KENNEDY'S BUTTER THIN BISCUIT in the In-er seal Patent Package and be sure you have the best.

Thomas C. Quinn Married.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas C. Quinn of New York city, formerly of Woburn, a well-known newspaper man of New York, and Miss Margaret Frances Quinn, daughter of Mr. Hugh Quinn of 283 Salem street, Walnut Hill this city, took place at the rectory of St. Mary's church in Winchester at 6 p. m., September 15.

Rev. John F. Keleher of St. Joseph's church, Boston, officiated. Mr. P. J. O'Leary of Boston was best man, and the bride was accompanied by her sister, Miss Kittie E. Quinn.

The couple held a reception at the fine old farm home of the bride's father, Mr. Hugh Quinn, on the banks of the Aberjona. The hallway and parlors were decorated. The ushers were Messrs. Charles E. and Hugh A. Quinn. The bride's parents and her sisters assisted in receiving. The bride wore a travelling costume.

In a corner of the southerly parlor was displayed a great array of gifts. The father of the bride presented the couple with a check for $500, the bride's brother with one of $25.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Quinn went on a wedding tour through the West and South. They will be at home after Oct. 15 at 331 West 55th street, New York city.

Josh Westhafer, of Loogootee, Ind., is a poor man, but he says he would not be without Chamberlain's Pain Balm if it cost five dollars a bottle, for it saved him from being a cripple. No external application is equal to this liniment for stiff and swollen joints, contracted muscles, stiff neck, sprains and rheumatic and muscular pains. It has also cured numerous cases of partial paralysis. It is for sale by all druggists.

When you want a pleasant physic try the new remedy, Chambertain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Postscript.

WOBURN, Sept. 20. The McKinley Memorial services yesterday afternoon met the highest expectations of the people. Every inch of the Auditorium was occupied by the visitors. The addresses and music were all able, fervant and fine. The weather was beautiful.

Miss Susan Edgell, Mrs. A. M. Blodgett and Miss Emily Pollard attended the 50th anniversary of the Charlestown Female Normal School at the Parker House, Boston, yesterday. They were pupils in the school, and Miss Edgell was a teacher in it.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lawson of Chicago spent yesterday with friends in this city. Mr. Lawson is prominently connected with the Shrivalty of Cook County.

Mrs. Putney will please accept our thanks for late Georgia papers.

Miss Ida Fitch of Worcester is visiting Miss Stella Haynes.

Literary Notices.

THE SMART SET for October opens with an amusing novelette entitled The Career of Mrs. Osborne, by S. Carleton and Helen Milecete, the latter the author of Miss Vandeleur, Pirate, one of the sucesses of last year. The present story narrates the adventures of two charming young women who escape from tiresome country relatives and take an apartment in London under the fictitious chaperonage of Mrs. Osborne. Their escapades, their many devices to avoid detection, and their final disposition of Mrs. Osborne are diverting. Richard Le Gallienne contributes a masterly short story to the number, The Household Gods, that details a woman's struggle with temptation. The Splendor of Dead Days is a fascinating article by Marvin Dana that compares the magnificence of former ages with luxury of the present. Julien Gorden (Mrs. Vae Rensselaer Cruger), a regular contributor to THE SMART SET, writes for this issue a singular and piquant story, The Black Swan, the study of a light o' love of Paris. Edgar Saltus contributes a suprising tale entitlas A Bouvuet of Illusions, and Clinton Ross a bright story, The Comedy of the Ruined Gentleman. Besides thes features there are thirty or more others signed contributions of various interest, noting the poems, Sonnets by a Lover, by Myrtle Reed, and Invocation, by Charles G. D Roberts. All in all, the number is the most notable and entertaining yet issued by this cleverest of popular magazines.

WINCHESTER.

The School population has increased a good deal over last year.

On Sept. 21 a tennis tourney will be opened on the Club Courts.

Washington street is to be rebuilt from Lebanon to Forest street.

Everybody is glad to see Mr. George H. Gilbert back at Sunnyside again.

The clambake of the Calumet Gun Club will be held at Myopia Hill on Sept. 21.

The Democrats of this town are to hold their caucuses on Thursday evening, Sept. 26, in the Town Hall.

Memorial services were held here yesterday at which S. J. Elder, Rev. J. W. Suter, and S. W. McCall were the principal speakers.

There promises to be a hot fight over the Representative nomination. Representative Twombly is in the field for a third term, to which the Medford Republicans, to whom belongs the right of choice, strenuously object, preferring a candidate of their own, and the fight is on in good earnest. If the Medford Republicans unite on a candidate Brother Twombly's cake is dough, I fear.

The Bible is a storehouse of rich imagery and splendid words, of style both simple and ornate, and as literature alone, apart from its spiritual elevation, will repay the search of every student. Read the Bible and Shakespeare and you will find yourselves able to converse well.—*September Ladies' Home Journal.*

Hypnotic Influence.

Buyer—Look here, you! You said this horse was sound and kind and free from tricks. The first day I drove him he fell down a dozen times, and he's as bad today.

Dealer—Um—you've been wondering if I cheated you, maybe?

"Yes, I have."

"And the first time you drove the hoss you wondered if he hadn't some tricks, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"And you kept saying to yourself, 'I wonder if that there hoss will tumble down,' eh?"

"Probably."

"And you had your mind on it a good deal, most like?"

"That's true."

"That's wot's the matter. You've hypnotized him. See?"

Standard ... of ... the .. World.

Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Minneapolis, Minn.

It is quite possible to make poor bread with good flour, but it isn't possible to get the best bread without using the best flour.

Pillsbury's Best is the **Standard of the World**

... SOLD BY ...

COBB, BATES & YERXA CO.

FITZ & STANLEY, THOMAS MOORE, W. H. LEWIS. C. E. QUINN, PERKINS BROS.

AND GROCERS GENERALLY.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on

Saturday Evening, Sept. 21, 1901,

From 7 to 10 o'clock,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sect. 37, Chap. 548, Acts of 1898.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 1, 1901.

A Queer Frontier Experience.

In narrating the frontier experiences of "The First White Baby Born In the Northwest" in The Ladies' Home Journal W. S. Harwood tells of a queer experience that befell the family in the first year after settling on a farm far removed from the settlements.

The winter had been unusually long and severe, and their stock of provisions ran low. It was a long distance to the nearest base of supplies, and communication with the outside world had been cut off. Indians in the neighborhood one night broke into the granary where the wheat was stored and stole a quantity. In doing this a large amount of broken glass became mixed with the wheat which the Indians left, so for many days, amid much merry story telling and many a joke and laugh, in spite of the serious situation, the family gathered about a large table in their living room and spent the short winter days picking over the wheat, kernel by kernel, in order to free it from the pieces of glass.

For this wheat stood between them and starvation, and none of its precious kernels must be lost. Their stock of flour had long since wasted away, as had most of their food supplies, so they boiled and ate the wheat without grinding. Relief reached them just in time to prevent a sad ending to the experience.

Arab and the Telephone.

We had a party of Arabs along with us and took them all over a great newspaper office. Everything was wildly astonishing to them. They had imagined that the Koran contained all the knowledge and wisdom of the world, yet here were the telegraph, the telephone, the electrotype and the printing press. The place was a veritable enchanters' castle to them. They would never have believed in the telephone if I had not called up their hotel and got one of their own party at that end of the wire.

The dervish who had come along was bold as well as pious. When he heard that his friend five miles away was talking through the instrument, he made a dash at it. He was greatly excited and yelled in a megaphone voice. He thought we were tricking him, but here was his friend talking Arabic. He rolled his eyes at me in a despairing manner and then began a search for devils, being quite convinced that the phone was an invention of satan.—Independent.

Limewater.

Limewater has so many uses it is hard to classify. It is good to soften water, to sweeten drains, to keep milk vessels wholesome, to make milk itself sit well upon delicate stomachs, to test air for excess of carbonic acid—if there is too much carbonic acid present, the clear limewater instantly crusts over—to take out marks left by grease spots which have been removed by stronger alkalis—in fact, for so many things it should always be kept on hand. Mixed with either sweet or linseed oil to a creamy consistence, it is the very best household remedy for burns and scalds.

It costs practically no more than the trouble of making. Put a lump of quicklime as big as the two fists in a clean earthen pitcher, cover it six inches deep with clean cold water, stir with a wooden spoon and let it stand six hours. Pour off the clear liquid without disturbing the lime, but let it run through double cheesecloth. Put in small bottles and cork tight. In using always pour off half an inch from the top of a bottle that has stood.

Simplicity Itself.

"There are only two points in success."

"What are they?"

"Work and keep other people from working you."—Chicago Herald.

During the Summer Season Canned

Meats and Fish

are very convenient and are largely used. Below we quote a few of the leading kinds:

	Per Can.
R. & R. Tongue,	80c.
Armour's Tongue,	70c.
Boneless Ham,	60c.
R. & R. Chicken, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Turkey, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Lunch Tongue,	35c.
Ham Loaf,	10c.
Veal Loaf,	10c.
Chicken Loaf,	15c.
Deviled Ham, 5, 10, 20, and	25c.
Salmon, tall	12c.
Salmon Steak, 12c., 17c., &	20c.
Shrimp,	10c.
Little Neck Clams,	10c.
Lobster,	20c.
Mackerel,	25c.
P. & C. Sardines, 25c. and	35c.
American Sardines, 5c. and	10c.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House 351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

Buy a Piano By Renting It.

Our **Rental Purchase Plan** makes buying a piano easy. If you are interested, write us and we will quote special prices on new or second-hand pianos and fully describe our system of Renting Pianos, allowing rent paid to apply toward purchase. Good square pianos to learn on $50 and upward. Call at our warerooms and examine our stock of over 200 pianos, or send for our list of bargains.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

Fall House-cleaning.

CABOT'S *Sulpho-Napthol* LIQUID CLEANLINESS

An incomparable and delightful helper in the usually trying work of House-cleaning. A tablespoonful in a pail of water cleans with less labor, more rapidly and effectively than the best soap, at the same time thoroughly disinfecting. Will rid of Buffalo-bugs and Moths. Sweet and clean applies where it is used.

At all dealers in original packages.

THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO., No. 4 Merrimac Street, BOSTON

THOMAS SALMON, Foreign Steamship Agent, 480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan, Anchor, Cunard, Dominion, Leyland, White Star LINES.

General Agent for New England. Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

House To Let.

On Academy Hill, 7 room and bath, hot and cold water. Rent reasonable. Apply to JOHN MAXWELL.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

SUPERIOR COURT,

September 4, A. D. 1901.

Harlow H. Rogers of Brookline, in the County of Norfolk, plaintiff, vs. Edgar W. Foster of said Brookline, defendant.

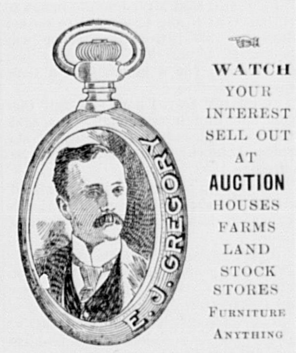
This is a plea of land wherein the said Rogers demands against the said Foster three parcels or pieces of land, situated in Newton, in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, namely; a parcel of land containing about 3,200 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Boylston street, southeasterly, southwesterly, and northwesterly by lands now or late of Julia D. Foster, being lot 51, in Block one, of Section 55 of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in said City of Newton; and a certain parcel of land containing about 3,200 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Boylston street, southeasterly, southwesterly, and northwesterly by lands now or late of Julia D. Foster, being lot 52, in Block one, of Section 55 of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in the City of Newton; and a certain parcel of land containing about 4,350 square feet, bounded northeasterly by Walnut street; southerly by land now or late of Daniel O'Driscoll; southwesterly by land now or late of Julia D. Foster; northerly by Walnut Place, being lot 7 in Block 3, of Section 55, of the Assessors' Plans, on file at the Assessors' office in said City of Newton, as set forth in the plaintiff's writ dated August 1, 1901.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff and on inspection of the officers' return on the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant had no last and usual place of abode, tenant, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or to said officer; and that no personal service of said writ has been made upon the defendant;

IT IS ORDERED BY THE COURT, here, that the plaintiff give notice to the defendant of the pendency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in Woburn once in a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before the first Monday of October next, and that this action be continued until notice shall be given to the defendant agreeably to this order.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy, attest,
RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.



WATCH YOUR INTEREST SELL OUT AT AUCTION HOUSES FARMS LAND STOCK STORES FURNITURE ANYTHING

EXPERT AUCTIONEER, 10 Tremont St., Boston.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES!

The Republican Voters of Woburn are requested to meet in the polling places in their respective Wards, as designated below, on

Wednesday, September 25, 1901, At 8 o'clock, P. M.,

To choose delegates to the State, County, Councillor, Senatoiial and Representative Conventions, to choose 5 Voters from each Ward to serve as a Ward Committee for the year beginning Jan. 1st, 1902, and to transact any other business which may properly come before the meetings.

Poling places have been selected as follows:—

Ward 1. Co-operative Bank Room, Dow's Block.
Ward 2. Armory, corner Montvale Avenue and Prospect street.
Ward 3. Mechanics Hall, Mechanics Building, 415 Main street.
Ward 4. Republican Herdquarters, 381 Main St.
Ward 5. Hose House, Montvale.
Ward 6. Hose House, North Woburn.
Ward 7. Hose House, Cummingsville.

The Wards will be entitled to the following representation in the several conventions: In the State, County, Councillor and Senatorial Conventions, Ward 1, two delegates. Ward 2, two delegates. Ward 3, two delegates. Ward 4, two delegates. Ward 5, one delegate. Ward 6, two delegates. Ward 7, one delegate.

In the Representative convention, Ward 1, three delegates. Ward 2, four delegates. Ward 3, four delegates. Ward 4, five delegates. Ward 5, one delegate. Ward 6, three delegates. Ward 7, one delegate.

The Caucuses will be called to order in each Ward by the Chairman of the Ward Committee, and will be conducted in accordance with the provisions of the Election Law of Massachusetts.

Republican City Committee,
HERBERT S. RILEY, Chairman.
CHAS. H. HARRINGTON, Secretary.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

The Jonathan Thompson Real Estate

Has been put into my hands to sell and I now offer it to purchasers at

Fair Prices and Easy Terms.

The estate consists of Houses and Land 640, 642 Main street.
3 acres in rear of above.
Store Building 658 Main street, with about 4,000 square feet of land.
4 acres of unimproved Land on Main street.
House and Land 710 Main street.
23 acres of Land, Main and Alfred streets.
3 acres of land, 31 Elm street.
House and Land, 65 Elm street.
3 Houses and Land, Tidd Avenue.
4 acres of Land, Main street and Tidd Ave.
All in Woburn.

GILMAN F. JONES, Agent.

Woburn, Sept. 12, 1901.

To Let.

A House with all modern improvements, in one of the most desirable locations in this city, at a reasonable rent. Apply at the JOURNAL office.

NOW IS THE TIME

To examine your wearing apparel or household furnishings. We CLEANSE or DYE such articles in the neatest manner.

Mystic Steam Dye House, 26½ Montvale Ave., WOBURN.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED. File and bind your letters, bills and papers. Quick, economical and orderly. The **Simplicity Self-Binding Letter and Bill File** beats any $1.50 file made. Sent anywhere, all charges prepaid, for 30c., stamps or cash. Agents wanted everywhere.

SIMPLICITY FILE CO., 1450 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Furnished Room

Nicely furnished. All modern conveniences. 14 Church Ave.

C. M. Strout & Co

AGENT, FOR, THE

"Palace Regent"

Furnace

One of the best and most economical on the market today. It took a prize at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Rubber Hose at All Prices.

The "National Blue Flame" Oil Stove is the Best.

Telephone 124-7.

Brown's Charcoal 10c. Bag

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN, Central Grocery, 433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Telephone 133-2.

We Are Headquarters —FOR—

Hampden Cream.

FRESH DAILY.

It's here for you. At

J. LINNELL, 406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6.

C. E. JENNINGS, Auctioneer, 55 Ames Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Charles H. Taylor of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to James A. Booth of Everett, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, dated May 29, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex N. D. Reg. of Deeds, Book 307, Page 263, for and on account of a breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the twenty-third day of September, 1901,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, namely:—A certain piece or parcel of land, with buildings thereon situated in Wilmington, in said the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at land now, or late, of Boutel on the road leading to Woburn; thence running easterly by said road to the road leading to Burlington; thence southerly by said Burlington road to land now, or late, of Ebenezer Foster; thence northerly and westerly as the wall stands to the corner; thence as the wall stands by the land now, or late, of said Foster and by land, now or late, of said Boutel to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Charles H. Taylor by James A. Booth aforesaid.

Said premises are conveyed subject to a prior mortgage of $1100, and any unpaid taxes or assessments. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JAMES A. BOOTH, Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Jessie Abbott of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, Lucy E. B. Converse, Executrix of the will of Parker L. Converse, who was guardian of said ward, has presented for allowance, his first and final account as guardian upon the estate of said ward:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

The Secret

Of womanly health would be esteemed as priceless by thousands of suffering women. Each month sees them moaning in a darkened room. At the best they endure pain every day. At the worst the pain becomes torment.

The secret of womanly health is in keeping the womanly organism in a perfectly healthy state. This can be done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the periods, dries debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Women suffering from chronic forms of disease are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential and womanly confidences are guarded by strict professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There is nothing else "just as good" for womanly ailments.

"I suffered for more than ten years with female weakness of very bad form," writes Mrs. D. Marwood, of Treherne, Macdonald Co., Manitoba. "I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' with good results. I am able to do all my own work now. I do not know how to thank you enough for the kind advice you have sent me by letter. Your remedies did for me more than all other doctor's medicines, and I have taken lots of them."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

FROM RAIN IN THE WOODS.

When on the leaves the rain insists,
And every gust brings showers down;
When all the woodland smokes with mists,
I take the old road out of town
Into the hills through which it twists.

I find the vale where catnip grows,
Where boneset blooms, with wetness bowed-
The vale through which the red creek flows
Turpid with hill washed clay and loud
As some strange horn a wildman blows.

Like knots upon the gray barked trees
The lichen colored moths are pressed,
And, wedged in hollow blooms, the bees
Seem clotted pollen; in its nest
The hornet creeps and lies at ease.

The butterfly and forest bird
Are huddled on the same gnarled bough
From which, like some rain voweled word
That dampness hoarsely utters now,
The tree toad's voice is vaguely heard.

I crouch and listen, and again
The woods are filled for me with forms;
Weird, elfin shapes in train on train
Arise, and now I feel the arms
Around me of the wraiths of rain.

O wraiths of rain! O trailing mist!
Still fold me, hold me and pursue!
Still let my lips by yours be kissed!
Still draw me with your hands of dew
Unto the tryst, the dripping tryst!

—Madison Cawein in Atlantic.

WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID

"Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running up to town. "It's slow and awfully dusty and there's generally a rowdy crowd aboard. Wait for the 2:05 express."

But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort. She was a bustling little body, forever on the go, and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers she was inclined to carry it through to a finish in her own particular way.

Consequently Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minutes' time she was wishing devoutly that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was hot and dusty, and they were crawling along at a snail's pace, and there were some rough looking customers on board, and—well, oh, dear! After all, Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally.

At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting. She looked so young that one might almost have called her a child in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion and the (to Mrs. Johnnie) most atrocious fact that her cheeks were covered with rouge.

Mrs. Johnnie gathered her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, and then, half turning, she scrutinized the young woman at her leisure. She could do so without rudeness, for the girl was gazing out of the window and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't care if it is painted it's innocent and trustful. Her dress fits her abominably, but she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a positive anomaly. I'm going to introduce myself."

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other wore the little silver Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been to the city before, she said; indeed, except for some little excursion now and then, she had never left her home, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely. Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy—Daisy Hope—and that she was an orphan with just one sister. Her name was Sophie, and she was married now. They had always been the very best of friends—she and Sophie—until Dan Hackett came along. Nowadays, she added with a sigh, Sophie had eyes for no one but Dan.

"But I shan't mind it so much now," she added, suddenly brightening up again, "now that I'm going to be married too."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie in astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me so! When is it coming off, and what's his name?"

"Yes, we're going to be married right away—Jack and me. This isn't very much of a trousseau, is it?" she added, with an expressive gesture toward her old fashioned carpetbag and two paper parcels. "But Jack said that wouldn't matter. He could fix me up when I came to town. He told me in his letter not to bring anything along; my country dresses would never do for New York, he said. So I've left them all at home there, hanging up in my closet—all except my new pink one I got at Easter. It's so pretty I couldn't bear to leave that behind. I guess it will do for the mornings, now and then.

"But wasn't it awfully good of Jack, though? He sent me this dress to wear on the way up and this diamond," pointing to a huge brooch that sparkled at her throat, but which Mrs. Johnnie's eyes pronounced to be very bad paste. "And there was a box of complexion salve he sent me too. I've put some of it on just to please him, but I can't say that I like it very much. It itches so and feels horrid. Do all ladies paint in New York?"

At another time Mrs. Johnnie would have burst out laughing, but just at present matters were taking too serious a turn. Mrs. Johnnie was beginning to wonder very much.

"But when are you to be married, my dear?" she asked hastily. "You have not answered my question yet. And what does Sophie say? For, of course you've told her all about it."

The girl hung her head, and Mrs Johnnie could see her blushes even in spite of the rouge.

"You see, it's this way: Jack hates a fuss and all that. He said for us to get married first and then let Sophie know. That was the hardest thing I had to do—leaving her without a word of good by. But Jack knows best, I suppose. Only I wish"—

"Excuse me, Daisy, you mustn't think me impertinent for asking all these questions, my dear. Is Jack going to meet you at the station?"

"Well, no, not exactly. He's so busy at this time of day, you know. That's one reason why he sent the dress and things. He said in his letter that he had shown them to a lady friend of his. She's to meet me at the ferry and take charge of me till he comes."

"Oh! And how long did you say you have known a—a—Jack?"

The girl hung her head again. "I saw him first about six weeks ago. He came down on one of the yachts. He came down twice on Sunday after that, and he's written ever so often."

Mrs. Johnnie laid her hand tenderly upon the young girl's arm. "And do you really think, my dear Daisy, that you know him well enough to marry him? Wouldn't it be wiser to wait a bit and take your sister into your confidence? Why not ask Jack to wait a year for you and then see how matters stand? He'll wait for you gladly enough if he's really in earnest."

"Why should I keep him waiting?" she answered. "He loves me. Isn't that enough? I love and trust him entirely, and he does the same by me. Isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Johnnie did not answer for a moment. Her lips were pressed tightly together, for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Johnnie was making up her mind to adopt a desperate measure. This car half full of men was certainly no place for a scene, and Mrs. Johnnie began to realize that if she proceeded to do her duty by this little girl a scene was bound to come. The train was just slowing up for a moment at a little wayside station.

"Well, my dear, I hope sincerely that you will find it is enough," she said. Then, springing up suddenly, she grasped the carpetbag and her own belongings.

"Hurry up, my child!" she exclaimed, giving the girl a little push. "Here's where we change cars, you know. Come along!"

"But I thought this train"—

"Now, my dear, that's just what you mustn't do. Don't think, but follow my instructions."

Before the girl had realized what she was doing Mrs. Johnnie had bundled her out on to the station platform. The train moved slowly out. Mrs. Johnnie watched it disappear with a sigh of relief, and then she turned to the bewildered girl and spoke to her very gently:

"Let us walk over to the little hotel, Daisy. We shall have to wait there half an hour. Perhaps we can secure a room there, for I want to have a little talk with you."

In speaking of it afterward Mrs. Johnnie always declared that to her the walk from the station to the hotel was by far the saddest part of all that day's ordeal. It was then that the magnitude of the work she had to do dawned upon her for the first time. Before they two should be standing on that platform again Jack, the young girl's idol, must be shattered and thrown from its pedestal. To Mrs. Johnnie fell the task of displaying him in his true colors, and, though it was a task which she shrank instinctively from in perspective, when the time came Mrs. Johnnie was not found wanting. She never told any one—not even Tom—the particulars of what occurred in that little room, but when the train from New York came rushing along half an hour later the semaphore was hoisted as a signal to stop and the two women stepped silently on board.

Both of them had tear stained faces, but there was no rouge on the young girl's face now. Her hair hung simply down her back, and she wore her pretty pink dress. That night, when Mrs. Johnnie reached her own home, after quite a long combat with sister Sophie, Tom was told just as many of the particulars as Mrs. Johnnie thought fit.

When she had finished, he was silent for a moment or two, while he exhausted his stock of anathemas upon Jack. Then, turning his attention to the woman in the case, he exclaimed, "Well, of all the little fools"—

But Mrs. Johnnie interrupted him suddenly.

"Don't call her that, dear," she added as she kissed him. "Just thank God that I took the 12:10."

White Lies.

One would hardly dare to ask a friend to dine in so many words, says a writer in The Spectator, if it were not permissible for him to make the false reply that he was sorry he was engaged and could not come.

Ordinary social intercourse, instead of becoming more direct, would have to be carried on by an elaborate system of hints; otherwise society would become, metaphorically speaking, a bear garden in which sensitive persons would be battered to death. It would be impossible to get used to being told "I do not like you, and your friends bore me," or "I could come quite easily, but I do not care to identify myself with the very second rate people among whom you live."

Neither could we improve matters by reversing the ordinary procedure and allowing the guests to invite themselves.

The rebuff of being refused hospitality would be almost unbearable.

Catching a Feminine Fish.

"Do you really think there are mermaids in the sea?"

"Certainly," said the dime museum man.

"Then why hasn't anybody besides you succeeded in catching one?"

"Because nobody else was smart enough to bait a hook with the latest style of Paris hat," was the answer.—Washington Star.

Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine's letter, unless you act promptly. Procure **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write for advice if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women. All the persons who see private letters at Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, at Lynn, Mass., are women. All letters are confidential and advice absolutely free.

Here is the letter:—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** I felt very badly, was terribly nervous, and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—MRS. W. P. VALENTINE, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N.J.

MRS. W. P. VALENTINE.

$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

FINICKY TURKISH LADIES.

They Are Very Careful About What They Take In Their Hands.

Our Constantinople correspondent writes: It is not generally known that there exists among Turkish ladies of high class a kind of caste feeling similar to that prevailing among Hindoos. It takes the form of a fear of contamination from the outer world and is only observed, as far as I know, by those who cannot afford to keep servants in sufficient numbers. Before meals ladies always wash their hands at a tap from which the water runs into a marble basin. They will turn on the tap when they are just going to wash, but when they have finished they let the water run till somebody shuts it off, as to do it themselves would make them unclean. They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean, so a slave is generally kept handy for the purpose.

One of these fastidious ladies was talking to a small niece the other day who had just received a present of a beautiful doll from Paris. The child presently laid the doll on the lady's lap, who was horrified and ordered the child to take it away. As the little girl would not move it and no servant was near, and the lady would be defiled by touching a doll that was brought from abroad, the only thing she could think of was to jump up and let the doll fall, which broke to pieces. The same lady will not open a letter coming by post, but a servant opens it and holds it near her for her to read. If her handkerchief falls to the ground, it is immediately destroyed or given away, so that she should not use it again. This curious state of exclusiveness or fanaticism exists, I am told, in many of the large harems. Among men it is not practiced.—London Telegraph.

ANIMAL LIFE.

In Maryland sparrows have been known to raise six broods in one year. In England there are seldom more than three broods.

Ostrich farms are profitable. Birds are worth $100 apiece, and a good specimen yields about $25 worth of feathers at a plucking.

Cats evince, as is well known, a curious emotional disturbance when in the neighborhood of valerian plant, of which they are very fond. It apparently produces in them a species of intoxication.

There are records of elephants that have lived for 200 years, and an age of 150 years is not regarded as so very old for an elephant. It takes about a quarter of a century to get the elephant to full maturity.

A French anatomist has analyzed the skeletons of 86 chimpanzees, gorillas and orang outangs and asserts that he has found in them bone diseases like those which afflict mankind and in about the same proportion.

He Was Satisfied.

A farmer entered an office in central New York and sent this message to a woman in Canada: "Will you be my wife? Please answer quick by telegraph." Although he waited the rest of the day, he got no answer, but the next morning he got a night dispatch, sent collect, but favorable. The operator in expressing his sympathy said, "Little rough to keep you in suspense so long."

"Look a-here, sonny," the farmer remarked, "I'll stand all the suspense. Any woman that'll hold back her answer all day to a proposal of marriage, jest so thet she kin send it half rate at night, is economical enough to make up after I git her for all the loss of time and injury to feelin's I've suffered waitin!"—Exchange.

Icebergs.

The captain of an ocean steamer is often warned of the proximity of icebergs by the men in the engine room. When a ship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster, and as such water surrounds the vicinity of icebergs for many miles the engineers know when the propeller's action is greatly accelerated without any increase of the steam power icebergs may be expected. Of course the thermometer is the most useful indicator of icebergs.

Two Calamitous Fires.

The two most calamitous fires ever known anywhere in the world occurred in the United States within 13 months of each other. In the first of these, in Chicago, on Oct. 8, 9, 1871, the property loss was $200,000,000, and in the second, in Boston, Nov. 9, 1872, $80,000,000 of property was consumed. In Chicago 100,000 persons were left without homes and 200 were killed. Chicago's heads the list of the world's destructive conflagrations.

THE PROLIFIC FLY.

To Lessen the Pest All Organic Refuse Should Be Buried.

Flies multiply at a prodigious rate. Given a temperature sufficiently high to hatch eggs, their numbers are only limited by the amount of food available for them. Linnæus is credited with saying that three meat flies, by reason of their rapid multiplication, would consume a dead horse quicker than would a lion, and the fact that certain diptera having some outward semblance to the honeybee lay their eggs in the dead carcasses of animals probably led Samson and Virgil to make erroneous statements with regard to the genesis of honey and the manufacture of bees. The breeding of "gentles" for ground bait is an industry the practices of which could probably give much information as to the nicety of choice exercised by flies in selecting material for feeding and egg laying. According to Packard, the house fly makes selection of horse dung by preference for ovipositing, and as each female lays about 120 eggs and the cycle of changes from egg to fly is completed in less than three weeks it seems probable that a female fly might have some 25,000,000 descendants in the course of a hot summer. Other varieties of flies multiply, I believe, still more rapidly.

As flies multiply upon and in organic refuse of every kind, it is obvious that the sooner such refuse is placed where it cannot serve for the breeding and hatching of flies the more likely is the plague of flies to be lessened. The most commonly available method for the bestowal of organic refuse is burial. The egg laying of flies in dead carcasses commences at the very instant of death or even before death in the case of enfeebled animals.—Lancet.

MISTAKES TO AVOID.

An English paper gives what it terms "thirteen mistakes of life:"

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to yield in immaterial matters.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

The Evolution of Warships.

A man need not be a scholar to be an inventor. One of the most successful aeronauts of old times who had made a study of aerial currents and the management of balloons once delivered an address in which he referred to "the anaconda" as "the largest bird that ever flew," and he also remarked that "the mental faculties of a man's mind is so constructed as to bring things down to a pin's point." He also referred to the currents of air as stretchums, meaning strata, and yet he was one of the foremost balloonists of his time.

He was an inventor also of many useful things and was the first man in the country to suggest an ironclad man-of-war with slanting sides. He built a miniature vessel on this plan of sheet iron, placing it in the water and fired musket balls at it at short range. Every ball glanced off. The Merrimac was built on a similar plan, and from that humble beginning the evolution or revolution in naval architecture took its start.—Baltimore Sun.

A Tall Smoke Column.

During the burning of the Standard Oil company's tanks at Bayonne, N. J., in July, 1900, an immense column of smoke, shaped at the top like an umbrella, rose into the air, where very little wind was stirring, to an elevation, measured by triangulation, of 13,411 feet, or more than two miles and a half. Above the column white clouds formed in an otherwise cloudless sky and remained visible for two days, the fire continuing to burn and the smoke to rise. After the explosion of an oil tank flames shot up to a height of 3,000 feet, and the heat radiated from them was felt at a distance of a mile and three-quarters, where it was more noticeable than close to the fire.—Youth's Companion.

An Effort to Speak.

Dogs in a native or wild state never bark. They simply whine, howl and growl. The noise which we call barking is found only among those that are domesticated. Columbus found that to be the case with the dogs he first brought to America and left at large, for on his return he tells us that they had lost their propensity to bark. Scientific men say that barking is really an effort on the part of the dog to speak.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 22.

Text of the Lesson, Prov. xxiii, 29-35. Memory Verses, 26-31—Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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29. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" The committee have again asked us to meditate upon this familiar portion as a temperance lesson, which is certainly a better selection for such a lesson than the story of the new earth which they suggested as a temperance topic last quarter. The only cure for intemperance, which is self indulgence, is to be found in self control which can be accomplished in us only by the Lord Jesus Christ, who is able to subdue all things unto Himself (Phil. iii, 21). In this lesson, as in all lessons on sin, we may see not only the sinner, but the sinner's substitute, Him who, though He knew no sin, yet was made sin for us (II Cor. v, 21). We know that the drunkards and also some other sinners are apt to have quite a full share of the six forms of suffering here enumerated, and no one can deliver but He who was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, who so patiently endured the contentions and babblings of His enemies, who was wounded for our transgressions and who after His weeping in Gethsemane must also have had redness of eyes. See Him, O sinner, as the one who loves you as you were never loved by even father or mother or dearest on earth, great as their love may have been, for He suffered before God for your sins and offers you full salvation from the consequences of your sins and deliverance from the power of them if you will only receive Him (Isa. liii, 5, 6; Heb. v, 7; I Thess. i, 10; Math. i, 21; I John i, 9; Jude 24).

30. "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." These are the people who experience the sorrows of verse 29, but let wine suggest all the pleasures this world can offer, and they are very many of their kind. A great king tried them all and found them all vanity and vexation of spirit (Eccl. ii, 1-11), and what can the man do that cometh after the king? But see what the same king learned to say: "Thy love is better than wine. We will be glad and rejoice in Thee. We will remember Thy love more than wine" (Song i, 2, 4).

31. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Commands to an unsaved person to do right are only provoking, for all his nature is against the right; the carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to His law and cannot be (Rom. viii, 7). God gave no law to Israel till He had redeemed them from Egypt. The one only thing He asks the sinner to do is to accept His salvation, receive His Son. Then, and only then, does He give commands to be obeyed. Notice in verses 15 and 26 and so often in this book the command is to "My Son," and we are not sons of God till we receive His Son as our Saviour (John i, 12; I John v, 12). Having become children of God and partakers of the divine nature (II Pet. i, 4), we are to let Him possess our whole being, look through our eyes, hear with our ears, work with our hands, walk with our feet, speak by our mouths. In this way He will not look where He should not, and when tempted we must, like sinking Simon, cry, "Lord, save me!"

32. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." There is a last of all things sinful; they come to an end, and then there is the eternal reaping. Those who sow to the flesh reap corruption, and those who sow the wind reap the whirlwind (Gal. vi, 8; Hos. viii, 7). There may come a time when Prov. i, 24-31, shall be the experience of many, when because they would not listen to God they shall call, but He will not answer, and finally they shall have to hear Him say, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels!" (Math. xxv, 41.) In the case of those who are redeemed by His precious blood, in whom He has come to live, the last on earth is only a step to greater glory, to die is gain, to depart and be with Christ is very far better (Phil. i, 21, 23).

33. "Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." Woman represents the worst as well as the best in Scripture. The true church is the bride of Christ and is espoused as a chaste virgin to Christ, while the false church is compared to a harlot (Rev. xix and xvii and II Cor. xi, 2). If drunken with wine, we behold the evil, but if filled with the Spirit we shall see Jesus only (Eph. v, 18). The heart is the great center from which evil or good proceeds. See in this chapter verses 15, 17, 19, and then verse 26 as the only way to be right.

34. "Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." This certainly suggests the saying of David, "Truly as the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth there is but a step between me and death" (I Sam. xx, 3). Inasmuch as life in this mortal body is so uncertain how foolish it is to continue a moment longer in sin when God is beseeching us to be reconciled to Him and to accept the redemption which He has so fully provided and which He bestows so freely! (Isa. i, 18; Math. xi, 28; II Cor. v, 20; Rom. iii, 24.) The God in whose hand our breath is and whose are all our ways (Dan. v, 23) is very gracious. He is slow to anger and not willing that any should perish (II Pet. iii, 9), but He will by no means clear the guilty unless they accept Him.

35. "They have stricken me, I was not sick; they have beaten me, I felt it not. When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." Just as before the deluge, so now. The imagination of the thoughts of the heart of man is only evil continually (Gen. vi, 5). They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands (Isa. v, 12). They become dead or indifferent to all the Lord's pleadings, and their one thought is how to gratify their desires. A father has been known to become so inhuman as to take his children's clothing with which to obtain that which his cravings desired. A mother may forget, nature may fail. Man left to himself is only a beast (Ps. xlix, 12), and often worse than many; his great thought is himself and how to gratify himself. When Christ takes possession of a heart, He who when on earth pleased not Himself (Rom. xv, 3) will live again in that soul His own life, making the person more and more like Himself until they awake in His likeness (II Cor. iii, 18; Ps. xvii, 15).

Chinese Detectives.

A French surgeon who lived in China declares that the Chinese detectives are unequaled in ability for ferreting out criminals. It is impossible for an evildoer long to elude them. They have an eye upon every man, women and child, foreign or native, in China and in addition watch each other. Informers are encouraged, and collusion is impossible.

This instance of their skill is told: A family living in Tonquin was murdered, and there was no apparent clew to the murderer. The entire detective corps of three provinces were placed upon the case, and in three weeks the murderer, none other than the chief of the secret police who handled the chase for the murderer, was arrested and beheaded.

Mind is that which preceives, feels, remembers, acts and is conscious of continued existence.

The first book printed in Minnesota was a Bible. It was printed in 1836, about 13 years before the first issue of a newspaper in St. Paul.

AN EXPLANATION.

If you'll make a diagnosis when you're feeling sad and dreary,
As you would with any everyday disease;
If you'll simply question science as to why you're glum and weary
And everything seems dull and ill at ease,
Perhaps you will discover, after devious calculations,
The cause of all these symptoms which appall,
And you'll smile as you reflect, in spite of various irritations,
That it's nothing but the weather after all.

You'll find a sigh denoting neither sorrow nor contrition;
A tear drop's not indicative of care.
They are products of the meteorological condition,
Of extra moisture that is in the air.
So perhaps it's not in reason fortune's chance to be reviling
Or to vow life's store of happiness is small,
For when the sun comes out again, again we will be smiling;
It's nothing but the weather after all.

—Washington Star.

SPIRIT SLATE WRITING.

How the Mysterious Sentences Are Prepared In Advance.

Spiritualistic slate writing, if cleverly done, always makes a marked impression on a magician's audience because it utterly baffles their efforts to detect the trick. They see a small cabinet suspended above the stage by means of cords or ribbons. It has an open front and is empty. The magician turns it around so that every part of it may be seen and taps it inside and out with his wand to show that it is hollow.

On a stand near by he has a small easel, a common school slate, a bottle of india ink with a quill pen in it and a few sheets of ordinary white writing paper. All these he passes around among the audience for examination. Then he fixes a sheet of the paper to the slate by means of wafers, places the slate on the easel and the easel in the cabinet, together with the bottle of ink, the latter having the pen still in it.

Having allowed the audience to see the articles thus arranged in the cabinet, he throws a large silk handkerchief over it. Mysterious sounds are immediately heard, and the cabinet shakes as if some living thing had entered it. When the sounds and the shaking cease, he removes the handkerchief, showing an inscription written in bold black letters on the paper and the pen not in the ink bottle, but lying on the bottom of the cabinet. He then removes the paper from the slate and passes it around for examination, when the writing is immediately recognized as having been done with India ink.

The explanation of the trick is simple. The writing was done in advance by the performer, the fluid used being a solution of sulphuric acid of the purest quality. To make the solution 50 drops of the concentrated acid are added to one ounce of filtered water. Writing done with this solution is invisible until exposed to heat. When so exposed, it comes out perfectly black, looking exactly like dried India ink.

The heat is applied by means of an electric current running over wire with which the slate is wound. The cords by which the cabinet is suspended conceal copper wires, which conduct the current to the slate. Black silk threads suitably attached enable the performer to make the sounds in the cabinet, to cause the cabinet to shake and to jerk the pen out of the ink bottle.

Several sheets of paper are prepared in advance, each with a different inscription, the performer telling one inscription from another by secretly marked pin pricks.—New York Herald.

Keeping at It.

There is a very old but very good story about a boy who was engaged one winter day in putting a ton of coal into a cellar. His only implement was a small fire shovel. Noticing this, a benevolent old gentleman expressed surprise and commiseration.

"My son," said the gentleman, "you surely do not expect to put in all that coal with that little shovel?"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the boy cheerfully. "All I have to do is to keep at it."

There is a lesson in this story for young and old, and it is exemplified in the lives of the great men of the world. It is a mistake to suppose that the best work of the world is done by people of great strength and many opportunities. "Keeping at it" is the secret of success. —Exchange.

Left Handed Medicine.

An Atchison druggist tells this story and declares that it is true: He had tonsilitis, but did not send for a doctor, as he knew he would be all right as soon as the swelling "broke." But his wife was worried and insisted on sending for a doctor. When the doctor arrived, he looked through his medicine case, and said he had nothing suitable for the patient; that the medicine he had was for the right side, whereas the swelling in the throat was on the left side. Then he hurried away to get his left handed medicine.—Atchison Globe.

On a Russian Railway Train.

Toilet arrangements such as satisfy the Russian are at his disposal in first and second class trains, but the third class passengers have no such luxuries. When the train halts for the breakfast interval, those who travel third class may be seen performing their ablutions at the platform tap. They fill a can like a gardener's watering pot, suck through the spout a mouthful of the water, spit it into the hollowed palms and then rub their faces. It is a disgusting process, performed without soap or towel, and, though it may be amusing to the onlooker, it is not very cleansing to the operator. Yet this is the method of ablution adopted by the poorer Russian on his travels.—Chambers' Journal.

The Editor Won.

A London paper described a children's excursion as a "long, white scream of joy," and was called to account by a correspondent, who said that a scream could be long, but not white, whereupon the editor justified himself by urging that "a hue is often associated with a cry."

Need Not Feel Lonesome.

Rubberton—May I inquire what your business is, stranger?

Stranger (haughtily)—Sir, I'm a gentleman.

Rubberton—Well, I reckon that's a good business, stranger; but you're not the only man that's failed at it.—Chicago News.

A Follower.

Caller—The minister's son is following in the footsteps of that spendthrift young Jinks.

Miss Prim—Isn't that scandalous?

Caller—Hardly as bad as that. You see, he's a tailor and is just trying to collect his bill.—Chelsea Gazette.

Hamlin's Soliloquy.

Hamlin (standing before the tattooed man in the dime museum)—Heavens, how that fellow must suffer if he ever gets the jimjams!—Smart Set.

LINES OF THE FACE.

THEIR RELATION TO THE BEARD AND THE MUSTACHE.

A Knowledge of Drawing on the Part of Men, Says a Woman Artist, Would Have the Effect of Enhancing Masculine Good Looks.

"A knowledge of drawing on the part of men would have the effect of increasing their good looks," said a lady teacher of that art recently, "and it would make presentable many a man whose appearance is not calculated to excite admiration. It sounds an odd combination, drawing and beauty, does it not? Nevertheless it is a fact."

To the natural request for an explanation she replied:

"The first principles of drawing are geometrical lines and curves. These lines and curves occur in everything. A potter in criticising an ugly shaped jug will most probably tell you that its 'lines' are bad. Most of those who dabble in drawing and gain certificates merely learn to make these lines and curves without acquiring the slightest knowledge of their effect.

"Here is an example. Just take this pencil and draw a face. Oh, anything will do! But be sure to make two straight lines over the eyes for eyebrows. That's it. See how serious that expression is?

"Now rub out those straight lines and in their places make two curves with the ends upward. That face has an expression of intense surprise, hasn't it? If you had made curved eyebrows with the ends down in the first instance, the difference between the two would have been more striking.

"Well, the human face has its 'lines,' and by studying them our men could improve their appearance. The most elementary expedient is to adapt the mustache and beard to the lines of the face, and I must here tell you that 'lines' in technical language include both straights and curves. Such an expedient is within the reach of all, and there is no need for me to remind you that the whiskers make a tremendous difference in a man's appearance.

"Take a man with an aquiline nose, clear cut features and broad brow, then imagine this individual with a long, drooping mustache; why, it accentuates the whole 'droop' of the face and spoils it. Such a man should have a small pointed beard and a mustache with ends pointing slightly upward.

"The exact opposite is also frequently met with. A man with features that have a distinct upward tendency will wear a mustache with ends that are turned up and so long that they seem to be thinking of joining the eyebrows. Men with mustaches that display an inclination to grow long ends think that these ends should be permitted to grow and that they must be trained upward. That strikes them as the only proper way. But to suit the lines of the face those ends should in many cases be cut off, and in others they ought to be trained downward.

"Whiskers, again, are allowed to grow whether they suit the face or not. Often a fine, vigorous, manly face is contradicted by an insipid little mustache worn over a firm, clear cut mouth, the expression of which it does much to alter. It is quite a pity to see such fine lines spoilt in that way. The wearer cultivates the hirsute appendage merely because it is the fashion for men to have a mustache. You talk about women being slaves to Dame Fashion, but in the matter of your whiskers you men are worse slaves than we are to dress!

"Now don't run away with the notion that I advocate general shaving. Some men who are clean shaved ought not to be. The lines of their faces simply demand that of which they are depriving their countenance every morning. It requires a strong, very intellectual face to do without beard or mustache. The latter is an absolute necessity for hiding the bad lines of some mouths that would if left totally uncovered spoil the whole face.

"Women as a rule are more careful of their lines and choose hats and other things to match. Men also study their dress more than the hair on their faces, but a knowledge of drawing would correct many mistakes in hats, collars and other masculine accessories.

"In the matter of color we rather pass from the domain of drawing and mere 'lines' and trespass into the realm of painting, but I cannot resist saying that both men and women, especially the former, would be all the better looking if they knew more about the blending of colors, because they would not then choose hues which do not harmonize with their complexions. I have known a man with red hair to wear a red tie because red ties were fashionable!

"We are all going in for art and the beautiful nowadays, and you men are not handsome as a body. You could make yourselves more handsome by attending to such easily managed details as I have pointed out. See that your sons learn drawing."—Pearson's Weekly.

Applied Christianity.

Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem.

"Papa," he said.

"Well?"

"'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you'—that's the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, my son."

"And it's puffickly right to follow the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, indeed."

Tommy rose, went to the cupboard and returned with a knife and a large apple pie. The latter he placed before his astonished sire with great solemnity.

"Eat it, papa!" he said.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Simple and Effective, but Costly.

"When I came to town, I noticed a little, round swelling on my wrist," said a visitor from the country. "It bothered me, and one day when I saw a sign, 'Dr. John Doe,' I thought I'd go in and have it looked at. Well, I was shown into a fine room, and in a minute a pleasant looking man came in.

"'Dr. Doe?' I says and held up my wrist.

"'Ah, a weeping sinew,' says he, as if he'd been waiting years for a chance to study a case like mine.

"I didn't say anything, but kept my wrist out with the hand hanging limp while he took down a book from the shelf. I expected him to turn over the pages and look up my trouble under S or W and then prescribe something. Instead he gave me a crack on the wrist like a thousand of brick! It was right on the swelling and hurt like a cannon ball. I jumped high in the air and yelled.

"'Your weeping sinew's gone,' says the doctor quietly. 'Three dollars.'

"I was too much surprised to say a word, and I paid it. But no wonder

THE AGE OF DANDIES

BEAUTEOUS ATTIRE OF THE SWELLS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Silk and Velvet Coats of All the Colors of the Rainbow Were Then the Rage—The Reign of the Essence of Elegance, Beau Brummel.

In the glorious days of King George II men wore silk or velvet coats of all colors of the rainbow. They tripped mincingly along upon their toes, supporting upon their heads a wheelbarrowful of peruke covered with a bushel of powder, their "steinkerke" was sprinkled with snuff, their sword knots trailed almost on the ground, and their swords dangled from the fifth button, pearl colored silk stockings and red heeled shoes completing their costume. It seems almost as though one of "those goddesses the Gunnings" had penned the following lines to George Selwin at Paris in 1766 instead of the sporting Earl of March: "The muff you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously—vastly better than if it had been 'tigre' or any glaring color. Several are now making after it." And again in 1776 he writes, "Pray bring me two or three bottles of perfumes and some patterns of velvets that are new and pretty."

Almost to the last moment of his life a piece of rich waistcoating was as much an attraction to the great Marquis of Wellesley as it would have been to any of the most frivolous minded young dandies about the town. Indeed, this nobleman would frequently sit alone in solitary state, "en grande toilette," with his blue ribbon and garter, as if about to appear at a royal "levee."

In the year 1798 there arose on the horizon of fashion, or, rather, there blazed in its full meridian, that wonderful phenomenon of elegance, George Bryan Brummel. Born in 1777, the son of an undersecretary of Lord North's and educated at Eton, he enjoyed the credit of being the best scholar, the best oarsman and the best cricketer of the day. Though not a gentleman by descent, he yet made plenty of aristocratic friends and experienced little difficulty in obtaining the entree to Devonshire House, where he was introduced to the prince regent, who gave him a commission in the Tenth hussars.

Until Brummel came upon the scene the prince, though not remarkable for his taste, had, thanks to his rank, been constituted the "master of the elegancies" or leader of the dandies, but he was at once dethroned by the superior genius of Brummel, who retained the sovereignty till the year 1817. During this period he became the model of all men who wished to dress well, and when he had struck out a new idea he would smile at its gradual progress downward from the highest to the lowest classes. To the last of his stay in England he continued to wear powder, rather priding himself upon preserving this remnant of the vielle cour. His clothes were a perfect study. The coat was generally of blue cloth and its collar raised against the back of the head like the hood of a monk, a style familiar to us in pictures and miniatures of the period. The buckskin or nankeen breeches were so incredibly tight that they could only be got on with immense labor and could only be taken off in the same manner as an eel is divested of its skin.

Then came a waistcoat about four inches long, open on the chest, displaying a stiff white muslin cravat. Hessian boots completed the costume, and to these the beau paid particular attention. They were commonly reported as being blackened "au vin de champagne." At any rate, two shoemakers were supposed to insure the perfectness of their fit—one made the right and the other the left boot. He had three glovers for his gloves, one of whom was exclusively charged with the cutting out of his thumbs. Three hairdressers were likewise engaged to dress his hair. As for the personal appearance of this sublime dandy, "his face," we read, "was rather long, his features neither plain nor ugly, his forehead unusually high, hair light brown, whiskers inclined to be sandy, eyes gray and full of oddity." His conversation, without having the wit and humor of Lord Alvanley, another of the dandies, was highly agreeable and amusing. Indeed, Brummel has never been surpassed or equaled since. The Prince of Wales would frequently come of a morning to the beau's house in Chesterfield street to witness his toilet and to acquire the art of tying his own neckerchief "a la mode." For many years, notwithstanding the great disparity of rank, Brummel continued the prince's intimate friend. At last, however, a coolness sprang up between them, and the "mirror of fashion" was forbidden the royal presence.

The prince—then king—saw the poor dandy once many years after when passing through Calais. Thackeray says: "The bankrupt beau sent him then a snuffbox with some of the snuff he used to love as a piteous token of remembrance and submission, and the king took the snuff and ordered his horses and drove on and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favorite, rival, enemy, superior." Brummel, of course, had many successors, but "the old order changeth," and none of them ever attained to the Olympian heights of his dandyism, not even the elegant D'Orsay, who for a time was constituted the king of fashion and held poor Brummel's scepter.—Argosy.

Little Tommy's Guess.

"Can any little boy," said the teacher, "tell me what is meant by above par?"

Profound silence, and the teacher said again, "Tommy Jones, perhaps you can tell me what's above par."

"Ma, I guess."—Philadelphia Press.

Eggshell Flowerpots.

Eggshells may be used to advantage in starting delicate plants for transplanting. The half shells are filled with earth and set in a box also containing dampened earth. A hole is made in the point of the shell to allow drainage. A single seed is then planted in each shell, which is easily broken when transplanting is done without the slightest disturbance of roots. This use of eggshells is the discovery of a French gardener, who claims that they are vastly superior to the little pots generally used for the purpose by florists.

He Knew.

She—How beautifully Miss Heavyweight dances! She doesn't seem to touch the floor sometimes!

He (whose feet are still suffering from the last polka with her)—She doesn't!—Punch.

His Record as an Abstainer.

She—Are you a total abstainer, Colonel Blue Grass?

He—Yes, ma'am. I hain't touched water for 40 years.—Chicago News.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 24, 1901.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00 A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.11, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8 45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, 5.26, P. M.
For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.26, A. M., 1.33 P. M.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 1.33 P. M., Saturdays only to Sept. 1. 6.42, P. M., Saturdays only, except Claremont.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.
For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.26, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.
For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 6.33, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.
FOR MONTREAL, 8.26, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.36, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.20, 9.51, 11.03 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:
Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.
Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30, 11.15 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.
Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.
Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.
win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.
Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.
Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after October 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Week Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.
All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading or Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt

Boston & Northern Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden a 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 ,and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
* Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station ,cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

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It has been shown that sovereigns could not be sold on London Bridge at a penny each. Has Woburn a keener nose for bargains than London? A No. 31 Gaston Boiler is offered for sale. In perfect condition will heat any eight room house and can be used either for steam, or hot water. Is now attached to 482 feet of steam radiation and never falters in the coldest weather. It is not as easy to clean and handle as some makes but you can't expect everything for a penny. $50 takes it as it stands. Purchaser may keep half the money until it is proved to his own satisfaction to be exactly as represented.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
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E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.
One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

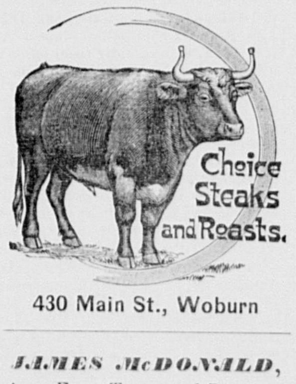
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

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H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

DR. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
379 Main St., Woburn, Mass
Over Gillette's Jewelry Store.
TELEPHONE: 109-7.

SHADOWS ON THE GRASS.

A little life, soon ended; grave or gay. Souls born
To weal or woe, but in the end to die,
Like shadows on the grass, that in the morn
Begin to tremble 'neath a smiling sun and lie
Till noon all deep and dark, astir with every breath
That sways a branch or murmurs through the leaves.
No thing in all to presage death. * * *
Forever, thus it is, the gracious hour deceives.

When cometh night, and o'er the earth creeps slow its chill,
The shadows, all quivering with woe
To feel the sun depart, that on the distant hill
One moment lingers and the next is gone! Nor may we know
When measure of our time is full. Today is o'er.
Tomorrow—will one be for us? Alas,
Who dares to say? 'Tis only God. He makes his law
Our destiny. We are but shadows on the grass!
—Elizabeth W. King in Harper's Magazine.

ONE of the OTHERS

By Margery Williams.

Providence, together with a newspaper advertisement, had brought about his engagement as cornet player in one of the big summer hotels. The hotel orchestra consisted of two besides himself—a violinist of Polish extraction, who in winter was employed at one of the lesser city theaters, and a pianist. The pianist wore vivid neckties and parted his hair down the middle. He had a soul of brass and a wrist of iron. It was the duty of the trio to play during mealtimes, and also from 8 to 10:30 each evening in the great dining room, cleared by the colored waiters for dancing. Under the electric lights the floor was then like a shifting flower bed, gay with whirled muslin skirts and bright ribbons. Night after night from the rostrum in the corner of the room the cornet player watched the same familiar crowd; night after night he had to play the same music for their pleasure making. It was his first engagement of the sort, and for a time the thing was new to him. He liked to follow the comings and goings, the schemings and amusements of this world to which he must always be an outsider.

But after awhile its sameness began to pall upon him. Always the one type in the flushed faces and dainty gowns swung past him; always the one kind of chatter came brokenly to his ears between the waltz tunes. He grew to see the universe peopled by a medley of puppets who danced mechanically, himself the machine that ground out their music—two step, valse and schottisch, valse and two step. He said once to the pianist with a half savage humor, "We might be nickel in the slot machines, only they never put the nickels in!"

Out of his weariness grew presently a dull dislike, an antagonism against the fortune which had set him aloof there to play that others might dance. The proprietor of the hotel had named it Beacon-by-the-Sea, presumably because it stood a quarter of a mile inland. But the name worked its magic in advertisements, and the place was crowded. The cornet player used to watch the young people about him and hated them bitterly for their pleasures and gayeties in which he could have no part. He was himself younger than many of them. He had all the yearning of youth toward youth, the keen hunger for enjoyment which is harder than any wants of later life. It is only the middle aged who can afford to wait and plan and dream. Each day takes us farther along the road, and the cry of the young is to have their pleasure while yet they are young, not when they will have no longer need of it. The cornet player would have given the half of his later years for one hour of the transitory pleasure which these others of his own age took as their commonplace due. It would have meant so much to him. He brooded over it while he watched the maze of their shifting feet.

Often the younger set monopolized one side of the floor uproariously for a square dance. He had to listen to good humored chaff and snatches of laughter, jokes that he knew by heart. There was one Harvard student among them named Holden, who kept his companions in continual ripples of mirth. The cornet player grew to hate deeply the very sound of this student's voice.

Sometimes he pictured to himself with bitter sarcasm one of this carelessly good natured set ever coming on to him between the dances to say, "Here, you have a turn once while I take your place!" But their kindliness was only toward each other. It would stop at him like a high brick wall. He had had proof of this once soon after he first came there when he had joined unconsciously in the laugh which followed a sally made by one of a little knot gathered by the edge of the rostrum. The look of blank and frigid astonishment whirled upon him instantly by the goddess of the party, a slim schoolgirl in a muslin frock, was among those things which he would always remember. They plainly regarded him, if they regarded him at all, as merely a part of the hotel furniture. He was there to play their music, week in, week out, and to continue playing just the same, tired or willing, ill or well, until it pleased them to stop. Beyond this he could have no more part in their lives than the chairs they sat on or the floor upon which they danced.

He wondered sometimes if this view of their position ever appealed in the same way to his companions. They seemed to him to take the daily routine in a manner purely businesslike, even cheerful. Round the corner of the instrument he could watch from where he sat the automatic rise and fall of the pianist's steel fingers striking out deep octaves in the bass and wonderful treble runs that shook the piano like a storm. The pianist seemed to take no notice of the crowd beyond occasional comment on their individual appearance or characteristics. His whole interest in them he, in fact, summed up to the cornet player during an interval in the programme. "They never seem ready to let up, do they?" The cornet player almost envied him his supreme indifference. He questioned with himself whether the pianist had never at any time wished to change places with them—to dance, for once in his life, while others did the playing. He imagined him a man from whom long hardening had removed all human feeling.

On Saturday evenings the hop was open to outsiders. The dancing was then from 9 to 12. The atmosphere in the big room under the glare of the lights was all but tropical. The orchestra played with handkerchiefs tucked strategically into their collars. Windows were open to the wide veranda outside, where the older people sat out and listened to the music. Between numbers the dancers crowded out to stroll up and down between the close placed chairs, the girls with light wraps flung round their throats in the cooler air. Inside the emptied room the musicians leaned back and fanned themselves with sheet music, glancing wearily at the clock. Through the open windows came mosquitoes and the hum of voices and, very rarely, a breeze. Between hours their time was to a degree their own. They employed these intervals of leisure after their own fashion. The violinist chiefly read police novels. The pianist lounged about the bar with his hat on and a perpetual cigar between his teeth and on rare occasions when the hotel clerk was off duty played poker with him in a back room. Through no intent on their part of unsociability it happened that the cornet player found spare time hang heavily upon his hands. He used to loiter about the outskirts of the tennis courts and watch the game. The Harvard student was always largely in evidence. He seemed, in fact, to lead everything. The hotel omnibus journeyed to the beach and back with a load of guests twice a day. Frequently the Harvard student usurped the box seat and drove the dusty team himself, aided by hilarious advice hurled from the rear. He had a banjeaurine, and on hot afternoons the young people used to gather at one end of the veranda and shout college songs and choruses. The cornet player, smoking in a deserted corner of the lawn by the sidewalk fence, could hear their voices distinctly. Many of the songs were familiar to him.

It was at one of these afternoon gatherings that he first noticed the girl. She was a newcomer to the hotel, but it seemed that she knew many of the people there. Acquaintances were continually coming up to shake hands with her over the heads of her circle of companions, and she hailed them all, delighted, by name. The veranda end became speedily a little tumult of voices and laughter.

The cornet player looked for her that evening among the dancers. Presently he saw her. She danced exquisitely. He had somehow known that by instinct. Her partner was the Harvard student, who appeared, on the ground of old acquaintanceship, to have annexed her frankly from the moment of her arrival.

She was small and bright and charming and the sort of girl who is popular among girls as well as men. A crowd gathered about her always, on veranda or tennis court. She and the Harvard student were the leaders of every scheme that in the days following her advent kept the big hotel in an eddy of life and gayety.

The cornet player grew to watch her with an almost morbid interest, a loneliness that was perhaps less for her than for the world she typified. His longing had grown upon him bit by bit till it was a passion that gripped his brain night and day. It might seem a futile thing, but he had brooded over it until it was real to him. He had never spoken to the girl, but he knew every tone of her voice, every echo of her laughter. His whole being moved with her each minute of the day. He hated the men whom she chatted and danced with because they belonged by birthright to her world.

"El Capitan" was the new two step that summer. It was a favorite at the hotel. Sometimes the girl would step up to the rostrum and ask the pianist if they would mind playing it, and the cornet player hated the pianist then savagely for his chance of a commonplace word and smile.

One evening the chance arrived to himself. It was during the interval. The big room was empty. His companions had stretched themselves, adjusted their wilted collars and strolled off to the bar. The cornet player was sitting with his instrument across his knees and his head resting wearily in his hands. A rustle of silk aroused him, and he lifted his head to see the girl seated on the edge of the rostrum. Her partner had disappeared after a glass of ice water.

"I wonder if you've got a pin?" she said to the cornet player. "Look; I've put my foot through the flounce!"

"I believe so," he answered awkwardly. "I'll see." He was feeling along under the edge of his waistcoat. Presently his fingers encountered a pin, and he drew it out and handed it to her. "Can I do it for you?"

"Why, thank you," the girl said. He dropped on one knee, and she watched him gather the torn lace together deftly. When he stood up again, her gray eyes rested for a moment upon his flushed face.

"I've sometimes thought," she said abruptly—"you know, you play for us here every night—do you ever get tired?"

"Tired?" said the cornet player, with a queer smile. He moved one foot on the floor. "Oh, we aren't paid to get tired!"

There was something in his voice that jarred upon her. It was as if she had laid her hand upon an obstacle unexpectedly in the dark. She wondered at him.

"I didn't know," she said hastily. "It just occurred to me. I should think you must sometimes, and you're always so nice about it. Of course we don't ever get tired dancing. But that's different. Maybe we don't always just realize"—

"You don't have to realize," said the cornet player. His voice sounded alien to him. It was no longer himself speaking. It was outside force, the voice of his thought sweeping past him. "You don't have to. It's all right for you to dance. You were born for it. But did you never think that perhaps there were others who weren't? Do you ever think what it must be like to be one of those who've got to do the playing all the time and never the dancing—always stand aside and just watch the others? I'm not just thinking of myself." He had a strange moment of not caring what he said. "I've got a sister in the city. She's prettier than half the girls here, and she dances as well, and she sells ribbons behind a counter. All the pleasure she's had in her whole life wouldn't cost what you spend here in a day. I wonder what you'd think if you only saw things from outside—all the enjoyment—just look on and play for other people and keep right on playing all the time"—

He stopped. The girl was regarding him with wide, troubled eyes. "But—but"— she stammered. "You sit here and joke among yourselves—you and the others. I never thought it was like that. I never knew you—you cared that way!"

"Cared!" The cornet player laughed. "I'm twenty-two," he said, "and I've earned my own living since I was fifteen. Twenty-two—it's a great age. I'm supposed to be beyond caring for anything, any ordinary everyday pleasure. I'm supposed to get along just as easy without it. I shall be thirty before so very long, and then I suppose I shan't care. Maybe I'll be by way of getting it then, when I don't want it any more.'

There was a silence. The outburst had passed and was leaving his commonplace self. He stood before her hot and awkward, profoundly ashamed.

There was a catch in the girl's voice. "I shall always hate dancing now" she cried—"always I shall!"

"Don't do that," said the cornet player. He smiled at her. "I want you to dance. Don't think that. I like to watch you." He was groping for words to apologize. "Only—I guess I was crazy," he said. "I had no business. I don't know whatever made me talk that way."

He faced her, shamefaced, hating himself deeply, and saw through a mist pity and kindness looking at him out of her gray eyes. He fumbled with his collar.

"I understand," she said softly. "I—think I understand. And please don't think we—we don't ever care at all. I shall always remember it—always."

"Thank you." He caught his breath hard and turned away, bending his head over the heaped music on the piano top. Across the floor he was aware of the Harvard student returning with the glass of ice water. People were coming in by twos and threes from the veranda. The two musicians loitered back jadedly, tucking their handkerchiefs once more round their necks and scowling at the clock as they passed.

The pianist sat down, feeling for the pedal with his foot, and glanced at the score of "El Capitan" on the cornet player's stand.

Five minutes later his hands were racing over the keys with a vicious swing and force, the carelessness of long practice.

Looking up, the cornet player saw the girl glide past him on the Harvard student's arm. She smiled over her shoulder—a wonderful smile he only half understood and which yet altered the world for him.

For a moment the little black notes wavered. Presently they were clear again. He bent his head and played very earnestly.—Black and White.

To Get His Money's Worth.

In a village near Edinburgh there lived an old baker and his son. Their trade was in a flourishing condition, but unfortunately in the midst of their prosperity the old man, who had once been a great drinker, turned insane. The son, who was renowned for his love of money, was forced to put him in a lunatic asylum and, according to the terms of the establishment, to pay a fee for three months in advance, amounting to £30.

The old man was scarcely in a fortnight, however, when he died. The son, thinking to raise an action against the establishment for the recovery of the, as he termed it, unused money, inquired of an old lawyer, who was a bit of a wag, whether he thought it would be prudent to try to recover the money or not.

The chip of the law, putting on a grave face, replied seriously, "D'ye no think it wad be best to gang and put in the rest o' the time yersel'?"

Birds In Storms.

During tremendous windstorms birds may sometimes be seen flying overhead at a great altitude. When this phenomenon is observed, it may be taken for granted that the upper atmosphere is comparatively quiet and that the disturbance is confined chiefly to the lower regions.

When a heavy wind or gale springs up, the gulls, terns and petrels will fly to and fro over the water's surface, rising and falling and uttering their peculiar cries of warning. If the storm extends too high up, they will drift gradually with the wind or fly away on the edge of the hurricane.

A young herring gull, a petrel or a tern thus surprised will beat up against the wind with powerful flight. It will rise high in the air, facing the gale and making a little progress forward as well as upward. Then it will suddenly descend with rapid flight toward one side of the stormswept path, but falling off at the same time in the direction of the blowing wind. Once more it will sweep around and face the storm, ascending heavenward and striking desperately out toward the direction of the storm. By pursuing these tactics the bird will gradually work itself to one side of the storm center.

Largest Variety and . . . .
Lowest Prices in Boston in
Wall Papers,
Picture Mouldings
— AND —
Window Shades.
MELMON L. FLETCHER,
(Formerly with Ward & Waldron),
84 & 86 Union Street, Boston.
Near Haymarket Subway Station. Telephone 233-3 Richmond.

LUCK GOOD AND BAD.

SOME SIGNS AND OMENS THAT ARE ATTENDANT THEREON.

Queer Superstitions That Take Root In the Mind of Man, With Some Observations on the Way They Work Themselves Out.

Superstition is the one thing that Christian and unbeliever unite in attacking; yet, despite the onslaught of pulpit, press and platform, it survives, not perhaps as openly, but none the less strongly, even if shamefacedly feared.

The Witch of Endor may be but a classical remembrance, and civilization may have convinced the Salemites of the futility of the brand and the fagot as an exorcising medium, but few of us have not some hoodoo or some belief, however slight, in fate and fortune.

The literature of superstition as expressed in the proverbs of every land is not usually given the attention it deserves. These maxims, representing the tested and accumulated experience of mankind, have had their effectiveness destroyed by familiarity. But take the majoritty of the aphorisms, and it is not difficult to trace them back to a superstitious origin or forward to a superstitious moral.

"The more haste the less speed" finds expression in the belief that it is unlucky to turn back from a journey. The individual who has been half way to his work with a few minutes to spare and has had to turn back for some essential he had forgotten realized the ill luck when he was "docked" for being late. The man who hurries to catch a train or to see a show and leaves his money or his ticket in his other clothes also adorns the illustration.

If a man walks under a ladder and the careless painter above upsets the paint pot upon him, the victim promptly forgets both his religious teaching and his materialistic reasoning, and all the preachers in the world could not convince him that it was not unlucky to do as he had done.

Spilling a box of matches is a sure sign of a row in many households. If it is the man of the house who does the spilling, the row doesn't tarry on the way while he picturesquely blames his better half for leaving them upside down or placing them in an awkward corner. Spilling the salt was long regarded as so unlucky that unspillable salt shakers were invented to dodge it.

The cat has long been the symbolic superstitious animal. The black cat which crosses the path of the pedestrian brings him ill luck. This is especially true if the threatened victim tries to ward it off by shooing the cat back to its lair. With one's eyes on the cat one may easily trip up on obstructions and break a leg or a neck. But the cat is not always an omen of evil. If he or she squats at your door and mews lustily at night, it means good luck to all within the house. To chase such a cat away is to chase away one's luck. It is terrible to think of the amount of luck that has been chased away.

The dropping of a knife in many houses is regarded as so certain an indication of the arrival of a man at the house that preparations are at once made to evade the ice collector and the installment man or to be out when the tax collector calls. The dropping of a fork equally foretells the visit of a woman, and the lady of the house immediately darts to her boudoir to primp up.

All people do not know that the dropping of a comb while combing the hair indicates that the person dropping it will soon hear of a death. An instance of this occurred not long ago. The comb was dropped on a Tuesday. Friday a friend of the family, writing from Ohio, incidentally mentioned the death of the mother of the grocer the family used to buy from. The comb was thus corroborated, despite the fact that the deceased was otherwise entirely unknown.

The barking or howling of a dog at night is a sign of death. It ought to be that of the dog. An old lady was much concerned over the fate of somebody because of a dog howling under her window one night and expressed her convictions that it meant something unfortunate. During the day she triumphantly pointed out in a newspaper the account of a man dying in Philadelphia.

For a friend to meet or pass you and not recognize you means that you will be married within a year. The fact that you are already married does not matter presumably. You must get a divorce and make the prediction good. Fortunately this axiom is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Opening an umbrella in the house is unlucky. Any person who has hoisted his or her umbrella in the house and in so doing has knocked off a lamp globe or shade never doubted the wisdom of the proverb maker. Dropping an umbrella presages a disappointment. He who has tried to brush it off has many of them before he gets it cleaned again. There is, however, no ill luck attached to dropping the subject.—Kansas City Times.

Uncalled For Remarks.

A city man wrote to the editor of a horticultural paper asking what plants would be suitable additions to dried grasses for winter ornaments.

The editor replied:

"Acroclinium, A. album, Gomphrena globoso and Groseum globosa carnea."

When the man read this, he fairly boiled over with rage and immediately sent a note ordering his paper to be discontinued. He said that an editor who swore in that way just because he was asked a simple question should have no support from him.—London Standard.

Destroyed by Chemicals.

Very few people are aware that as soon as the trial of an assassin of royalty is concluded the weapon with which he accomplished his crime is carefully destroyed so that no trace of it remains.

The reason of this is twofold—first of all, the possibility exists that at some time or other the weapons used in a royal tragedy may be exhibited to the public in some museum or show, and, second, there is a strange superstitious dread existing among reigning houses that the existence of the innocent but unhallowed weapons by which rulers have been dispatched to eternity is fraught with peril to their descendants.

The method of destroying these weapons is a curious one. The wooden portions, such as the stocks of pistols or the handles of poniards, are burned, and the metal portions are eaten away in a bath of nitric acid.

This has been the custom ever since the attempted assassination of Queen Isabella of Spain in 1852 by Merius. Prior to that date the metal work of firearms or knives was ground or filed away, but the blade of the dagger with which Merius sought to execute his dastardly crime proved to be of such exquisite temper and hardness that it resisted both file and grindstone.

This became known to the populace, and the superstitious Spaniards believed that Merius, who was an unfrocked priest, had invested his weapon with magical qualities. To divest them of this absurd belief the authorities had the weapon destroyed by immersing it in chemicals, a rule that has been followed ever since.

Chloroforming Incurables.

"The civilization of today has not been ground to that razor edged keenness when the painless putting to their final sleep of incurables would be justified," said a well known Washington alienist. "The progeny of a single couple of degenerates and paupers have been traced to their various ramifications through several generations, and out of over 1,000 descendants 95 per cent have become paupers, thieves, convicts, murderers, persons of ill repute and charges upon the public in one form or another, male and female alike.

"Students of this interesting social question have made other compilations of degenerate families with equally authentic and startling results. The power of the state to legislate for the protection of the majority against the acts of the minority is undisputed and is exemplified in many ways, notably in arresting lawbreakers and confining them in prisons, the control and restraint of lunatics and the seizing and isolation of smallpox patients.

"In the advanced civilization of future centuries this power will have been greatly extended and will no doubt place an iron bound restriction upon the marriage of persons in undesirable mental and physical condition, with the object of the benefit of mankind in general."—Washington Star.

To Preserve Meat.

Meat of any kind may be preserved in a temperature of 80 to 100 degrees for a period of ten days after it has been soaked in a solution of one pint of salt dissolved in four gallons of cold water and one-half gallon of a solution of bisulphate of calcium. By repeating this process the preservation may be extended by the addition of a solution of gelatin or the white of an egg to the salt and water.

How Purple Dye Was Discovered.

It is often said that the old Phœnicians discovered the purple dye in the murex shell by observing a dog which had eaten one of the mollusks and thus colored his chops with a rich purple stain. E. Curtius observes that the ancients were accustomed to hunt the murex by the assistance of pointer dogs. Some of the myths say that Heracles, by the aid of his dog, first discovered the purple murex.

Suburban Sanitary Arrangements.

City Man—Has the house exposed plumbing?

Suburban Real Estate Dealer—Certainly! It's got a well and pump out in the yard. You wouldn't ask for anything more exposed than that, would you?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1901.

RILEY WON.

The Republicans of this city held Ward caucuses for the election of delegates to the several conventions on Wednesday evening, Sept. 25. They were generally well attended.

There was no contest except on Representative, and a solid delegation was chosen for Senator Wood, which insures his unanimous nomination in the convention.

For Representative delegates a smart fight was put up by both sides. Herbert S. Riley, Esq., won, and his nomination was thus placed beyond doubt. A full list of the delegates will be given by the JOURNAL next week for future reference.

In their disappointment the Wetherell leaders took steps Thursday morning towards invalidating the Ward 2 caucus. It was unwise, for whatever the result of the issue may be, Wetherell will be sure to lose in the end.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican County convention for Middlesex county is to be held in Institute Hall, East Cambridge, on Thursday, Oct. 3 next at 10.30 o'clock a. m. Its business will be to nominate a Clerk of Courts for 5 years; a County Commissioner for 3 years; two Special Commissioners for 3 years; Sheriff for 3 years; a District Attorney for the Northern District for 3 years; also a County committee. Basis of representation same as for the Republican State convention.

STATE CONVENTION.

One week from today, to wit, at 10 o'clock on Oct. 4, the Republicans of Massachusetts will hold their annual convention in the Boston Theatre, Boston, to nominate a candidate for Governor and other State officers. Hon. Samuel W. Elder is to preside, and the resolutions have been approved by Senator Lodge.

The Woburn delegates are: E. D. Hayden, E. H. Lounsbury, George E. Fowle, Edward F. Johnson, William Beggs, F. A. Flint, J. M. Harlow, E. E. Thompson, James R. Wood, E. P. Marion, F. L. Perry, Francis M. Pushee.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

The Republican Senatorial convention in this, the Middlesex-Essex, District, will be held in Dow's Block, Woburn, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 5, 1901.

There is no opposition to Senator Wood anywhere in the District, and he will be nominated by acclamation.

COUNCILLOR CONVENTION.

The Fifth District Councillor convention is to be held at Peabody on Oct. 2.

There are four candidates, but the real fight seems to be between John H. Pousland of Beverly and John D. H. Gauss of Salem, with Pousland in the lead.

CONVICTED OF MURDER.

At 4.26 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, after only 34 minutes consideration, the jury in the Czolgosz trial at Buffalo, N. Y., for the assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo, rendered this verdict: "That the defendent is guilty of murder in the first degree."

☞ Mr. William W. Crosby arrived at his home in this city on Tuesday morning, Sept. 24, from Europe, in perfect health and prime condition. The last two weeks of his stay on the other side were spent in England, a part of the time with Mr. Winthrop Hammond, with whom he visited Woburn, a quiet old English town, and other places of interest. He was pleased to meet Mr. Hammond, his home neighbor, and enjoyed his companionship highly. During his nearly three months trip abroad Mr. Crosby visited many European cities, including, besides England, Germany, Switzerland, France, and others, in the Capitals of which he passed very pleasantly considerable time. He went over as Principal of the Lowell Textile School and a representative of that industry in New England, in quest of knowledge concerning it, and was well satisfied with the results of his visit. He was treated courteously everywhere and given exceptional opportunities for study and investigation, which were his main objects. In his line of manufactures there is probably no better posted man in New England than Mr. Crosby, and his School at Lowell is the largest and most flourishing in this country. He was delighted with his foreign travels and has marked them with a "white stone." On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Crosby repaired to Lowell to resume his duties, all the better equipped for a dischage of them by his European tour and the useful knowledge gained by it.

☞ Francis P. Curran, Esq , while City Solicitor, did a good thing for the people of this place when he secured a 5-cent fare from here via Lexington to Arlington Heights. The Lexington & Boston Street Railway Company sought consolidation with the Woburn & Boston, which scheme Solicitor Curran, for the City, strenuously objected to unless the L. & B. would agree to give a 5-cent fare to Arlington Heights, as promised by Col. Woodward who was the promoter of the W. & B. and to whom the Woburn franchise was granted on that and other conditions. Solicitor Curran carried his point, as will be seen by the correspondence between the parties publised in another column of this paper, and Woburn gets its 5-cent fare to which it was justly entitled.

☞ An attempt is being made by the Wetherell men to upset the Ward 2 caucus for illegality. While Clerk Kimball was searching the list for his name a man rushed ballots into the hats and quickly left the Ward room. At the close Major Bancroft, Chairman, stated the case to the meeting, but nothing was done. The funny part of it is, the man voted for Wetherell.

☞ The JOURNAL is hearing that the question of Democratic candidate for Representative is as good as settled. Mr. Joseph H. Parker will be awarded the honor. There is some talk favorable to John W. Johnson, Esq., but it is not thought that it will eventuate in his nomination, one reason for which being the uncertainty about his acceptance of it if offered. Mr. Parker is entitled to the nomination according to the rule which prevails in all Parties, and his great success in winning votes last year, coupled with the earnest solicitation of friends, will probably induce him to try it again.

☞ Judging from reports, it is quite safe to predict the nomination this fall of Mayor Davis for a fourth term if his consent to run again is seasonably forthcoming. Public sentiment seems to be surely and rapidly crystalizing in that direction, and some go so far as to say the city can't get along without him next year. By the way, how do that fine body of political reformers, the Municipal League, feel towards giving Mayor Davis another term?

☞ the Winchester *Star* last week wound up a highly complimentary notice of the JOURNAL in these words: "The JOURNAL was established 52 years ago, and has the reputation for being one of the best edited and most reliable papers in this section. It has always been strongly Republican—not of the milk and water kind. You can always tell where Editor Hobbs is to be found on all political questions."

Thanks, friend Wilson.

☞ The Woburn Municipal League will hold a meeting in lower Lyceum Hall on tomorrow evening, Saturday, Sept. 28. A full attendance is earnestly desired.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Reg. of Voters.
Mrs. O'Brien—Washing.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
City—Com. on Buildings.
Miss Dannatt—Millinery.
C. A. Jones—Prob. Notice.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
Mrs. J. H. Parker—Modeste.
Mrs. M. H. Allen—Millinery.
J. P. & J. E. Feeney—Citation.
J. P. & J. E. Feeney—Mort. Sale.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Sept. 27: 8 a. m., clear, temp. 55, wind W.

— Postmaster Wyer went away on a visit last Saturday.

— Read Gregory's ad. of property for sale on Broad St.

— There was a small white frost last Wednesday night.

— Boys, Oct. 31, Halloween, is almost here. Ready for it?

— Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R. Fair is to be held on Oct. 23-26.

— Many of the funeral draperies in this city have been taken down.

— Some people say they have seen wild geese flying south this week.

— The 66th anniversary of the Phalanx will be duly celebrated on Oct. 16.

— Mrs. Gertrude Thompson Bailey visited her relatives here on Thursday.

— A more lovely day than last Sabbath was never vouchsafed to mortal man.

— Rush of advertising and politics have crowded out "Library Notes" this week.

— The Lexington street cars run every hour instead of half hour as formally.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker offers a fine heating boiler, in perfect order, for sale cheap.

— Mrs. Lucy Gott returned on Monday from an all summers visit to Brooklyn.

— Capt. Hanson went to New York Tuesday on business and returned Wednesday.

— Miss Edna Johnson returned to her student life at Greenfield Academy on Thursday.

— Please read Mrs. O'Brien's washing and ironing card in this paper. She understand the business.

— The Fair of the Swede Lutheran Church will open Oct. 25. Elaborate preparations for it are on foot.

— One of the best assortment of Parlor Stoves and Ranges ever shown in Woburn at C. M. Strout & Co's.

— The alarm from box 47 at 9 o'clock yesterday morning was rung by some unknown cause, there was no fire.

— Miss Stella Haynes has been called to Worcester by sickness and death of her aunt Mrs. Abby Eager.

— The Fifth Boston Food Fair will open at Mechanics Building on Monday Oct. 1, and run to Saturday Nov. 2. More anon.

— The matter of the new High School building is again in active agitation. Its present status is a sealed book to the JOURNAL.

— The Woburn First National Bank is solvent and flourishing. It has declared a 3 percent semi-annual dividend due on Oct. 1.

— Every family should have one of the "Brightest and Best" oil heaters for use this season of the year. Sold by C. M. Strout & Co.

— Mrs. J. H. Parker, the leading Modeste in this city, advertises to resume business on Oct. 1 at No. 13 Salem street. For years she enjoyed a large and fashionable patronage, and still leads.

— Services will be held at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on next Sunday at 4 P. M. Rev. Dr. March will deliver the address and Miss Lucy Woodside will sing. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

— Some good lawyers think that Mr. Fitz of the Boston Branch can be successfully prosecuted for violation of the straw hat law. It went into effect on Sept. 1, and it can be proved that Mr. Fitz wore a straw hat on Sept. 21, with the mercury 42 above at 7 o'clock that morning.

— A little lady, the first letters of whose name is Marion T., increased our appreciation of the genial sunshine of last Sunday morning and added to our pleasure by bringing over, bright and early, a beautiful bouquet of autumn flowers, for which she received our hearty thanks.

Business Established 1817

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Carpets and Rugs

of both Foreign and Domestic Manufacture; also

Curtains, Draperies, Portieres

and all descriptions of choice

Upholstery Fabrics.

Prices always moderate.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,

Oldest and Largest Carpet House in New England,
PRAY BUILDING, Opposite Boylston St.,
658 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON 658

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,

BY FRANK A. LOCKE.

24 YEARS EXPERIENCE. Telephone 17-3 Jamaica.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable. Boston Office: 146 Boylston St., Boston. Free use of any Telephone, to send an order, night or day. Pianos sold for cash or easy payments.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

ELEGANT LINE

FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Cures Coughs and Colds,

Relieves Sore Throat and Hoarseness.

Huntley's Tar, White Pine and Wild Cherry

25c. PREPARED ONLY AT

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"

417 MAIN STREET.

— Mrs. Jennings has several nice situations for girls to do domestic work and now advertises for good girls to fill them.

— Miss Clara N. Fogg left here Wednesday forenoon for her home at Bodoinham, Maine, the departure being much regretted by her friends.

— The engagement of Miss Ethel Rogers Cummings, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustice Cummings, and Mr. John S. Jaquith is announced.

— Mrs. Hortense Taylor goes to Pine Point, Maine, tomorrow for a fall outing, and will be a guest of the Ruggles & Turnbull Inn while there.

— Steamship tickets to or from Europe on all the lines; railroad tickets south or west; for sale by Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn-52w

— Business and pleasure have drawn Judge Johnson to Novia Scotia where he now is. Judge Maguire occupies the Bench of the District Court.

— Please note carefully the change in the "Crawford" card, and then visit his bright, nice and very inviting rooms for your icecream. You will get it of the first quality there.

— The N. W. Div. of the B. & N. Street Railroad now run new vestibuled cars of the latest style over their line. Supt. Brackett thinks there is nothing too good for the patrons of his road.

— The next holiday on the carpet is Thanksgiving, the last Thursday in November. For the return of Prodigals, fatted calves, and all that sort of thing, it beats "Old Home Week" two to one.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the artist, is chockful of business these days. He is now engaged in developing a large number of Mr. Will Crosby's European views and some for Mayor Davis.

— Extention of the N. W. Div. of of the B&N. St. Ry. will be completed from Tewsbury to Lowell, via Belverdere, next spring. This is a new and shorter route between Woburn and Lowell.

— Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes of East Boston spent Tuesday afternoon with relatives in this city. Mr. Holmes has been Engineer of the Boston Police Boat nearly 18 consecutive years.

— Mrs. M. H. Allen has got well settled in her fine milinery rooms over Gillette's where she will be pleased to receive visits from her old customers and new ones. The best families in town patronize her.

— It is now reported that the proposed widening of lower Main street will be commenced early next spring. It is going to be a big job and will cost a mint of money. It will necessitate the removal of many houses.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder of the Congregational church in this city opened a series of four lectures at the Men's Meetings of the Winchester Y. M. C. A. last Sunday afternoon. The music was furnished by an orchestra.

— There are to be races by Woburn horses exclusively on the Lexington track tomorrow which will probably attract a large crowd of sportsmen. Mr. Edward A. Brooks of Nichols & Brooks, liverymen, tells us there are quite a lot of fast horses in Woburn, some of which will appear on the track at Lexington tomorrow and struggle for prizes.

— After a somewhat protracted and very pleasant sojourn at Quampiggin Landing (South Berwick), Maine, Mr. Willis Varney, the jeweler, one of our best young men, has returned to his home and daily duties in this city.

— Evidence of fall and indications of approaching winter are seen on every hand. The falling leaves, chilly nights, the flight of birds to the South, all proclaim the nearness of the Ice King's reign and the close of navigation.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker changes his advertisement this week and says many interesting things in his new one. In the construction of steam, hot water, and furnace plants Mr. Parker is an expert, and his work stands high. Try it.

— Last Wednesday evening the Sons of Veterans inaugurated the autumn and winter whist seasons at Post 161 rooms in Savings Bank block. Their meetings are always intertaining, for there are some smart players among the boys.

— Woburn Relief Corps, No. 161, will hold a Rummage Sale for the benefit of the Memorial Fund, Wednesday, Oct. 9, in the store formerly occupied by A. Ellis. Rooms will be open in the afternoon of Oct. 8, to receive goods.

— Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., a Boston Lawyer, has taken up his residence at 729 Main street in this city and is welcomed by everybody. Some years ago he was Principal of the Woburn High School, and is a fine young gentleman.

— Estabrook, the well known and popular baker at 441 Main street, furnishes as good and as satisfactory lunches as can be obtained anywhere in Middlesex county. Everything is neat, nice and palatable, well cooked, and all at low prices.

— At the Towanda Club Smoke Talk the other evening Major L. E. Hanson, lately from those Islands, by special invitation, talked to an appreciative audience on matters pertaining to the Philippines, and interested his listeners very much.

—The Lowell & Boston Street Railroad carried stacks of people to Pinehurst Park, Billerica, where there was a band concert, last Sunday. The cars were crowded from underpinning to ridgepole all afternoon. It is a mighty pleasant trip.

— Miss Dannatt advertises her fall millinery opening for Oct. 3, 4, 5, of which the fast ladies of Woburn and vicinity are invited to take especial notice. Miss Dannatt is a skilled milliner, and a finer stock of goods than her present one can't be found in this county.

— Particular notice is asked for the advertisement of dahlias by Mr. Edgar W. Ela, remembering all the time that this is the season of the year to make selections when the flowers are in full bloom. Mr. Ela has the largest and finest variety of dahlias in this city.

— The Mayoralty candidacy of Mr. William T. Kendall of Ward 5, the veteran Rangeman at Walnut Hill of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, is an unknown quantity. In common with several other suspected candidates he has so far declined to make his intentions known and his friends are groping about in the dark. It is claimed that Ward 5 is a unit for him, but experience has demonstrated many times that there's no telling who is to be Governor until after election.

— A few days ago a committee of the City Council and officers of the Massachusetts Rifle Association held a conference over the complaint of careless shooting by riflemen at the Walnut Hill Range. It appears that the complaint was well grounded, and more care be will used in the future.

— The town of Boxboro, this State, with a population of between 300 and 400, has no store, postoffice, doctor nor lawyer. Nothing but a minister and hay scales, says an exchange. There is not even a blacksmith shop, something unsual for any town to be without, no matter how small the population.

— One would have thought it was flower day at the Montvale Chapel last Sunday, there being a profusion of asters, hydrangas, a variety of dahlias and other blossoms well arranged by the flower committee. The soloist for this day was Mrs. Kelley who sang "He wipes the tears from every eye" by A. Lee.

— Rev. Mr. Akeson, for several years pastor of the Swede Evangelical Free church of this city, where he has done good and faithful work for Lord's cause, and sucessful, left here last Monday for his field of labor at Worcester. He has many friends here who hate to bid him goodbye, but gave him, on parting, their blessings.

— The presence of Chief Machinist Cotter of the U. S. Navy has been noted on our streets this week. He has been shaking hands with many friends here, having lately come from the Philippines. He will remain in the Navy where he now is, with a prospect for an early advancement.

— The First Baptist Sunday School will observe its annual Rally Day next Sunday from 12 to 1 o'clock. There will be special music and an address by Dr. Crane. All the parents and friends of the pupils are especially invited to be present. It is hoped that all former pupils will make an effort to attend.

— We have had some of the lovliest weather this week that ever warm sunshine and gentle winds conspired together to produce. It could not properly be called Indian Summer because it is too early for that, but to say it has been balmy and genial would be drawing it mild. To the appreciative soul it has really been delight to exist.

— The Woburn Golf Club had arranged for a tournament last week with teams from nearby places, but, at the last moment, it was found that the local team could produce not more than three players. So the contest was abondoned. The Club members appear to be losing interest in the game, and it is a question if the organization shall continue its existence another year.—*Winchester Star.*

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond, Principal Clothier, returned last Saturday from a month's trip to England with improved health and in fine trim for a vigorous fall business campaign. He saw a good deal of London and its environs during the days he spent there and was particularly pleased to be able to pay a short visit to Woburn, after which town ours was named. He is looking and appearing very well indeed.

— Mrs. M. H. Allen, the well known milliner, has left the Dow Block and set up business at 479 Main street over Gillett's store, as will be seen by her card in this paper. She has been in the millinery business in this city a number of years and enjoys a good patronage from among the first families here. Her work is of the very best, and in this and charges she gives satisfaction.

— If you are thinking of buying a piano, new or second hand, for cash or easy payments, you would do well, and save a lot of money, by first having Frank A. Locke, the well known piano tuner, and special salesman, call on you and talk the matter over. Send your name and address and he will send you (free) a beautiful illustrated catalogue. Look at his new ad in paper. Free use of any telephone to telephone to him night or day.—tf.

— "Mr. Martin," Conductor of the "Conversation Corner" of the *Congregationalist*, the most interesting department of that excellent paper, on a flying trolley trip from Boston to Lexington last week halted in Woburn long enough to visit our Public Library, which he greatly admired, as also the courtesy of Librarian Cutter, to look over its Museum of Antiques, which, by the way deserves better quarters, to examine the handsome bronze statue of Count Rumford on the Library green, and to call on Allen P. (Prior), who is a favorite "Cornerer,' of "Mr. Martin's," and who seems to have a common interest in Old Duxbury, the ancestral home of the Priors.

— We would fain believe that Alderman Elmore A. Pierce, when generously distributing his floral favors among members of the Press and Councilmen, at the time of his election, omitted the Editor of the JOURNAL by accident rather than by design. No notice would have been taken of this seeming slight had it not been for the fact that the able local reporter of a leading Boston daily, who was the fortunate recipient of one of Ald. Pierce's beautiful bouquets, has made it a point since then of boasting to the JOURNAL of the exalted estimation in which he is held by at least one member of the City Government, and mockingly commiserating its Editor for having been left out in the cold, so to speak, thus, with evil intent, trying to fan the flames of jealousy, and arouse a spirit of discontent and animosity, in the JOURNAL's heart.

— We don't know when we were more pleased to see anybody than Mrs. George J. Pindar of Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, and her son, Harry C. Pindar, of Malden, who made us a short but pleasant visit last Saturday afternoon. It has been many years since Mr. and Mrs. Pindar left here to take up their residence in Boston, but they have never lost interest in the old home and make frequent visits to it. Harry graduated from the Woburn High School in 1885, under Principal Hanson's reign, and that fall be entered the Boston Medical College, from which he graduated in due season. Neither he nor his mother looked a day older than when they left here, although Harry's oldest daughter entered the High School this fall, and Mrs. George J. is a grandmother.

THE PILL BOX.

NOTICE.—All my medicines are compounded in the most careful manner with strictly pure and fresh drugs and in strict accordance with the doctor's prescription.
A. W. WHITCHER, Ph. G.,
The Prescription Specialist, "The Pill Box,"
Woburn, Mass.

The above label attached to the container of your

PRESCRIPTION

means, "ye do well" to trade at . . . Whitcher's

At 425 Main street please wend your way,
Where Leathe's store is open both night and day,
Right here in your midst, he fixed his location,
For a quarter of a century he has followed his vocation.

Although the largest dealer that Woburn can boast,
He keeps his eyes open while acting the host.
If there is aught in which he does excel
It's buying good shoes and have 'em fit well.

He keeps everything in style and plan
From a small child's shoe to a 12 brogan,
His three dollar shoes are a perfect fit
You can put 'em on tight and not hurt a bit.

Children's school shoes, bless your soul I'm afraid
He is selling them cheaper than they can be made.
Rubber goods to follow in the same train
Are the only sure thing to keep out the rain.

On repairing he can beat every cobbler in the place,
He makes them all put on a wry face,
He will sew on a tap and nail on a heel
At prices so low you never will feel.

I lead, let them follow who can.
My success, honest goods, and one price plan.
Please remember 425 Main is the street,
Buy your shoes there and you'll never get beat.

J. LEATHE,

425 Main St., WOBURN

— The JOURNAL got the name wrong, it should have been Charlestown Female Seminary and not Charlestown Female Normal School. It was incorporated in 1833, and ceased to exist about 1859. Mrs. Anna M. Blodgett graduated from it in 1848, and an older sister of hers, now of Newton, was also a graduate. At the anniversary of the School at the Parker House, Boston, last week, many schoolday friendships were renewed, and old acquaintances revived. Mrs. Blodgett met a classmate who brought to the meeting the printed programme of their graduation exercises with the names of those pupils who participated. Miss Susan Edgell was a scholar in the early days of the Seminary and subsequently a teacher. Mrs. Blodgett thinks Mrs. Dr. Hutchins and Mrs. Bancroft attended at a date later than when she was there. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, one of the first pupils, made the principal address at the reunion, which for the ladies present was one of the happiest of their lives.

— Supt. Brackett has a good head for the business of street railroading. In the four years he has managed the North Woburn road he has effected great improvements in it and the increase of its patronage in the last two years has been remarkable. He believes in low fares, for one thing, and has fully demonstrated the soundness of his theory by actual practice. Since the fare from here to Medford was reduced from 10 to 5 cents the travel on this line has increased wonderfully and its net earnings are away ahead of what they were under the 10 cent rule. The reduction is making more money for the Company, and they would not think of such a thing as returning to former rates. This result is what Supt Brackett has always claimed it would be, and the facts have demonstrated the correctness of his judgment. Now he is saying that 15-minute trips are what the public need. He experimented with that improvement a fortnight ago and found it to work firstrate until the power gave out. The 4 trips an hour will come again soon. Supt. Brackett says low fares and frequent cars is the true theory and will never fail to increase the net revenues of a street railroad.

— The season is rapidly approaching for the appearance of the New England punkin pie on the tables of all self-respecting people. It is an old fashioned edible, first built and eaten by the Pilgrims at Plymouth and has held its own with remarkable vigor and success to the present day, although at one period, for some years, it fell under the ban of New England housewives, and ceased to be a common article of diet, the reason for which has never been satisfactorily explained. More recently there has been a revival of the punkin pie, and its inspiring presence in the diningroom, morning, noon and night, has become quite common. Its renascency is a matter calling for heartfelt rejoicing on the part of the people, for there is no pie that begins to equal it, if properly made and baked, an art, or accomplishment, which, we grieve to say, few modern women are adepts at. Still it is not a "lost art," for there are cooks in this very town who are capable of turning out a punkin pie that would tickle the tooth of a king, and will do so as soon as the punkin gets ripe enough.

— Mayor Davis, wife and son returned from a delightful trip up the Hudson, Lake George, and through Canada, last Saturday evening. Mr. Fred Davis, the son, in an interview with the JOURNAL, described the trip as supremely charming from beginning to end. They found the portions of Canada through which they journeyed in deep mourning for the death of President McKinley and everywhere were seen emblems of sorrow and tokens of love and esteem for him. In Montreal and Quebec public and private buildings were draped in sombre hues, memorial exercises were held, and an atmosphere of sincere sorrow pervaded the cities. The same was true of the smaller cities and towns they passed through. Such demonstrations by a foreign people were a cheer and comfort to the hearts of loyal Americans. Mr. Fred told the JOURNAL that it was the best vacation outing he ever had, barring the mourning for our beloved President, and he enjoyed every mile and moment of it. He particularly admired the quaint old city of Quebec, and would fain have lingered there longer. The Mayor and family were well and well used during the whole trip, but home is home, after all.

— Sunday bird shooters are liable to meet trouble. The State Commissioners are watching them and when caught they will be severely punished.

A Shocking Calamity

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Willford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve duickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for Burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. "Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

[From Boston Transcript.]

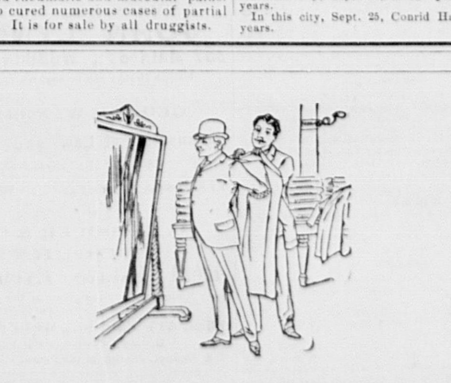
MY SUMMER MAGAZINE.

When trees are bare and brown without the pane,
And all with snow is white or gray with rain,
The dead vines rattling 'gainst the garden wall,
Where ghosts of hollyhocks stand stiff and tall,
Shivering I turn to watch the fireside bed
Struggle to rival my geraniums red,
While from some sober-covered book I read
Of politics, philanthropy and need.
But when the fragrant grape vine tendrils sway
Above my hammock swinging lazily,
I open wide the covers colored gay,
I read of love, I rove in Sicily
And storied Spain, or northern legends glean
From ice-locked lands, my summer magazine!

M. ELIZABETH WEST.

[M. Elizabeth West is the daughter of Mr. George West who, with his family, moved from Woburn to Lynn some years ago and now reside there. She graduated from the Woburn High School with Class '91, and was considered one of its brightest and most promising members. She is now, and has been for some time, a high grade teacher in the Lynn Grammar Schools.—ED. OF JOURNAL.]

Josh Westhafer, of Loogootee, Ind., is a poor man, but he says he would not be without Chamberlain's Pain Balm if it cost five dollars a bottle, for it saved him from being a cripple. No external application is equal to this liniment for stiff and swollen joints, contracted muscles, stiff neck, sprains and rheumatic and muscular pains. It has also cured numerous cases of partial paralysis. It is for sale by all druggists.



These Cool Evenings

remind one of the need of a

FALL OVERCOAT.

It's better to put $10 or $15 into the purchase of a light weight Overcoat than to get chilled and pay the money for doctor's bills or medicines.

There's a feeling of luxury in getting into one of our easy-fitting tailor-made Overcoats.

We've garments as high as twenty five dollars.

Drop in and let us show you.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers,

403 Main Street, Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Open evenings, except Mondays and Wednesdays.

MISS BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

Tuesday, October first.

Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from September 23d to October 1st.

Miss Bancroft teaches in Woburn Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., WOBURN.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after October 1st, 1901.

MRS. LEWIS,

Teacher of Pianoforte.

Private or class lessons may be arranged for, on or after

Monday, Sept. 9, 1901,

2 Bennett St.

Mrs. S. C. PHINNEY,

Teacher of Singing,

No. 29 Warren Ave., Woburn

Interesting Correspondence.

BOSTON, Sept. 23, 1901.

George A. Hobbs, Esq., Editor Woburn Journal, Woburn, Mass.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find copies of two communications received by me in regard to consolidation of the Lexington and Boston Street Railway and the Woburn & Boston Street Railway Companies.

Respectfully,
FRANCIS P. CURRAN.

BOSTON, Sept. 10, 1901.

Hon. Jas. F. Jackson, Chairman, Board of Railroad Commissioners, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—Confirming the conversation over the telephone with you this morning in regard to the consolidation of the Lexington & Boston Street Railway and the Woburn & Boston Street Railway Companies:

At the hearing before your Board on this consolidation, Mr. Curran, representing the city of Woburn, objected to the consolidation unless a 5c fare was made from Woburn to Arlington Heights, by means of the consolidated line. I have taken the matter up with our Directors and they authorize me to say that if the consolidation is approved by your Board this Company will make a 5c fare from Woburn to Arlington Heights.

Yours very truly,
Lexington & Boston Street Railway Co.
(Signed) H. B. PARKER,
General Manager.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Board of Railroad Commissioners.
No. 20 Beacon Street.
BOSTON, September 20, 1901.

Francis P. Curran, Esq., City Solicitor, Woburn, Mass.

Dear Sir:—You will find enclosed a copy of the communication from the Lexington & Boston St. Ry. Co., in which that corporation promises a 5-cent fare from Woburn to Arlington Heights. This agreement the Board made a condition to its consent to the consolidation.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) JAS. F. JACKSON.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "What Heathen Were Still in the Land." Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Midweek Service. Rev. D. Scudder, pastor.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Reading Room No. 7 Savings Bank Building.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—St. Michaels Day.
Holy Communion at 9.45 A. M.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. E. J. Burlingham, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "A City Which Hath Foundations." At 12 M., Sunday School. Rally Day. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "Examining Ourselves." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., Special Service for the Sunday School and parents.
Young People's Meeting at 6 P. M.,
Farewell Sermon at 7 P. M.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.—17th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Becoming as a Little Child."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The War in Heaven."
Thursday, at 7.45 P. M., Meeting of Y. P. S.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 17, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, John Walsh of Watertown and Katherine T. Cronin of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 21, Alice Quigley, aged 29 years.

In this city, Sept. 25, Conrid Harkins, aged 52 years.

Shorter Hours.

We believe it is for the interest of all concerned. Therefore after the first of September we shall close our store at

6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Mondays and Wednesdays.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

"Stop-ache"

For all kinds of Headaches. A sure

Remedy.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., DRUGGIST, 361 Main St.

Now Is Your Time to

Stop Malaria!

It will be prevalent this year, and all who wish can escape it, if they will tone up the system with

Gordon's Malaria Tablets.

Prevention is better than cure. Put your system in condition to resist the Germ of Malaria or Grip.

Years of trial has proved that no remedy equals Gordon's Malaria Tablets. Take no substitute.

For sale at Callahan's, Huntley's, and all other first-class drugstore.

Piano Talk.

FRANK A. LOCKE. PIANO TUNER.

Frank A. Locke the well-known piano tuner, who has spent 30 years of his life on tuning and construction of pianos, and who has been much sought after, on account of his knowledge of pianos, to select pianos for persons about to buy, wishes to notify the people that in connection with his tuning, he has been appointed a special salesman for pianos in **Woburn and vicinity.** This means that if you are thinking of buying a piano, by consulting Mr. Locke you can have his advice, the benefit of his knowledge and a large reduction from the regular prices of pianos, either by cash or easy payment system saving from $25 to $75.

Old Pianos or Organs taken in exchange.

Write at once and he will call and talk over the matter. This will not obligate you to buy through him. Get some points on how to buy a piano; it will cost you nothing to have him call. Send your name and he will send you a beautiful illustrated catalogue free of cost.

Free use of any telephone, to call him up, or to send your name, night or day; or you can address, Frank A. Locke, Woburn, Mass., or you can call and leave your name at his Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's Periodical Store.

Boston Office only by appointment. His Telephone number is 17-3 Jamaica.

Piano Tuning and Repairing promptly and thoroughly attended to.

Post 33, G. A. R. Fair.

Preparations for the Grand Fair by Post 33, G. A. R., go bravely on. The Committee are hard at work on them.

There are to be three Grand Prizes to be awaded on votes. They are a Flag to the school children; Fireman's uniform to the Company casting the largest number of votes; and the great Doll contest.

Further particulars will be given in the JOURNAL next week.

ORGANIZATION.

Chairman, Commander Bernard Fletcher.

Vice-Chairman, President Annabelle Brown.

Secretary, Adjutant A. P. Barrett.

Treasurer, Charlie A. Jones.

Assistant-Treasurer, Mrs. Annabelle Brown.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Commander Bernard Fletcher, President Annabelle Brown, Hon. Alva S. Wood, Treasurer Charlie A. Jones, Capt. Edward E. Foss, Capt. Thomas McCarthy, A. P. Barrett.

BURBANK POST 33, G. A. R.—Bernard Fletcher, W. C. C. Colgate, R. R. Whitten, A. P. Barrett, W. T. Kendall, J. E. Carr, J. H. Knowlton, C. K. Conn, W. P. Warren, Thomas Moore, C. H. Kean.

W. R. C. No. 84.—Mrs. Annabelle Brown, Mrs. Margaret Henderson, Mrs. Margaret Peppard, Mrs. Ruth Ward, Mrs. Lydia Fletcher, Mrs. P. A. Whitten, Mrs. Eunice Matthews, Mrs. Mary F. Barrett, Mrs. Emma C. Taylor.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.—Hon. Alva S. Wood, Clarlie A. Jones, W. G. Stretten, Lawrence Reade, Edward Caldwell, George Durward, Elmore A. Pierce.

CAMP 66, S. of V.—Capt. Edward E. Foss, Wallace F. Williams, Lewis W. Patten, Marcus A. Cotton, A. Everett Brown.

WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX.—Capt. Thomas McCarthy, Lieut. F. H. Marion, Sergt. C. A. Dow, Corp. F. C. Kean, Robert J. Durward, M. B. Lovering.

A Certain Cure for Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford County, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when editor Ward, of the Laceyville *Messenger*, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy and this time one dose cured me." Sold by all druggists.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Next week's programme at Boston Music Hall promises to be wonderfully attractive. Several great acts are assured, so that the programme will be one of the best yet offered at this popular vaudeville theatre. Adolphe Mayer's production of the original American-Japanese musical comedy in one act, entitled "Miyo San" (White Lilacs) will be one of the noteworthy events of the fall season. The book and lyrics are by Herbert M. Lome, the music by Byrd Dougherty. The cast includes Oliver T. Holden, Laura Denio, Florence Tyler and Helen Brackett, respectively a capable young comedian and three singing girls. The scene is laid in a Japanese Tea-House and Garden in Tokio, and will admit of gorgeous pictorial embellishment. The fact that H. Logan Reid has painted the scenery is guarantee of its beauties. Every accessory will be of the finest description, and the musical numbers, the dainty dances and the charming girls should be a veritable magnet to amusement lovers.

THE PARK.

"The Penitent" enters on its third week at the Park Theatre next Monday with new scenery, new situations and new music, and there is every prospect now of an extended run for this strongly dramatic and skilfully acted play. Admirers of Hall Caine's writings naturally are curious to see what has been made of a novel so difficult of adaptation to stage purposes as A Son of Hagar, and it is safe to say that none of them is disappointed. The playwright has made the most of every scene, and each situation as it is developed leads up to a simple and natural climax. The company is excellent throughout—far above the average—and Mr. Davenport in the dual role of Paul Ritson and Paul Drayton is doing the most effective and finished work in his career as leading man. Miss Maude Claire Shaw is winning golden opinions as Greta; while the Mercy of Miss Turner, the Bonnythorne of Mr. McCarthy and the Sol of Mr. Walton are all admirably conceived and carried out with marked originality The church wedding scene and the singing of the boy choir makes a very popular feature.

THE COLUMBIA.

Rice's new "Evangeline" is now in the second week of its phenomenally successful run at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, where it promises to remain for a considerable period. Indeed, so emphatic and cordial has been the reception the lavishly appointed extravaganza has met, that Manager Henderson is already announcing the fiftieth performance, to be given October 28. The comedians in the new "Evangeline" are quite as artistic as any of their predecessors, and when the list of names of actors who have played conspicuous roles in Mr. Rice's piece is looked at, including, as it does, those of Nat Goodwin, Wm. H. Crane, Sol Smith Russell, George S. Knight, Harry Josephs, Willie Edouin, George Fortescue and others, it will readily be understood that Messrs. Hallen Mostyn, Ed. Chapman, Wm. Burress, Fred L. Turner, Douglas Flint, Edwin H. Carroll, and Chas. Guyer are entitled to considerable credit. The policy in presenting a company of a hundred people in high class light musical productions of a character never before surpassed has certainly at once caught the fancy of theatre-goers of Boston and vicinity. The reserved seat prices are 25c, 50c, 75c, and $1., and at Wednesday matinees, when no smoking is allowed or liquors sold, the prices are 15, 25, and 50 cents. These matinees are designed for ladies and children.

A Communication.

MR. EDITOR—Allow me to speak a few words in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I suffered for three years with the bronchitis and could not sleep at nights. I tried several doctors and various patent medicines, but could get nothing to give me any relief until my wife got a bottle of this valuable medicine, which has completely relieved me.—W. S. BROCKMAN, Bagnell, Mo. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Estey—Norris.

A beautiful September wedding took place at the residence of Lawyer and Mrs. George W. Norris, No. 544 Main street, this city, at 8 o'clock, Wednesday evening, Sept. 25, at which place and time Mr. FRANCIS WAYLAND ESTEY of Roslindale, and Miss SARAH ELIZABETH NORRIS of Woburn were united in marriage by Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., pastor of the Congregational church of this place.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Norris, parents of the bride, was elegantly decorated for the occasion with palms and flowers and, brilliantly illuminated, presented an attractive appearance.

The best man was Dr. Harold W. Estey of Boston, and the bridesmaids were Grace L. Norris, sister of the bride, Florence B. Deland and Helen C. McGown.

The bride was superbly attired in white satin, with lace veil and orange blossoms, and carried in her hand white roses, in which costume she looked rarely charming.

The bridesmaids were elegantly dressed. Miss Grace Norris, Maid of Honor, wore Persian silk entrain with white chiffon and lace; she carried violets. Miss Deland, organdie over white silk, en train, with deep accordian plaited flounces; girdle of white satin and trimmings of lace. She carried white asters. Miss McGown wore white Swiss muslin, with train, over white silk and Duchess lace insertions. She carried white asters.

The Wedding March was played by Miss Hinds of Portland, Maine, very neatly and sweetly, and other music was furnished by the Highland Orchestra of this city.

Following the solemnization of the nuptials a wedding reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Norris, at which the bride and groom were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Norris, Mrs. L. Estey, and Miss Estey. Its features were refreshments, music and greetings for the happy couple, and was a very pleasant social affair.

A fine wedding repast was furnished by that popular caterer Mr. A. Green of Cambridge, and keenly enjoyed by the large company.

The bride and groom received from friends and admirers a large number of rich and elegant parents. They were too numerous to mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Estey will please accept the JOURNAL'S congratulations.

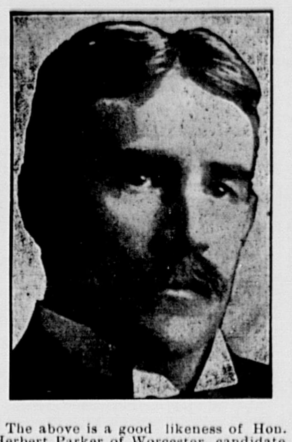
A Challenge.

To Co. A, 6th Regt, MVM—The Rifle Team of Co. G, 5th Regt, MVM, being dissatisfied with the result of its last match with your Team, hereby challenges the winners of the East Middlesex Military League tournament to a series of matches, best two in three or best three in five, on home or neutral Ranges. The series to be for a trophy valued at $50, $75 or $100, the cost of the same to be contributed by both Teams equally, or by the losing Team alone. In behalf of Co. G, 5th Regt. Rifle team.

Capt. Thos. McCarthy, Team Captain.

ARE YOU SURE you are getting the best? Ask for KENNEDY'S BUTTER THIN BISCUIT baked at the Kennedy Biscuit Works, and look for the name on the package.

For Attorney General.



The above is a good likeness of Hon. Herbert Parker of Worcester, candidate for the Republican nomination for Attorney-General, who was born under the shadow of Bunker Hill, at Charlestown, on March 2, 1856, the son of the late George A. Parker, a Civil Engineer of national reputation, and of Harriet N. Felton, a sister of Cornelius Conway Felton, for many years President of Harvard College. He was graduated in the Class of '78 Harvard, and studied law in the office of Senator Hoar at Worcester, being admitted to the Bar in 1883.

In 1887, upon the election of the Hon. Francis A. Gaskill of Worcester to the position of District Attorney, Mr. Parker was called to the office of Assistant District Attorney. Here he remained until Mr. Gaskill was appointed a Justice of the Superior Court in 1895, when Governor Greenhalge appointed him District Attorney for the unexpired term. In 1896 he was elected to the position of District Attorney, and in 1899, declining to serve longer in this capacity, retired from the office, having served 12 years in these offices.

Worcester county has had but one Attorney General in the history of Commonwealth and that was from '61 to '65. Since then the County has presented candidates in the persons of P. Emory Aldrich, Col. William S. B. Hopkins and Francis A. Gaskill, but on each occasion has the honor gone to other portions of the State, yet loyal Worcester has never flinched in its devotion to the Republican State ticket.

The Republicans of Massachusetts who have placed the Hon. Herbert Parker before the voters believe that they have a man who is in every way fitted for the arduous responsibilities of the office which has been so well and ably filled by men whose names are synonyms for the highest legal attainments.

We have reason to believe that a large share of the Republicans of Woburn favor the nomination of Mr. Parker.

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

A Silver Wedding.

To Mr. Fred K. Bixby of the Junior Class of Amherst College was awarded the credit of originating and carrying through with brilliant success a fine celebration of the 25th anniversary of the wedding day of his parents, Dr. Josiah Peet Bixby and wife, at their residence in North Woburn on the evening of Sept. 12, instant. He played his cards so shrewdly that the affair was a real and perfect surprise to the fair bride and groom of 25 years ago. Fred told them that a few College mates were to visit him that evening for social and business purposes, and they were kept in entire ignorance of what was going on until the parlor door was opened, and a company of 50 or 60 people were suddenly presented to their view. They were chiefly North Woburn residents, captained by Rev. Mr. Tilton of the North Congregational church, who in a neat address presented the Doctor and his bride fifty dollars worth of solid silverware, including a beautiful spoon for Elizabeth A., daughter of the house. Taken completely by surprise of course Dr. Bixby found some difficulty in selecting suitable words in which to express thanks for the valuable presents and friendly visit of his neighbors, but he got through with it in a very respectable manner.

An evening of delightful social intercourse was spent by the hosts and guests, the latter repairing to their respective homes at a seasonable hour highly gratified with the result of Mr. Fred's parental Surprise Party.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1 00 Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health Only 25c. per box. Sold by Huntley & Co., Druggists.

WINCHESTER.

The High School lads are practising football for all they are worth.

After a fine vacation Chief of Police McIntosh is doing business at the old stand again.

Our townsman, Samuel J. Elder, Esq., is to preside at the Republican State convention on Oct. 4.

Letter Carrier Albert E. McLellan has resigned his position to go into the grocery business on Cross street.

Judge Littlefield addressed the Sunday School of the Highland Bethany Chapel last Sabbath Day on temperance.

Brother Twombly, the venerable and highly esteemed Representative from this town in the Legislature, is still on the anxious seats, but on praying ground. The Medford Wards in this District have candidates of their own and an uncertainty hangs over the proceedings of the convention. Brother Twombly is an estimable gentleman.

Have you a sense of fullness in the region of your stomach after eating? If so you will be benefited by using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They also cure belching and sour stomach. They regulate the bowels too. Price, 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

When you want a pleasant physic try the new remedy, Chambertain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Paper Quilts.

In some parts of England there is quite a trade carried on by poor people in making paper quilts for their poorer neighbors. They are simply composed of sheets of brown paper sewed together and perforated all over at distances of an inch or two apart, covered with chintz or cretonne on one side and lined with patchwork or old sheets—anything available, in fact. They make surprisingly warm covers and are much appreciated.—London Tit-Bits.

Hands Off.

"What have you got that sign 'Hands Off' posted outside your works for?" asked the curious individual.

"Because," returned the jocular mill owner, "my men are on strike."—Philadelphia Record.

Doomed Either Way.

Doctor—Mr. Tiffington, your wife will risk her life if she attends that wedding so soon after having the grip.

Mr. Tiffington—Well, doctor, she'll die if she has to miss it.—Life.

When a man really needs a licking, nothing does him more good than to get it.—Atchison Globe.

Money is one thing everybody is after, and yet it always gets left behind.

During the Summer Season Canned

Meats and Fish

are very convenient and are largely used. Below we quote a few of the leading kinds:

	Per Can.
R. & R. Tongue,	80c.
Armour's Tongue,	70c.
Boneless Ham,	60c.
R. & R. Chicken, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Turkey, 25c., and	45c.
R. & R. Lunch Tongue,	35c.
Ham Loaf,	10c.
Veal Loaf,	10c.
Chicken Loaf,	15c.
Deviled Ham, 5, 10, 20, and	25c.
Salmon, tall	12c.
Salmon Steak, 12c., 17c., &	20c.
Shrimp,	10c.
Little Neck Clams,	10c.
Lobster,	20c.
Mackerel,	25c.
P. & C. Sardines, 25c. and	35c.
American Sardines, 5c. and	10c.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

OPENING!

Fall Millinery

— AND —

Novelties

— AT —

Miss DANNATT'S,

Oct. 3, 4, 5.

411 Main St., WOBURN.

☞ All are invited.

PIANO Bargains

Our entire stock of used pianos, our own and other well-known makes, must be closed out at greatly reduced prices to make room for our new fall styles. Uprights that were $300, $325 and $350, now $200, $225 and $250. Good square pianos for $50, $75 and $100, about one-half their value. All on monthly payments as low as usually charged for rent. Send for descriptive list giving prices, mailed free, or visit our store and make a choice from 200 pianos ranging in price from $25 to $1,000.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

NOW IS THE TIME

To examine your wearing apparel or household furnishings. We CLEANSE or DYE such articles in the neatest manner.

Mystic Steam Dye House, 264 Montvale Ave., WOBURN.

Standard .. of .. the .. World.

Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Minneapolis, Minn.

It is quite possible to make poor bread with good flour, but it isn't possible to get the best bread without using the best flour.

Pillsbury's Best is the **Standard of the World**

... SOLD BY ...

COBB, BATES & YERXA CO.

FITZ & STANLEY, THOMAS MOORE, C. E. QUINN, PERKINS BROS. W. H. LEWIS.

AND GROCERS GENERALLY.

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Fall House-cleaning.

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK. LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

An incomparable and delightful helper in the usually trying work of House-cleaning. A tablespoonful in a pail of water cleans with less labor, more rapidly and effectively than the best soap, at the same time thoroughly disinfecting. Will rid of Buffalo-bugs and Moths. Sweet and clean applies where it is used.

At all dealers in original packages.

THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO., No. 4 Merrimac Street, BOSTON

DAHLIAS.

I have one of the best collections and the best cultivated half acre of Dahlias in Middlesex Co., including cactus, decorative, show, fancy and pompon varieties.

This collection has been made with great care and is the result of five years slow but careful selection and I now have the the cream of all the best varieties in cultivation in a great variety of colors and tints.

Now is the best time for you to make your selections for next year, while you can see what you order, in full bloom.

In cut flowers, suitable for decorations for all occasions, I can give you more value for your money than any one else in town.

I extend to you and your friends a cordial invitation to call and inspect my collection. The grounds are open all the time and free to all, who come without dogs.

EDGAR W. ELA, 20 Fairview Road.

Stoves, Ranges, — AND — Furnaces.

We are showing one of the best assortment of Parlor Stoves and and Ranges ever seen in Woburn. Call and examine.

All styles, sizes and prices.

C. M. Strout & Co

Plumbing in all its branches.

Telephone 124-7.

Mrs. J. H. PARKER, Modeste,

Will resume business at

No. 13 Salem St., Woburn,

On October 1, 1901.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on

Friday, October 4th, 1901,

at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 5th, will draw interest from that date.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.

Woburn, September 25th, 1901.

WANTED!

Washing and Ironing to be done at home by a firstclass laundress, or would go out. Work called for and delivered.

MRS. O'BRIEN, 39 Harrison Ave., Woburn, Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN.

— THE —

Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with the provisions of Chap. 548, Acts of 1898, be in session at their office in Municipal Building, Common street, to receive applications for registration for the State Election on the

Evenings of Oct 12, 14 and 15, at 7 o'clock, and from 12 M. to 10 P. M., on Oct. 16.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of October 16.

Special Notice.—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sect. 47: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, or a certificate from the Assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident there at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the Registrars as prima facia evidence of his residence."

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS, HENRY L. ANDREWS, CHARLES H. HARRINGTON, JOHN H. FINN, Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 21, 1901.

CITY OF WOBURN.

NOTICE TO PAINTERS.

Proposals for painting the several Hose Houses will be received by the Board of Public Works at their office, until 5 o'clock, P. M., **Thursday, Oct. 3, 1901**. Specifications may be had on application at the office of the Board.

GEORGE E. FOWLE, Commissioner of Buildings and Grounds

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Marietta W. Symonds, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by J. Henry Symonds and William P. Symonds who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of October, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

By E. J. GREGORY, Auctioneer, Established 1876. Office: 10 Tremont St., BOSTON.

AUCTION!

Tuesday, Oct. 8,

At 3 P. M., on premises Nos. 13, 15, 17 Broad street, known as the Thomas F. Kelley estate, two buildings and 5,400 square feet of land, with 90 feet frontage, centrally located and in the heart of the city; land and buildings cost over $5,000, and will be sold for best offer over $2,000.

Terms: $100 deposit at sale; other term at sale.

Particulars: See GREGORY, Auctioneer, 10 Tremont street, Boston.

Mrs. M. H. ALLEN,

No. 479 Main St., WOBURN.

(Over Gillett's Jewelry Store.)

SECOND SUITE.

Will be pleased to see her customers. All Fall and Winter Novelties in

Millinery Goods.

NOTICE

is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Luther A. Gould, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ELLEN J. GOULD, Executrix, No. 16 Wyer's Court.

Woburn, September 24th, 1901.

A Clock on a Strike

And Refusing To Strike The Right Hour

Throws the entire household out of gear, and there is no peace until it is fixed. If you are having any difficulty with a clock we can repair it for you quickly and accurately at a reasonable price.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George Weafer to Leonard Thompson, now deceased, dated April 4th, A. D. 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2451, Page 496, which mortgage was assigned by Maria L. Thompson and Lewis W. Thompson, executors of the will of said Leonard Thompson, deceasad, to John G. Maguire, by assignment dated September 18th, 1901, recorded with said Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, October 23d, A. D., 1901,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the easterly side of Main street, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Main street, and at land of James B. McLaughlin; from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Main street seventy-two feet and six inches to land formerly of James F. McKenna; thence turning the line runs easterly by land last named about one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the centre of a ditch at land now or late of J. G. Richardson; thence northerly by the centre line of said ditch about fifty-four (54) feet to land of said James B. McLaughlin; thence westerly by said McLaughlin's land one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to the grantor by the grantee by deed of even date to be herewith recorded.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, sewer assessments, betterments and liens of all kinds, if any exist thereon.

$100 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., September 23d, 1901.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John McDonough of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Thomas Moore of said Woburn, dated December 19, 1889, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, libro 1948, folio 463, for and on account of breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1901,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described, substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn at the intersection of Foster and Morse streets, containing sixteen thousand seven hundred and eighty square feet and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of said premises at the intersection of said streets; from thence the line runs southerly on and by said Morse street one hundred seventeen and five tenths (117.5) feet to land of McConologue; thence turning the line runs easterly partly by land of said McConologue and partly by land now or formerly of Hattie A. Kenney one hundred fifty-two and eighty-two one-hundredths (152.82) feet to land of Emma P. Kelley; thence turning the line runs northerly on and by land last named one hundred and eighteen and eight-tenths (118.8) feet to said Foster street; thence turning the line runs westerly on and by said Foster street one hundred thirty-two and eighteen one-hundredths (132.18) feet, to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to me by deed of the Town of Woburn dated May 18th, A. D., 1885, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1704, Page 399.

One hundred dollars of the purchase money to be paid at the time and place of sale.

THOMAS MOORE, Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees under the will, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jonathan Thompson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at private sale in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, legacies and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the fifteenth day of October, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all others interested in the estate of Patrick McFeeley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Thomas G. Merriam, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented to said Court for allowance the final account of his administration on said estate, and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in his hands among the next of kin of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of October, A.D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why said account should not be allowed and distribution made according to said application.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering or mailing postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate twenty days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

MIDDKESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth M. Beairsto, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Annie N. Beairsto, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to her, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of October, A. D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Furnished Room

Nicely furnished. All modern conveniences. 14 Church Ave.

Brown's Charcoal 10c. Bag

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN, Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Telephone 133-2.

We Are Headquarters —FOR—

Hampden Cream.

FRESH DAILY.

It's here for you. At

J. LINNELL, 406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6.

C. E. JENNINGS, Auctioneer, 55 Ames Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Charles H. Taylor of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to James A. Booth of Everett, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, dated May 29, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex N. D. Reg. of Deeds, Book 307, Page 263, for and on account of a breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the twenty-third day of September, 1901,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, namely:—A certain piece or parcel of land, with buildings thereon situated in Wilmington, in said the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at land now, or late, of Boutel on the road leading to Woburn; thence running easterly by said road to the road leading to Burlington; thence southerly by said Burlington road to land now, or late, of Ebenezer Foster; thence northerly and westerly as the wall stands to the corner; thence as the wall stands by the land now, or late, of said Foster and by land, now or late, of said Boutel to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to said Charles H. Taylor by James A. Booth aforesaid.

Said premises are conveyed subject to a prior mortgage of $1100, and any unpaid taxes or assessments. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JAMES A. BOOTH, Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Jessie Abbott of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, Lucy E. B. Converse, Executrix of the will of Parker L. Converse, who was guardian of said ward, has presented for allowance, his first and final account as guardian upon the estate of said ward:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of September, A. D., 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

General Agent for New England. Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

To Let.

A House with all modern improvements, in one of the most desirable locations in this city, at a reasonable rent. Apply at the JOURNAL office.

House To Let.

On Academy Hill, 7 room and bath, hot and cold water. Rent reasonable. Apply to

JOHN MAXWELL.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Piecing.

That's a word which may not be in the dictionary in this sense of its use, but which is in very common use in some sections of the country. "She's always piecing" they say of the woman who runs to the cupboard at irregular hours and eats a piece of pie, cake, or some other dainty. This irregular eating is one of the chief causes of dyspepsia and "weak" stomach.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are completely cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the supply of rich, pure blood, and gives the body vitality and vigor.

"A year ago I was feeling very badly," writes Mrs. Lizzie Abrams, of 158 Johnson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Had a very poor appetite and when I sat down at the table I could not eat, but would have to go away without even tasting the food. Chancing to hear from a friend who used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' for a disease similar to mine, I thought I would give the medicine a trial, and I can hardly express the benefit received from it. The first dose seemed to do me good. My appetite returned and I was able to eat heartily. I have improved so much since taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I do not look like the same person. Am to-day well and strong—the result of taking six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

BROTHERHOOD

That plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare,
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care.
If I go free and sound and stout
While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still I'll still cry out
And plead with whom I thank.

Almighty, thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichsoever fall,
The other's hand may fail him not,
The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
May claim from son of thine.

I would be fed, I would be clad,
I would be housed and dry,
But if so be my heart be sad,
What benefit have I?
Best he whose shoulders best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
Who shares that joy with grief.

—E. S. Martin in Scribner's.

SELF ACCUSED

BY M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

I had been practicing law in the town of Lancaster for about four years when James Higgins, merchant, was murdered. According to the testimony of his wife, they were aroused at midnight by a noise down stairs, and he went down to investigate. She heard angry words, followed by a shot, and, giving an alarm, it was found that the husband had been shot through the heart. It was noted that nothing in the house had been taken and no preparation made for robbery. A window which had been left unfastened offered the means of ingress, and the shooting had taken place in the sitting room. Mrs. Higgins was sure that there had been a sort of dispute before the fatal shot was fired. She was sure of her husband's voice; but, as to the other, she was undecided as to whether it was a man's or a woman's. The detectives proceeded on the theory that a man had effected entrance with intent to plunder. He had no sooner got into the house than he was confronted by Higgins, who, though unarmed, was a strong man. He had probably called upon the burglar to surrender and perhaps laid hands on him and had been killed that capture might be avoided.

The first suspect arrested was the hostler at the barns of one of the hotels. He had been seen on the street

A STRANGE WOMAN CALLED AT MY OFFICE.

at midnight; he was known to have a pistol; he betrayed many signs of guilt when arrested. I was employed in his defense and after half an hour's talk with him came to the conclusion that he was guilty. He didn't admit his guilt, but at the same time he didn't deny it with the warmth expected of an innocent man. It was by accident altogether that I made a series of discoveries. This man had planned with another to break open the passenger depot and rob the safe. They had been surprised while at work by a tramp, and the hostler was afraid to talk to me or any one else of the murder case for fear of being found out in the lesser crime. When once I had the thing straightened out, it did not take long to upset the case of the police. I had scarcely done this when I was upset myself.

A building contractor named Otis came to me to make a confession. He had reasons to suspect that Higgins had ruined his home, and when there was no longer any doubt in his mind he had determined to kill the man. He told me in detail of his going to the house, effecting an entrance, telling Higgins what he had done and then shooting him. He wanted to be tried for the shooting and believed that the jury would acquit him. Acting on my advice, he went to the police with his story and at its conclusion was put under arrest.

I went to work on the case, but was bowled over at the very outset. Mrs. Otis declared in the most emphatic and earnest way that she had never spoken a dozen words to Higgins, her husband had never intimated that he had the slightest cause for jealousy of any man, and, better than all, she could prove that from 10 o'clock in the evening until two hours after midnight on the night of the murder he was at home and in bed and quite ill. This she did prove by three witnesses. Otis had told me a purely imaginary story, and he stuck to it for several days, but at length turned around and denied everything. There were those who said that he was "off" in his head, but he talked and acted like any sane man and returned to his business as soon as released.

The police now returned to their first theory. The deed had surely been done by some one who had entered the house for plunder. After some days they arrested a saloon keeper in a town about five miles away, claiming to have a straight case against him, and the man had been under arrest three or four days when I came into the case again. A young man named Salters, who was a student at the state normal school, came to my house at 10 o'clock at night to make a confession. He was the murderer of Higgins. Higgins had by accident got hold of some love letters which the young man had written and had refused to give them up for less than $100. Not having the money to pay with and being rendered desperate, he had gone to search the house at night. Salters told of the conversation when Higgins came down stairs—how he got in and got out and all the details. I advised him to go to the police, and, as in the other case, they locked him up and felt sure that they had the right man at last.

I was not retained by young Salters, who announced that he would make no defense, but I set out to clear up a few points to satisfy my own curiosity. I was not long in ascertaining that he was not in love with any girl and had never been known to write a love letter; also that on the night of the murder he was in a town 20 miles away. When these facts became known to the police, they had to drop their case, though Salters protested to the last that he was guilty. I had lost my keen interest in the matter when a strange woman, who introduced herself as Mrs. Haskins, called at my office to make a confession. She was a woman of 40, good looking and intelligent and claiming to be a widow and to reside in a town 30 miles away. She it was who killed Mr. Higgins, and she had with her the pistol from which the shot had been fired. The deceased, as she claimed with many details, had wronged her only daughter while passing himself off as a single man. She had haunted his store, but he had dodged her. She had tried to meet him on the street, but he had evaded her. As a last resort she had entered his house and made the noise that brought him down stairs.

In my experience as a lawyer I never heard a straighter story, but before sending the woman to the police, as in the other cases, I began to investigate. The very first move proved that she was either a monstrous liar or a bit crazy. The lady at whose house she claimed to have stopped had never even heard of her. Then I discovered that she had no daughter and that Mr. Higgins could not have known her and that he had not visited her town for 12 years. To cap the climax, she was home on the night of the murder.

There was one more instance, and it partook of the ridiculous at once. A one legged man named Wells, a resident of the town, gave himself up to the police as the murderer. He claimed to be a somnambulist and that the deed was done while he was asleep. He didn't think he ought to be punished, but he wanted to be tried and acquitted. Not one true statement did he make in all his story, and he was told to take his leg and get out. The hunt for the true criminal was kept up for a year, but he was never discovered. The police were no doubt right in their first theory. The man entered the house for plunder, and, being discovered, if not attacked, he fired the fatal shot and then escaped. It was more than likely that he was a stranger to the town.

You will naturally ask why those people should have charged themselves with a crime that they were not guilty of. A physician could probably give you a clearer answer. My theory is that they had taken an intense interest in the case, and from argument with themselves how the crime was committed or how they would have committed it they got to the point of believing that they actually did commit it. Such cases are by no means rare, and it must be for some such reason that courts often refuse to accept a plea of guilty and give the accused a fair trial for his life and liberty. There are people, as every lawyer and detective knows, who are anxious to be witnesses in a case and will perjure themselves on the stand without seeming to be aware of it, and it is in carrying out this singular line of conduct or train of thought that one may come to accuse himself.

Naming the Baby.

We lately came across the extraordinary Christian names of Suetonius and Trinidad Orbegoso, the latter feminine. There must have been some special reason for bestowing such queer names; but, even so, it scarcely seems justifiable to name children in a way that must needs make them uncomfortable, particularly in their school days. The choice of a name, however, is far more difficult than it seems.

When one hears a number of young people talking together, all their names sound pleasing, yet perhaps there is not one that one would choose for daily and hourly use. And then when a favorite one has been thought of care must be taken that it is one which sounds well in conjunction with the surname, and also that the initials do not form an unsuitable word. Charles Urquhardt Barnard and Ralph Oliver Townsend, for instance, are names which sound very well in full, but to use the initials would be trying.—Exchange.

Where Women Choose.

Between the mountains of India and Persia is a powerful tribe among whom an extraordinary custom prevails. Women's rights apparently have received full recognition, for the ladies of the tribe can choose their own husbands. All a single lady has to do when she wishes to change her state is to send a servant to pin a handkerchief to the hat of the man on whom her fancy lights, and he is obliged to marry her unless he can show he is too poor to purchase her at the price her father requires.

Relieved.

"That must be a pretty bad toothache to swell your face like that. Why don't you see a dentist?"

"I did call on your friend, Dr. Pullem, yesterday, and experienced great relief."

"You must be mistaken. Pullem has been out of town for a week."

"I know. I felt relieved when I found that out."—Philadelphia Press.

500,000 Women

Have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Their letters are on file and prove this statement to be a fact, not a mere boast. When a medicine has been successful in curing so many women, you cannot well say without trying it—"I do not believe it will help me."

LYDIA E

PINKHAM'S

Vegetable Compound

Is a positive cure for all those painful

Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life.*

Your medicine cured me of terrible female illness.
MRS. M. E. MULLER,
1A Concord Sq., Boston, Mass.

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Backache and Leucorrhœa than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Your Vegetable Compound removed a Fibroid Tumor from my womb after doctors failed to give relief. MRS. B. A. LOMBARD,
Westdale, Mass.

Bearing-down Feeling

Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

Backache left me after taking the second bottle. Your medicine cured me when doctors failed.
MRS. SARAH HOLSTEIN,
3 Davis Block, Gorham St., Lowell, Mass.

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility.

It is a grand medicine. I am thankful for the good it has done me. Mrs. J. W. J.,
76 Carolina Ave.,
Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass.

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus.

I was troubled with Dizziness, Headaches, Faintness, Swelling Limbs. Your medicine cured me.
MRS. SARAH E. BAKER,
Bucksport, Me.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book which goes with each bottle, the most complete treatise on female complaints ever published.

For eight years I suffered with womb trouble, and was entirely cured by Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.
MRS. L. L. TOWNE,
Littleton, N. H.

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound always cures.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, 25c.

The Vegetable Compound is sold by all druggists or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of **$1.00.** *Correspondence freely answered.*

You can address in strictest confidence,
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Pruning to excess or too frequent or too long is weakening to the tree.

When a branch is removed, the cutting should be close, leaving no stub.

The apple, pear, quince and thorn can be grafted one on another, with varying success.

Wormy fruit in the orchard is best disposed of by the sheep. They eat all without making any choice, as pigs do.

Planting a few trees every fall or spring, as may be convenient, helps materially to keep up a supply of good fruit.

The cherry, peach, apricot, nectarine and almond require a light, dry and warm soil, but may be grown on loose, sandy soils.

Saltpeter is recommended as a quick acting fertilizer for flower beds that seem to be languishing, especially those that show small and pale leafage.

Peach and plum trees are both less liable to diseases when grown in the poultry yard. The trees will make a better growth and at the same time afford shade for the fowls.

Geraniums that have been used for summer bloomers will not flower again until the late spring months. Geraniums for winter blooming should be grown especially for that purpose by keeping the flower buds nipped off until August.

Love at First Sight.

We talk of love at first sight, but what shall we say of people who have never seen each other marrying and being not unhappy? "Courting," said an Irishman, "is like dying—sure a man must do it for himself."

In some countries—as, for instance, Sweden—this is not the case. There the marriages of young people are made for them by their parents, and they only begin to court when they are wedded. This sounds wrong and absurd in theory, but it often works well in practice. Indeed young people ask the advice of their parents much too little about that which is perhaps the most serious and important undertaking in life—marriage. Too many of them are like the young lady who said she hoped she might be cut into ten thousand triangles if she did not know more of everything than did her mother. So they consult no one and insist on gaining experience at a great cost to themselves.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Alphabetical Ad.

The Schoolmaster has discovered this alphabetical advertisement in an issue of the London Times in 1842: "To widowers and single gentlemen—Wanted by a lady a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, etc. Address X Y Z, Simmons' Library, Edgeware Road."

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

HOW THEY ARE EVOLVED AND THE ENERGY THEY POSSESS.

Inhabitants of Compactly Built Cities Have Little Cause to Fear These Mysterious and Destructive Balls From the Clouds.

Without doubt lightning was the first electrical phenomenon that was observed by human beings. To this day it remains the least known and least understood of natural electrical manifestations except, perhaps, the aurora.

There is a vast deal of popular misconception concerning the danger of lightning and the nature of it. The lightning flash is a discharge from a cloud at a high potential with reference to the earth. When the atmosphere is charged with water vapor and some eddy or current in its colder upper strata is deflected downward, causing condensation, exceedingly minute drops of water are formed, each bearing an electrical charge. The consolidation of these into larger drops results in a very great increment of the potential of the charge since the capacity of the drop varies with its diameter and the volume of the drop with the cube of the diameter.

The consequence of this is that it takes, for example, eight drops consolidated to make one of twice the diameter of the constituent drops, and the charge on the surface of the consolidated drop will be four times as great as that upon the surfaces of its elements. In this way, as the small water particles unite to form drops which fall as rain, the potential of the charge they carry increases until it attains enormous values, and the lightning flash leaps to the earth, which may be regarded simply as a body of very great electrostatic capacity. The discharge, which is called lightning, is apt to be more or less destructive, although the energy of an individual flash is perhaps not very great. Often the conditions are such that the discharge takes on an oscillating character, producing violent surgings of current. No very accurate measurements have been made upon the current involved, but it is taken to be of the order of 1,000 to 5,000 amperes. The electro motive force necessary to cause a flash a mile long is probably several million volts, and of course the power of the flash measured in watts is very great, but its duration is correspondingly short.

Protection of property and life from lightning flashes has been a subject that has entrained the attention of natural philosophers since Franklin sent up his historic kite. The net result of more than a century of attempt to secure protection has been the lightning rod in its more or less inefficient forms and the discovery that buildings of modern construction, having metallic roofs and often metallic frames as well, are practically immune from attack by lightning.

The total number of deaths due to lightning in any given summer is comparatively very small—in the ratio of about one to each 200,000 population in the United States. In cities the destructive influence of lightning is exceedingly small, although occasional fires are caused by it, especially where gas pipes abound.

Protection of electric circuits from lightning has been an interesting subject for research for a number of years, and several highly efficient devices have been constructed for this purpose. Today lightning is little feared by the station superintendent and should be very little feared by any one. The time honored rule that it is wisest to keep in the open and not seek the shelter of trees is one which common prudence dictates. Recourse to the feather bed of our ancestors, however, is no longer necessary except to quiet the nerves of timorous persons, while the ancient superstitions regarding handling steel instruments and sitting in drafts may be utterly disregarded. A modern building in a city is as nearly absolutely lightning proof and those in it are as nearly absolutely protected from lightning as is possible.—Electrical Review.

America's Superior Schools.

In spite of excessive decentralization and the lack of a regulative central authority America has, by making education a local concern, by confiding to each district the organization and control of its schools, by insisting on free public schools in the true sense of these much abused words, created a system which, in spite of its crudeness and obvious imperfections, may yet excite our envy, both as it brings education, secondary as well as primary, within the reach of all and as it is capable of infinite self development and progress, unshackled by the dead hand of ecclesiasticism and departmental routine.—London Chronicle.

Willing to Please.

Employer—I am very suspicious of young men nowadays. You can't tell how they are going to turn out. Why, in six months they know a great deal more about your business than you do yourself and want to manage it entirely.

Applicant For Situation—I can assure you, sir, that if you engage me I will devote as little time as possible to your business."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 29.

Text of the Lesson, – Comprehensive Quarterly Review – Golden Text, Ps. ciii, 17—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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LESSON I.—God, the Creator of all things (Gen. i, 1; ii, 3). Golden Text, Gen. i, 1, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." To my mind one of the greatest and most precious truths in the first two chapters in the Bible is that of God working unhindered; God, the Creator of all things in heaven and on earth, to whom nothing is too wonderful (Jer. xxxii, 17). When He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness shines in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ (II Cor. iv, 6), we are from that time on earth for and in partnership with Him that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ (I Pet. iv, 11).

LESSON II.—Beginning of sin and redemption (Gen. iii, 1-15. Golden Text, Rom. v, 20, "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." Here is the entrance of the great enemy, the devil, the adversary of God and man, who continues as such all through the Bible story to Rev. xx, where he goes to his own place forever. In verse 15 we have the promise of a Deliverer who, though He shall suffer at the hands of the adversary, shall finally conquer him. In verse 21 we have the most simple illustration of the way of redemption, and in verse 24 the glory of the redeemed in paradise restored is taught by the cherubim.

LESSON III.—Noah saved in the ark (Gen. viii, 1-22). Golden Text, Gen. vi, 8, "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." Chapter iv tells of the division among those who worshiped God as set forth in Cain and Abel, the one refusing God's way and the other accepting it. As years passed on the increase was on the side of those against God till all flesh became so corrupt that God destroyed all with a deluge, sparing only Noah and his family, through whom to people the new earth. The great practical question is, Am I in the ark, the true ark, Christ Jesus, in whom alone is redemption?

LESSON IV.—God calls Abram (Gen. xii, 1-9). Golden Text, Gen. xii, 2, "I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing." Hatred of God is again specially manifest at the tower of Babel, where God stopped them in their rebellion by the confusion of tongues. Notwithstanding this, men fall away into idolatry, and from the mass of idolators God calls Abram to be a man wholly for Himself and the father of a people whom He can separate from all other people and bless them that through them He may bless others (Ex. xix, 5, 6; xxxiii, 16).

LESSON V.—Abram and Lot (Gen. xiii, 1-18). Golden Text, Math. vii, 12, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." It became necessary because of the wealth of these two men in flocks and herds that they should separate. Their men who kept the flocks were striving among themselves in the presence of the heathen, and this was a dishonor to God; so Abram, to whom God had given all the land, magnanimously gives Lot his choice.

LESSON VI.—God's promise to Abram (Gen. xv, 1-18). Golden Text, Gen. xv, 1, "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." This is the chapter in which so many words are used for the first time, such as "fear not," "believe," "righteousness," etc., and here is the first promise of the seed as the stars of heaven. Abram is becoming increasingly separated unto God, and God is becoming increasingly real to him. The adversary is ever suggesting doubts and fears and seeking to turn his eyes to the circumstances, but "I am thy shield" should dispel all fear.

LESSON VII.—Abraham's intercession (Gen. xviii, 16-33). Golden Text, Jas. v, 16, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." He who had dined with Abraham and now talked with him was none other than He whom we know as our great High Priest who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and the ministry of intercession, as set forth in Rev. Andrew Murray's book with that title, is one of our greatest privileges.

LESSON VIII.—Abraham and Isaac (Gen. xxii, 1-14). Golden Text, Heb. xi, 17, "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac." This is the most remarkable type of the sacrifice of Christ in the Scriptures. Abraham and his only son are so suggestive of God and His only begotten Son, Isaac submissively bearing the wood on which he was to be offered, and the father, with the fire and the knife, make the picture complete in every detail. The ram suffering in Isaac's stead, taking his place on the altar, reminds us of Christ as our substitute, dying in our place.

LESSON IX.—Isaac the peacemaker (Gen. xxvi, 12-25). Golden Text, Math. v, 9. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Abraham would not strive for that which was rightfully his, but rather yielded to Lot that God might be glorified. Isaac in like manner yielded to the Philistines property that was rightfully his, and God was glorified in him, and the Philistines said, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee" (xxvi, 28). By meekness and submission and yieldedness God is glorified; not by asserting ourselves and our rights.

LESSON X.—Jacob at Bethel (Gen. xxviii, 10-22). Golden Text, Gen. xxviii, 16, "Surely the Lord is in this place." Great was the grace of God to this penitent but unworthy man, opening heaven to him and giving him the most precious assurances of forgiveness and constant care and future blessing. All the promises and purposes of God shall surely be kept and performed (II Cor. i, 20; Jer. xxi, 29), for He is faithful. He cannot deny Himself.

LESSON XI.—Jacob a prince with God (Gen. xxxii, 1-32). Golden Text, Luke xviii, 1, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." Our heavenly Father is ever longing to do great things for His people that His power may be seen, that He may be glorified, but we are not to be so full of ourselves that we hinder Him by our planning and striving and doing.

LESSON XII.—Temperance lesson (Prov. xxiii, 29-35). Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." There is no salvation from the sin of strong drink or any other sin except in Him who was made sin for us, who bore our sorrows and carried our griefs, who for us was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

The Art of Photographing Birds.

Strangely enough, it is not always the more rare and shy birds which are most difficult to photograph, but, on the contrary, very common and usually unsuspicious species, when approached with photographic intent, are exceedingly wary. This is the case with our familiar robin and also with the kingbird or bee martin. Time and again have I spent an entire afternoon endeavoring to photograph this saucy flycatcher, but without avail, and it is only very recently that I succeeded in inducing one to sit for his portrait, and even he condescended to do so only when his fatherly solicitude was aroused and I disturbed the peace of his young family. On the other hand, bluejays, which are notoriously wild, I have had no difficulty with provided the time chosen was late summer or early autumn. I find that at this season they readily approach within range of my lens if their cries are imitated while in hiding. Many birds have habits which greatly facilitate matters once they are learned.—A. H. Verrill in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

While you sleep I, watching, hear,
Little hearts, how strong you beat
With the pure young lifeblood sweet,
Unpolluted yet by fear
Till my own proud pulses leap
While you sleep.

Hid behind the fast closed eyes
What entranced dreams must lie!
Many a lovely fantasy
Veiled from us who are grown wise—
We, who sometimes watch and weep
While you sleep.

Little hands that closely hold
Favorite toys which soothed your rest,
Here a doll clasped to the breast,
There a book with tale oft told,
All your treasure safe to keep
While you sleep.

While you sleep the calm dark night
Passes by so cruelly fast,
Little hearts! Time seems so vast;
Love is fain to hold you tight
One more kiss; away I creep
While you sleep.

—Constance Farmar in Chambers' Journal.

FALSELY ACCUSED

George Parsons and I were enemies from the first. We did not affiliate as boys in the village school, and as we passed together into the higher grades we became even less friendly. We did not use our fists on each other, but within each breast there still rankled the remembrance of unsettled old scores. Later on we bestowed our affections upon the same lady. Laura Marshall was not a coquette, but it seemed to take her a long time to make up her mind which one was to be the happy man. When her choice was announced, Parsons was furious, and we had bitter words before witnesses.

One day our townspeople were startled by the announcement that Parsons had disappeared. His business affairs were prosperous, and everything was in good order. He was a reticent sort of fellow, but had he left of his own accord he would naturally have left some word with his clerk or at his boarding place, but none could be found. As time passed the mysterious disappearance became the one topic of conversation in our village.

On the morning it became known I discharged our servant maid for a frequent neglect of duty. She was chagrined at her dismissal and soon spread stories that were founded partly on facts. My wife had been seen in earnest conversation with Parsons the previous day, we had a little tiff at the teatable, and I had not returned home that night till quite late. It was plain to be seen that public opinion was forming against me, as it became necessary that some one must be suspected to give the gossiping tongues an occupation.

In less than a week some boys found a man's body in the river just below the village. It had apparently been in the water but a short time, but the face had been eaten by eels or beaten out of human shape. The skull had been broken by a blow, and the medical examiner proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the man had been killed before being thrown into the water. It seemed to require no effort to identify the remains as those of George Parsons, and it was but natural that my arrest should follow.

I was as willing as any one that my trial should take place at once, confident that my innocence would somehow be proved despite the circumstantial evidence which was gathering against me. Accordingly the case was entered at the term of court then in session. As I recall the testimony I do not think a single witness, unless it be our former servant, testified to anything but the truth.

My wife had fallen ill, but her testimony, even if it could have been admitted, would have proved more against than for me. It was easily determined that Parsons and I were unfriendly, that we had quarreled, that I was jealous of my wife for speaking to him and that it would be to my business advantage and domestic peace to have him out of the way.

Could I have proved that I passed the hours from 8 till 11 o'clock on the night that Parsons disappeared in walking upon a lonely road all the other testimony would have been worthless, but I did not remember meeting a single person abroad that night after 8 o'clock. When I returned home, the streets were deserted. I was harassed about business matters, vexed with my wife and suffered from headache, but when I explained this it was evident that my story was not credited.

My counsel was an old and tried friend of my youth, but he did not possess the ability to show the jury the flimsy character of the evidence of the prosecution. It was against his advice that the case had been put on trial so early, but so confident was I of acquittal that I did not realize on what precarious ground I stood. I felt that in some way my innocence would be proved, although I stood almost alone in my belief. The trial was a brief one, and the arguments of the lawyers were soon finished. To these and the charge of the judge I listened like one in a trance. The jury passed out, and a few friends came to me with words of cheer and hope.

* * * * * * * *

Hark! The jury is returning. Surely they cannot have made up their minds in so short a time to condemn a fellow man to life imprisonment. In response to a request from the judge I stand up and face the jury. There is not a friendly countenance among the twelve. I barely hear the ominous word "Guilty!" which the foreman speaks. The shock is so unexpected that I scarcely realize the meaning of the judge's cruel words as he pronounces the sentence of imprisonment for me. The hour is late, and he is anxious to be at home. He has no compassion for me. They lead me back to my cell, and, thanks to some unknown friend who drops a potion in my coffee, I soon fall asleep. Exhausted nature can stand the strain no longer.

I am aroused in the early morning, and a few friends come in to say farewell. They realize the situation more fully than I do. A short railway journey, a ride in a boxlike carriage, and the prison is reached. I answer a few questions mechanically and exchange my clothing for the striped dress of a convict. With an officer I pass down a flight of steps and through a long corridor lighted by a single flame. I am pushed into a small, dark, ill smelling cell and for the first time realize that the judge's last words to me were, "And the first day thereof shall be in solitary confinement."

Everything has been a dream up to this moment, but the awakening is terrible. As I hear the last echo of the retreating footsteps I comprehend my position—alone in prison. It seems as if I shall go mad. A feeling of suffocation overcomes me as in vain I try to cry out and clutch at the bare stone walls. My head throbs as if it shall burst. The wildest thoughts crowd to my brain in a confused mass. I do not comprehend them. My blood courses through my veins like rivulets of molten fire, burning the flesh at each pulsation. How long the paroxysm lasts I know not, as in the darkness I can take no note of time, but when I grow calm I think out the course of the trial.

The long hours pass away until it seems as if the night has come. I find a can of water and gratefully cool my parched throat. Then I seek to lie down for the night, but the cell is too small. The light apparently grows dim, and in a cramped position I try to get a little sleep. Again wild thoughts surge through my brain, but at last I lose consciousness.

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Again I am wide awake. How long I have slept I know not, but I am cold and doze until it seems as if the night will never end. I never experienced one so long before. The silence is oppressive. There is a rush of cold air, and I feel that another day has dawned. I remember that I have eaten nothing since entering the prison, and also that a loaf of bread lies beside the can of water. I clutch it ravenously, but the mouthfuls choke me. Must I go on, day after day, in this prison? Is there no help for me? How slow the hours pass! Have they forgotten me in my solitary cell, and will it become my grave? Oh, for the sight of a living face or the sound of a human voice, even if it is but to urge me on to harder tasks. Willingly will I work if I can only be among other men.

After I have almost lost all hope of escape I hear footsteps approaching. At last the hour of my deliverance is at hand. How long it takes the jailer to reach my cell! He is walking slowly. He halts before my door and deliberately inserts the key. The bolts move slowly, the door swings open, and I step forth. I devoutly offer a mental prayer of thankfulness. I follow my conductor and soon stand in the presence of the warden, who grasps my hand, saying: "I have good news for you. You are free."

I tottered and would have fallen had an officer not assisted me. I cannot realize that my imprisonment is at an end.

My amazement is even greater when George Parsons comes forward, but in the hearty handshake that follows we become friends. His story is soon told. He had received a letter stating that his uncle was seriously ill in a neighboring state and wished to see him. At first he determined to start the following day, but found that by walking across to a junction he could take an express train that night.

Hastily preparing for the journey, he wrote a letter of explanation for his clerk, but it was laid in a book and not found until his return. He found his uncle dying, but arrived in time to receive his blessing and a fortune. It now became necessary for him to make a journey west, and he left immediately. Not until his return home did he learn of the supposed tragedy and he lost no time in coming to the prison to release me.

"I have telegraphed to the governor," the warden said, "and if you gentlemen will step in and take dinner with me you may take the afternoon train for home. It will be an unusual sight," he added jocularly.

"But," I asked, "how can we reach home tonight? There is no train to our place on Sunday."

He looked at me in astonishment.

"How long do you suppose you have been in prison?" asked the warden.

"About twenty-four hours."

"You were in the solitary forty-five minutes," was the reply.

But it was the longest day of my life.

They Were For Sale.

"Now," said the fussy old gentleman, putting one of the biggest berries in his mouth and picking up another, "what is the sense of having that sign read, 'Fresh Berries For Sale?' Don't you see that 'Fresh Berries' would be enough? Don't you suppose that everybody knows they are for sale?"

"I dunno," answered the fruiterer. "Some folks seem to think I'm giving them away."

And the old gentleman put the berry back in the box.

Never Felt It.

"Didn't you tell me that you never expected to touch another drop of intoxicating liquor?" asked the judge.

"Well," answered the horrible example, "I might as well not have touched it. I swallowed it so quick I never felt it."—Washington Star.

Strange Hiding Places.

There are standing at the present day Elizabethan houses known to contain hidden chambers. The very positions of these chambers can be shown, yet their secrets have remained inviolate for centuries, the spring that should serve as the open sesame being undiscoverable. Some day the accidental touch of a girl's finger may set a column of stone rotating or a panel sliding or a door in a picture frame retreating on invisible hinges, and the secret—if any remain—will be revealed.

The place of mystery in these ancient granges that served as shelter to a friend in distress might equally prove the death of an enemy of the house. The priest's hole behind a fireplace was easily converted into an oven. There were staircases which the foot of a friend might press in perfect security. Another, not instructed how to tread, sets his foot apparently on the same place, the stair yawns open, and at the end of the pit is the water. Here is much romance.—London Chronicle.

Pipe Smoking.

There are many pipe smokers who do not know how to get the best there is out of their indulgence. The great point in pipe smoking is to smoke slowly. Nervous smokers smoke too rapidly and burn their tongues with hot smoke, besides failing entirely to get the fullest and best flavor out of the tobacco. It is all a matter of habit, but slow smoking is a habit which it is hard for some people to acquire. In some cases pipe smokers have tried for years to check their smoking speed without success. They began too late, and the habit of rapid smoking is shaken off with difficulty when it is once acquired.

Rapid smoking is as bad as rapid eating—or worse. It is also "bad form." Whether it is cigar, pipe or cigarette, the smoking should be deliberate in order to get the fullest enjoyment. It is especially so with a pipe.—New York Press.

No Established Credit.

Credit Man—Sorry, sir, but we cannot open an account with you because of your financial standing.

Rubbton—What's the matter with it?

Credit Man—Why, you've always paid cash.—Brooklyn Life.

THE GRAY WOLF.

The gray wolf comes again. I had made fast
The door with chains. How has the gray wolf passed
My threshold? I have nothing left to give.
Go from me now, gray wolf, and let me live!
I have fed you once, given all you would, given all
I had to give. I have been prodigal.
I am poor now; the table is but spread
With water and a little wheaten bread.
You have taken all I ever had from me.
Go from me now, gray wolf, and let me be!

The gray wolf, crouching by the bolted door,
Waits, watching for his food upon the floor.
I see the old hunger and the old thirst of blood
Rise up under his eyelids like a flood.
What shall I do that the gray wolf may go?
This time I have no store of meats to throw.
He waits, but I have nothing, and I stand
Helpless, and his eyes fasten on my hand.
Oh, gray wolf, gray wolf, will you not depart
This time unless I feed you with my heart?

—Arthur Symons in Saturday Review.

A Great Hand at Figures.

"Yes, my wife is great at mathematics. I sometimes feel that she ought to have gone in for astronomy or something of that kind, where clever handling of figures would bring success.

"You ought to have been here last night. She did some calculating that was simply remarkable. How old do you suppose Mrs. Lammerson is? Forty-three. Yes, sir, my wife has figured it. How did she do it? Well, I don't know that I can explain exactly, but she heard Mrs. Lammerson say yesterday afternoon that she was twenty-three when she was married and that two years later they moved to Bristol, where they lived for nine months. Four years after that they lived in London for awhile, and then they spent a year and a half abroad.

"Now comes the clever part of the figuring. While they were in France the lady bought a ring which she wears today. It weighed twenty-one karats when it was new, but probably isn't more than half that heavy at present. This, according to my wife's figures, shows that the ring has been worn at least ten years. All these totals added together, multiplied by two and then subtracted from the age of the pony which Lammerson bought for his wife fourteen years ago, show that she was forty-three her last birthday.

"No, I can't tell just how it's done, but any woman can explain it to you."—Tit-Bits.

The Quaker Witness.

Quakers are notoriously bad witnesses for lawyers "on the other side." The late Josiah Hunt of Bristol, a typical Quaker of half a century ago, was called as a witness in a case tried before the recorder. The opposing counsel was an Irishman, who, although possessed of a full flavored brogue, was very anxious to be thought an Englishman. Failing to obtain much information from the cautious replies of Mr. Hunt, the lawyer became rather angry and thus addressed the witness, "Now, Mr. Hunt, be good enough to attend to me and remember, sir, you are on your oath."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Hunt, "but I am not."

"Your affirmation, then, sir. I believe, Mr. Hunt, you are a Quaker."

The witness, looking straight at the lawyer, replied, "And I believe thou art an Irishman!"

Every one in court, from the judge to the messenger, knowing the lawyer's weakness, was greatly amused at the Quaker's home thrust, and it is hardly necessary to add that the Quaker was asked no more questions.—Chambers' Journal.

Lesson In Journalism.

Professor of Journalism—Mr. Spinks, what would you do if a man fell down in front of the office and stubbed his toe?

Mr. Spinks—I should think the circumstances too trivial to be noted.

Professor—Mr. Spinks, there you would be wrong. In old times, say ten years ago, your course would have been eminently proper, but the larger journalism of today demands larger methods. In the circumstances mentioned your first duty would be to write half a column on the humorous possibilities of the laws of gravitation; next, a column on the different methods of laying sidewalks, with a glance at the brick industry; then half a column of the history of that particular street; and, finally, a reference to the enterprise of your own paper, with quotations from applauding readers. And, by the way, Mr. Spinks, you find out the man's name. Tomorrow the class will present a 2,200 word account of a dogfight in the street, including a 2,000 word consideration of the dog in human sociology from the earliest times.—Boston Transcript.

The "Nice Boy's" Chance.

Nowhere on the surface of the globe can a bachelor man, from twenty to thirty, have such a good time as in this London of today, says an English magazine. If he but have good manners (and sometimes not even that) and a tolerably engaging appearance, our youngster may haunt my lady's boudoir and shoot my lord's coverts at his own good pleasure. At balls and parties he is literally fought for. If he has aspirations toward a career, the well connected young man in a land which is governed by its upper classes, has every prospect of success, not the least among his chances being that all pervading petticoat influence of which the modern boy knows so well how to avail himself.

Oft Told Tales.

Every little while you hear of a man being attacked by a wild eagle, a thing that never happened anywhere. You also hear regularly of the woman who drank a small snake years ago, and that it grew in her stomach until twelve inches long, etc. Every one should know that a snake could not live in a woman's stomach, but the story is printed regularly. It is surprising how many fool stories are eagerly accepted.—Atchison Globe.

Who Invented the Cigar?

It is not at all certain that the white race has a prior claim even upon the invention of the cigar. In all parts of New Guinea tobacco is cultivated, and in some of the districts the humble pipe contributes nothing to the enjoyment of the weed and is not even known. Dr. Maclay saw natives with crude looking cigars in their mouths who had never seen a white man before and thought he had dropped from the sky. Dr. Finsch, who some years later explored the coast for hundreds of miles, said the natives of the whole northeast coast of New Guinea, though inveterate smokers, had never heard of a pipe and returned those which he gave them as articles for which they had no use. He said they rolled the partly dried leaves into rude cigars and, not being blessed with Havana wrappers, tied around their cigars a large green leaf from a tree.

To discover whether or not there is arsenic in your wall paper take a fragment of it and put it in a solution of ammonia. If arsenic is present, the liquid will assume a bluish tint.